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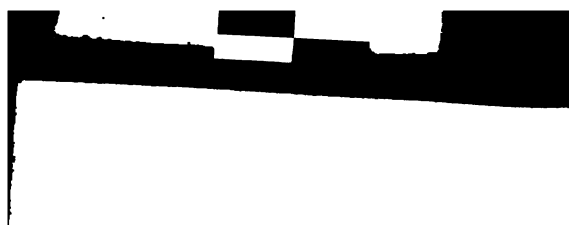
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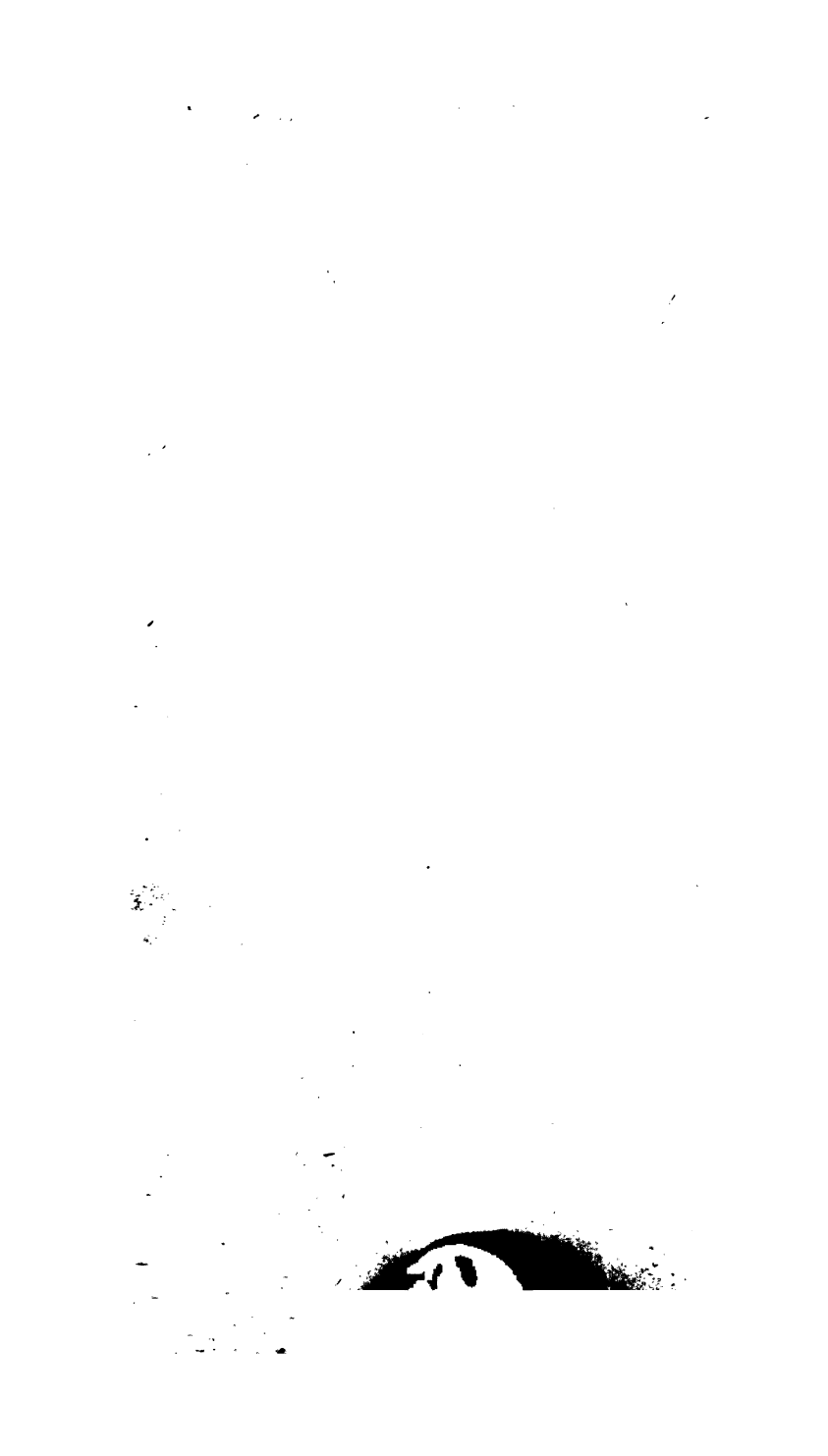
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A DISSERTATION

ON SCRIPTURE IMPRECATIONS,

With the View of vindicating the SACRED WRITERS  
general, and the PSALMISTS in particular, against the he-  
retic but happily ill-founded Charge of indulging and countenancing  
a malevolent Spirit.

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By BENJ. WILLIAMS.

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A  
D I S S E R T A T I O N  
O N

*Scripture Imprecations.*

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THE numerous *Imprecations* and Maledictions to be found in the English Translation of the Old Testament, and more especially the Psalms, have given great and just Offence, and been the Cause of much painful Disquietude, to serious, unlearned Christians of all Denominations. They have also been employed, in the Hands of Infidelity, as one of the most powerful Engines to undermine the Credit of divine Revelation in general, and the most successful Means

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of



I determined not only to exclude all *imprecatory* Expressions, but also to give such an Account of those admitted into our English Bibles, as I thought would be most likely to remove every Offence, they had given to the genuine Friends of Revelation, and also to render them harmless in the Hands of its most inveterate Enemies.

I apprehend it is most clear and obvious, that Imprecations of no Kind can be in any Degree promotive of true Piety and rational Devotion; and that all such as are expressive of any Malevolence and Malignancy of Temper, either towards the Wicked in general, or Enemies in particular, are utterly inconsistent with all true Religion both natural and revealed; "every Religion that is pure and undefiled before God."

If we consider the Nature of all pure Religion it will appear undeniably, that real and unfeigned Benevolence towards all Men, the most inveterate Enemies, and the most abandonedly Wicked, ever was, and ever will be, an essential Part of a Character approved of God; This being the grand Design of true Religion, under all its various Forms, and different Dispensations, to keep out of the Hearts of Men every Root of *Bitterness*, and when once unhappily fixed there to remove it, and to establish and



cultivate in its Stead, the divine and salutary Principle of unlimited Kindness and Charity. Unconfined Benevolence is, most certainly the *natural* Temper of every Man; 'tis Man's only *proper* Temper. It is *natural* to wish for the Good-will of all Men, even of Enemies, upon reasonable Terms, and more especially when in their Power to injure us: 'Tis, therefore, equally *natural* to bear Good-will to all Men, Enemies not excepted; Good-Will invariably displaying itself by all suitable Acts of Kindness. Malevolence in all its Forms is wholly foreign and repugnant to Nature. *Nature* is a Law of universal Love; and to be with Respect to all others, whatever we can reasonably expect them to be with regard to us, is one of the most plain and uncontroverted Maxims of Reason.

*The End of the Commandment*, of every divine Law natural and revealed, of the Law originally written in the Hearts of Men, and also of all *Scriptures* given by *Inspiration of God*, is, and must be, *Charity*; for God, the original Author of all true Religion, is Love; he is infinitely and invariably good; good to all, and peculiarly so to the Children of Men. He desireth the Destruction of none, but willeth all Men to be saved; and so far are any Kinds of Imprecations,  
which

which breathe Malevolence or Hatred, from being a proper Part of his Worship, that it is his declared Will, and most exprefs Command *to pray for all Men*, the greatest Enemies and the Chief of Sinners. Universal unbounded Benevolence is an *essential* Characteristic of all *divine Revelation*.

It is a *fundamental* Article in that Law of *Truth and Grace* which he deliver'd to Men by his Son ; “ I say unto you, love your *Enemies*, bless those who curse you, and pray for those who despitefully use you and persecute you.” *Mat. v. 44.* It was equally so of the Law of *Moses*, as evidently appears from the Parable of the good *Samaritan*, which our Saviour delivered in Answer to one, who had asked him, *who is my Neighbour?* Whom, according to the *second* great Command of the *Mosaic* Law, he was to love as himself, it being a commonly received Notion *then*, and probably had been for some Ages, among the *Jewish* Doctors, that wicked Men, and especially Enemies, were not to be regarded as Neighbours, but as fit Objects of general Hatred ; agreeably to this, they added to the Precept by Way of Comment as follows, “ and thou shalt hate thine Enemy.” This Addition our blessed Lord totally rejects and absolutely condemns ; and, in the Account he gave of the good *Samaritan*, hath shewn with irresistible

thine Enemy unto thee, and thereby damp thy sinful [malignant] Joy with a double Sorrow; first to see him delivered from his Trouble, and then to find thyself involved in it."

This being the Case, that all Enmity is repugnant to the Will of God declared both in the Old and New Testament, and all Manner of Benevolence in the highest Degree encouraged; it may be undoubtedly concluded that no Kind of Malevolence can be approved of in any divine Revelation whatever, and consequently that all Imprecations expressive of any Reason and Malignancy of Temper, either against God's Enemies, or our own, are entirely contrary to the Nature of true Religion, and genuine Devotion; that none could ever have been used by Men under the Inspiration of the God of Love; and therefore the sacred Writings, both of the Old and New Testament, must have been in their original and native Purity entirely clear of them: And if in the Perusal of them we were to meet with any Thing, that militates against the Principle of Charity, it would be certain from its very Nature, that in the Beginning it could have no Place there; that it was an Interpolation, and a gross Corruption of the Original Text. But through God's good Providence those, who are

capable

capable of perusing the Scriptures, in the Languages in which they were originally penned, have little or nothing of this Kind to complain of. Too many and various Corruptions of slighter Consequence, owing to the Fault of Transcribers, are to be seen, but few, or *none* that are in anywise injurious to the great Law of Charity; and particularly very *few* Imprecations of *any* Kind, and I believe I may safely pronounce *none at all* that express the least Degree of Malevolence, how muchsoever they unhappily abound in one or another Translation.

Of all those tremendous Imprecations in our Version of the xxviith. Chapter of Deuteronomy there is not *one* authorized by the *Original*. The *Hebrew* Texts express no Kind of *Wish*, and are only so many Denunciations of the just Displeasure of God against those, *who* were, or should be guilty of the several Sins there mentioned, and of the Judgments they might reasonably expect to follow, unless prevented by a timely and thorough Repentance. And, agreeably to this, the several Texts ought to have been rendered; Cursed they; or Cursed *are* they, and not cursed *be* they in the Sense of *Let them be cursed*; the Word *be*, though inserted in our Translation, having nothing answerable to it

in the *Hebrew*; and indeed its being printed in *Italics* signifies so much. In like Manner the Word *Amen*, which was to be pronounced by all the People of Israel at the End of each Denunciation meant it is so, or it is true—It did not signify, as it does when used at the Conclusion of a Prayer, Be it so, or So be it, but as translated in *Mat. v. 18*, *Verily*. In the same Manner are we to understand all other Expressions of a similar Kind to be met with in any other Parts of the Old Testament, and particularly in the *Psalms*.

In order to be fully satisfied whether the Hebrew Psalmists used any Words or Phrase that really breathe a malevolent malignant Spirit or not, the only effectual Method that can be taken, is, thoroughly to examine the Hebrew Psalms themselves. This has been done by several Writers of unquestioned Abilities and Integrity who have unitedly declared, that in the *Hebrew Psalms* there are no Expressions *whatever*, but such as are every Way consistent with genuine Benevolence and Charity. The first I shall mention is that eminent Hebrew Scholar the late Doctor *Samuel Chandler*. It should be remarked, says he in Answer to the History of the Man after God's own Heart, that in the *great*

*greater Number* of those Places, where there appear to be *direct* Imprecations in *our Version*, there are *none* in the *Original*; in which the Verb is in the *future Tense* instead of the *imperative Mood*, and so is only *declaratory* of what should be the Consequence [of unrepented Wickedness] instead of the Psalmist's *Wish* of what he would have to be.

It is thus particularly in the *xixth. Psalm*. "Their Table shall become a Snare before them, their Eyes shall be darkened, that they see not," and so on to the End without a single Verb in the *imprecatory* Form. And a most remarkable Instance of this also we have in the *cixth. Psalm*; which appears full of Imprecations, and yet in which, from the Beginning to the End, there are in reality *scarce* \* any to be found; and had the Verbs been rendred in the *future Tense*, as they ought to have been, the Psalm would only have been a *prophetic* Recapitulation of the various Evils, that bad men expose themselves to, by their Impieties and Vices; or, which the par-

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ticular

\* Scarce any to be found] None except the first Clause in Verse the Sixth, which has an *imprecatory* Form, the Verb being in the *imperative Mood*. This Clause will be particularly considered and fully explained in the later Part of this Dissertation.

ticular Persons there referred to [without the Intervention of a timely and thorough Repentance] had Reason to be apprehensive of, for thus the Passage will run; "Let a wicked Man make Inquisition against him, and the Adversary shall stand at his right Hand. When he is judged he shall come out a wicked Man, and his Prayer shall be a Sin. His Days shall be few, and another shall take his Office, and so on to the End; and the same Observation holds good in *most* other Places, where we have rendred it in the Form of an *Imprecation*." and as to the few Expressions, which really have in the Original an imprecatory Form, *none of them*, in the Judgment of this learned Writer, *are in the least inconsistent with Humanity, or that Charity, the Exercise of which is essential to the Christian Character.*

"There is Nothing, says another very judicious and amiable Critic, in the Book of Psalms, or any other Part of the Old Testament contrary to this; [*i. e.* the unlimited Benevolence and Charity enjoined in the Command to love our Neighbour as ourselves,] which will appear, if we consider the peculiar Reasons for those Expressions, which may seem to imply any Thing that is so; when some of them, which  
sound

found like Curses, may be even Blessings in Event; as when *temporal* Evils may be prayed for, to preserve Men from such as are *eternal*; or to prevent their greater Progress in Sin. Thus, “Put them in Fear, O Lord, that the Heathens may know themselves to be but Men. *Psalms*. ix. 20.” And as to other Expressions, which, in our Version have an *imprecatory* Form, he observes, as Doctor *Chandler* has done, that they are no Imprecations at all; being only *prophetic*, or *declaratory*.

And having in Proof of his Observations referred his Readers to *Psalms* xxxv. lv. and lxix. he proceeds as follows. “That *David*, who was a Prophet *inspired by God*, \* with a Knowledge of future Events, should thus rather predict, or denounce God’s just Judgments on obstinate Sinners; and that out of Designs purely charitable, viz. by denouncing to work Repentance, that so Repentance might frustrate and cancel the Denunciation, is more reasonable for us to resolve, than that he should so frequently call for Thunder from Heaven on his own or God’s Enemies. And according to this *all the Psalms*, which seem to be filled with Curses and Imprecations on such, *ought* to

\* Vid. *Acts*. i. 16, 20. *Luke* xx. 42, xxiv. 44. 2 *Sam.* xxxiii. 2.



to be understood. And then there remains no farther Question or Difficulty how these, and the like Passages, are to be accommodated to the Christian Affection and Spirit; than how the plain Denunciations of the Gospel are to be entertained by us; as, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.\*

In further Attestation of the Point under Consideration, I shall only add the following Paragraph out of Bishop *Kidder's* Sermon on *Mat.* v. 40, 44. "It is certain, says he, that the *Hebrews* have no such Thing in their Language as an *Optative* Mood. † And therefore we cannot, from the bare Formation of the Verb, conclude the Desire or Wish of him, who speaks. For the Truth of this, I appeal to those, who are best skill'd in their Language. They have however a Way, by which they express their Wish or Desire that a Thing should come to pass. This the Psalmist does by two Words, *mi itten*, who shall give, or Oh! that any one would give. Thus, "Oh! that the Salvation of Israel were come out of Sion." *Psalms* liii. 6.

or

\* Vid. Dr. *Jenkins's* Reasonableness of the Christian Religion.

† He might have added and no third Person in the *imperative*,

or “who shall give it out of Sion?” *Pſalm*. xiv. 7. “And Oh! that I had the Wings of a Dove.” *Pſalm* lv. 6. &c. In this manner does the *Pſalmiſt* expreſs his Wiſh or Deſire. But he *no where* uſes this Expreſſion, where he is ſuppoſed to pray againſt his Enemies; there is not in *any one* of theſe Places any Expreſſion, that imports any Wiſh or Deſire.

To Cloſe the Argument; it is clear to every one, who underſtands *Hebrew*, that all the Imprecations, either againſt wicked Men, private or public Enemies, to be met with in the *Pſalms*, or any other parts of the Old Teſtament, according to our Verſion, are in the Original only *narrative*, or *declaratory* of ſuch Evils as, without Repentance, would befall them. \* Repentance would prevent the Completion of the Prophecy. And with Reſpect to thoſe few Imprecations to be found in the *Original Hebrew*, it is certain that they are all conſiſtent with every Dictate of Humanity, and the divine Principle of genuine, unbounded Charity.

Againſt Enemies, either public or private, Bp.  
*Kidder*

\* The Verbs not being in the *imperative Mood* but the *future Tenſe*; except the firſt Clause of *Pſalm* cix. 6. and perhaps, a very few more; but even theſe will be proved to expreſs no Kind or Degree of Malevolence, and to be only declaratory.

*Kidder* hath positively affirmed that in the *Hebrew* there are no Imprecations at all. However against notoriously wicked Men there certainly are a few, but *none* that express any Malevolence or Hatred; *none* but such as are genuine Dictates of Charity. Of this Kind is the following Imprecation mentioned by Dr. *Jenkins*. "Put them in Fear, O Lord, that the Heathens may know themselves to be but Men." *Psalms* ix. 20.

Of a similar Nature, and of a Sense equally benevolent and harmless, are all others to be met with in the *Hebrew* Bible; and particularly in *Psalms* xxviii. "Give them according to their Deeds, and according to the Wickedness of their Endeavours; give them after the Work of their Hands, render to them their Deserts." By which Words nothing else could be signified but this; That God, in some Way that should be most agreeable to his infinite Wisdom and Goodness, would be pleased to stop these Sinners in their Career of Wickedness, and take such Measures with them as should effectually lead them to Repentance; "or plague them with their own Inventions, till they should come to a proper Sense of their Guilt and Folly;" and agreeable to this construction the Psalmist  
may

There are some other Texts, in the New Testament, which, with a View to the farther Elucidation of the Subject, it may be proper here to consider. I might first mention *Acts* i. 20. Which runs thus, "Let his Habitation be desolate, and let no Man dwell therein, and his Office let another take." The two first Clauses refer to *Psalms* lxi. 25. The last to *Psalms* cix. 8. The whole Verse has an *imprecatory* Form, not only in our Version, but also in the *Greek*, all the Verbs being in the *imperative Mood*, whence it might be naturally thought to give a Sanction to *all* those horrid and tremendous Curses to be found in both the *Psalms* referred to—to teach a Doctrine wholly unauthorized by the Original *Hebrew*, and directly repugnant to Christianity, as preached by our Saviour, the only *Author* and *Finisher* of our Faith, particularly in *Mat.* v. 43, 44.

But, notwithstanding any Appearances to the contrary, it will be clearly shewn, and satisfactorily *proved* at the Close of this *Dissertation* that no Kind of Malevolence whatever was intended, and that the several Verbs have the very same Signification as when used according to the Hebrew Original in the *future Tense*. I shall therefore take no farther Notice of this  
Text

Text at present, and proceed to 2. *Tim.* iv. 14. Where the *Apostle Paul* speaks as follows; “*Alexander the Copper Smith did me much Evil; the Lord reward him according to his Deeds.*” This Text like the preceding has in the Original an *imprecatory* Form, as well as in our Translation, and ought doubtless to have the same Interpretation; but were we to construe the Verb in the later Clause of it agreeably to the full Force of the *Imperative Mood*, it would be in no wise necessary to understand it, as proceeding, in any Degree, from a malevolent, vindictive Temper toward the Person mentioned, but as a Prayer, dictated by a Spirit of Prophecy, that some *Temporal* Evil might befall him, which would be the happy Means of bringing him to Repentance; of deterring others from following his Examples; and of contributing ultimately to the further Confirmation and Progress of the Truth as it was in Jesus.\*

So sensible was the *Apostle Paul* of the Necessity

\* Here it may not be inexpedient just to observe, that *Imprecations* even of this Kind do not seem, in any Degree, fit for social *Worship*, or the general Use of Christians, however lawfully or properly they might have been sometimes used by Persons divinely inspired, and capable of foreseeing that the Evil prayed for would really be productive of some Superior Good.

lity of universal and unlimited Charity, that if destitute of it, he would have deemed himself in Regard to all real Religion and Virtue, to be Nothing: 1. *Cor.* xiii. 2. A malevolent vindictive Spirit could have no Place in his Breast, it being ever *his Heart's Desire, and Prayer* for his bitterest Enemies, and the Chief of Sinners, *that they might be saved.* *Rom.* x. i.

Doubtless he had effectually done, what he so earnestly exhorted all other Christians to do; he had put away far from him all Bitterness, and Wrath, and Anger, with *all Malice.*

'Tis indeed true from what he says in *Gal.* v. 12. "I would they were cut off, who trouble you;" Meaning some judaizing Teachers, Persons, who are guided meerly by the Sound of Words, might think him capable, at least occasionally, of discovering some *peculiar* Bitterness and Severity of Temper; a Spirit differing widely, even *toto Cælo*, from that Charity described in the xiiiith Chapter of his first Epistle to the *Corinthians*; and therefore that Circumstances may arise, which will justify them in doing the same. But there is no Foundation for such a Supposition. The Apostle wished no real Evil to the Persons referred to, much less their utter Extirpation and final Ruin. He wished

no

no more than that the Churches of *Galatia*, from a prudent necessary Regard to their own Welfare and Safety, would exclude such as had created them so much Trouble, and aimed so essentially to injure them, from their Society, in order to make them thoroughly ashamed of their ill Conduct, and to bring them to the Exercise of that Repentance, which would make them good Christians, and fit for Readmission; Something similar to what he wished in Regard to the *Fornicator* in the Church of *Corinth*. In all he said and did with Respect to *him*, he clearly displayed the purest Charity and the most enlarged Benevolence. 1. *Cor.* v. 5.

There is indeed a Sentence, which the Apostle made Use of in Reference to *him*, that has a more horridly tremendous Sound, and which seems to express greater Malignancy of Spirit, than the Words we have been here considering; I mean that, in which he threatens to deliver him unto *Satan*. In the two first Verses of the Chapter, the Apostle reproves the *Corinthian* Christians, for not having properly repented his Crime, and from a Regard to their own Credit and Safety, removed him out of the Church; and in Case they did not very speedily expel him, he proceeds to inform them, that he should  
take



take the Affair into his own Hands, and in a full Assembly of the Church, *i. e.* when they were gathered together, and the Offender himself with them, by Virtue of the Authority and Power he had received from *Christ*, make a public Example of him, by delivering him immediately to *Satan*. This the *Corinthians* themselves could not do; such Power having never been given to any Christian Community. None but the Apostles could deliver a Man to *Satan*; or put in Execution what the Apostle *Paul* here threatens. “ Verily I have judged [or determined] as present in Spirit, though absent in Body, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and with his Power to deliver [the Offender] to *Satan*.” Now for what Purpose was this to be done? or what could the Apostle really intend? That the *Devil* should come and fetch him, and take him with him to Hell? No! His Intention was perfectly kind and benevolent—It was “ to deliver him unto *Satan* for the Destruction of the Flesh, that the Spirit might be saved in the Day of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

The Sound of the former Part of the Verse is not more dreadful, than the later is strange and marvellous! Is it likely, that, to preserve the Purity of a Christian Church, reform a heinous



nous Transgressor, and finally save him, *the Apostle, in the Name, and by the Direction of Christ*, should apply for the Devil's Assistance! Was the *Devil* a Sinner from the Beginning, whose Works Christ came into the World on Purpose to destroy, the only fit Person to be employed, when a professing Christian had arrived to a certain Height of Iniquity, or become *desperately* wicked, in order to discipline him to Virtue, and finally to present him holy and without Blame to the great Lord of Christians? The Idea is absurd beyond all the Powers of Description!

Through all the Gloom which covers the *former*, and the Air of Ridicule and Absurdity, which envelopes the later Part of the Text, the Apostle's Benevolence and Charity shine in Meridian Glory; as he wished, at all Events, and by any Means, though it were a *diabolical Interposition*, that the Offender should be finally saved.

But I believe it will soon be made sufficiently clear, that no Assistance from the Devil either was, or could be desired. It is most certain that the Apostle had no Desire or Intention, that the Devil should be any Way employed; nor is he here meant or even mentioned, any more than he was by our Saviour, when he gave the Name of

than to the Apostle *Peter*. The proper Signification of the Word *Satan* is an *Adversary*. Such, doubtless, is its Meaning, as used by our Saviour with Respect to *Peter*; and also by the Apostle *Paul* concerning the *Corinthian* Of-

fer, though not a *Devil*, yet was an *Adversary* to Christ, so far as he endeavoured to hinder him from undergoing those Sufferings, which God had appointed for him, and through which he was to finish the Work that God had committed to him to do. So *Satan*, as used by the Apostle, has no Reference to the *Devil*, and signifies only some *bodily Distemper*, a direct Adversary to corporeal Health and Ease; agreeably to the manifest Signification of the same Word used by our Saviour in *Luke* xiii. 16. "Ought I to loose this Woman, whom Satan hath bound these seven Years, be loosed from her Bond?" Is it not right and fit that her *Distemper* should be removed, with which she has been so long, and so grievously afflicted. So that to refer a Man to *Satan*, was, at the worst, only to subject him to some grievous bodily Disease. This was *all* that the Apostle threatened to do, and which, had not the prudent Measures taken by the *Corinthians*, terminating in the

Reformation of the Offender prevented, would have done, though with the utmost Reluctance, and with the most benevolent Design imaginable. He threatened, under the Direction, and by the Power of Christ, to visit him with some grievous *Distemper*, to pain and macerate his Flesh, that being thereby humbled and brought to Repentance, his Spirit might be saved in the Day of the Lord †.

Thus, I hope, this difficult and very remarkable Text has been set in a clear and satisfactory Light. I was the more willing to take Notice of it, and some others of a similar Kind, they have been the Occasion of a World of Iniquity among Christian Professors of various Denominations.

It was by attending to the *Sound*, with due Enquiry after the true *Meaning* of the and perhaps some others of a similar Kind, that so much Countenance has been derived to that accursed Spirit of Bigotry and Uncharitableness, which hath brought such immense Damage upon the Christian World; filled it with Confusion and every evil Work; every Specimen of Villany, Violence and Cruelty, and every

† Vid. Dr. Taylor's Narrative of T. Rawson's Cases,

le it *drunk with the Blood of Saints*; which hath it, under the opprobrious Appellation of *He-*;  
 upon the atrocious Attempt of excluding Righteous from the Kingdom of Heaven, of sending to the Devil and Hell Torments, from Flames above to Flames below," the excellent and worthy Characters; Men of the World was not worthy; Men qualified by their superior Virtue and inflexible Integrity, to shine for ever as Stars of the first magnitude in the Regions of Glory.

And it is most highly probable, that some apprehension with Regard to the true Design and Meaning of the above-mentioned Texts; living in an Age, in which a very bigoted intolerant Spirit generally prevailed among Christian-Professors of all Sects and Denominations, *Protestants* as well as *Papists*, towards all different Persuasion in Religion; an Age, in which Errors in Judgment were almost universally deemed far more criminal and dangerous than any Errors in Conduct, and deserving of much severer Condemnation: I say, it is highly probable that these, in Conjunction with some other similar Causes; and, particularly, the Want of better Acquaintance with the Genius, and particular Idioms of the *He-*

*brew* Original, and their not adverting to the Reason why the Authors of the *Sextuagint* Version so frequently substituted the *imperative Mood* for the *future Tense*, and which was, that Verbs, in *prophetic* Language, whether used in the one or the other, had the very same Signification; expressed no kind of Wish, and were alike *declaratory*, induced the Translators of the *English Bible* to insert so many and various Imprecations and Maledictions in the *Psalms*, and other Parts of the *Old Testament*.

And these, having been once admitted into the sacred Volume, naturally acquired from their Situation an increasing Degree of *Respectability*; and for a Series of Years were generally regarded as authentic. But when their direct Contrariety to our Saviour's Command to love our *Enemies*, to *pray* for them and *bless* them, came to be more clearly perceived, and more generally attended to, their Credit and Influence proportionably diminished, and their whole Authority must have been at an End, had not the Want of a more perfect Knowledge of the *Hebrew* Original left some Room to suppose, that they might be reconcileable to the *Spirit* of the *Law*, though manifestly contradictory to *that* of the *Gospel*: "That they might

might be proper for those Times, when it was thought lawful to entertain *Hatred* against private and public Enemies, though under the Gospel it was not lawful to wish any other to them than we would wish to ourselves §.

C 3

Thus

§ See *Le Clerc* on Psalm cxxxvi. 8. The same erroneous Idea was adopted by the great Dr. *Samuel Clark*, as appears from his Paraphrase on *Mat. v. 43.* where he expresses himself as follows. *The Law commands Men to love their Neighbours, but permits them to hate their Enemies.* A most dishonorable Notion of a *Law given by God*, which the Psalmist pronounced to be perfect, and which the Apostle *Paul* declared to be *holy, just and good.* Permission to hate Enemies could form no Part of such a Law. The Notion is palpably absurd, and wholly without Foundation. Love to Enemies is as much enjoined by the moral part of the mosaic Law as it is in the Gospel. Thus our Saviour understood it, and also explained it, particularly in *Mat. v. 44.* where he says, *love your Enemies, bless those who curse you, do good to those who hate you, and PRAY FOR those who despitefully use you and persecute you.* Here our Saviour is establishing no new Duty, but giving the full and true Meaning of that great Commandment of the Law, "Thou shalt love thy Neighbour as thyself." As a clear and satisfactory Proof of this Point will have a Tendency to throw some additional Light on the main Subject of this *Dissertation*, and to remove some great Misapprehensions, which too many have entertained, not only of the Law, but also of our Saviour's *Exposition* of it, such Proof is attempted in the *Appendix*, and I trust with some good Success by the inserting of our Saviour's Commentary entire, which begins with the 17th and ends with the last Verse of *Mat. v.* with a Paraphrase chiefly in the Words of the late very candid and ingenious Dr. *Doddridge.*

Thus while their Authenticity was admitted, no other or better Method could be found by so learned and judicious a Man as *Le Clerc*, in Order to vindicate them, than such as directly tended to destroy the whole Credit of the Old Testament Scriptures as *a divine Revelation*; or such as must be attended with the most glaring Absurdity; viz. that Religion, though proceeding from the same God of infinite Wisdom and Goodness, may, in *different* Times and Places, be *essentially* different, and even of a *diametrically opposite* Nature; that at *one* Time it may injoin the constant Exercise of boundless Benevolence, and at *another*, authorize the Indulgence of the utmost Rancor and Malignancy of Spirit: or that to hate Enemies was the Duty of *Jews*, though to love them is the indispensable Duty of *Christians*.

How peculiarly great is our Felicity! We live in more enlightened Times; in our Endeavours to reconcile any seeming Contradictions to be met with in one, or another Part of our Bible, we are under no Necessity of adopting any absurd and groundless Hypothesis; and, in our Attempts to vindicate the Honor of our Religion, and the Credit of Revelation, we have no unsurmountable Difficulties to encounter. Through the united Labors of wise and learned  
Men

Men in this, and the preceding Age, we are able to see with Clearness and Certainty, that both the *Old* and *New* Testament, agreeably to the *Nature* of all Scripture given by the *Inspiration of God*, display the very *same Spirit*; a Spirit of unlimited Kindness and Charity, and that of all the numerous Expressions to be found in our *English* Version, which breathe a contrary Spirit, there is not one authorized by the *Hebrew* and *Greek* Originals, unless *Acts* i. 20, together with the first Clause in *Psalms* cix. 6, should be deemed an Exception.

That those were designed to express no Kind or Degree of Malevolence, or to convey any Meaning, but such as is entirely consistent with the most perfect Charity will now be clearly shewn, and I trust most satisfactorily *proved*. I shall begin with the first Clause in Verse the Sixth of the hundred and ninth *Psalms*, the only one perhaps in the whole *Hebrew* Bible that is attended with any material Difficulty in Regard to its Interpretation.

The Verb there, according to its present Vowel Points, has the Form of a *direct*, and *truly malignant* Imprecation, being in the *Imperative Mood* of the Conjugation called *Hiphil*, and agreeably thereto is thus rendered in our



Verſon; *Set thou a wicked Man over him.* Now this Verb muſt either have been, in ſome Degree, altered in tranſcribing; or, if it has now no other Form than it ever had; it muſt be underſtood as expreſſive of no malevolent Wiſh towards the Perſon to whom it refers; but only, like all the other ſucceeding Verbs, which are in the *future* Tenſe, as declaratory, or prophetic of ſuch Evils as were, on Account of his atrocious Wickedneſs, to befall him.

The Verb may have undergone ſome *Alteration*, whether we ſuppoſe it to have been at firſt written *with*, or *without* Vowel Points: If *with*, the Vowel Points it had *originally* may have been different from thoſe it has at preſent, and conſequently its Meaning different. With different Points we find it in other Conjugations, and in various Moods and Tenſes, and particularly in the preter Tenſe third Perſon of *Hopbal*, the *paſſive* of *Hiphil*. And were we to ſuppoſe that *in the Text* under Conſideration it had *originally* the ſame Points it now has *there*; the whole Difficulty would be very ſufficiently removed, and the Senſe be as follows. *A Wicked Man* was ſet (or made to preſide) over him;—to rule his Conſcience and direct his Actions—made *ſo* to preſide over him by his own ſeeking, and  
with



own Consent; Which was the real Respect to *Doeg*, who of his own Accorded before *Saul* an ill founded Charge on against *Abimileck* the High Priest, Obedience to the cruel Command of a bloodthirsty Tyrant, after all his other had absolutely refused, murdered him, is Relations and Attendants.——

If it be allowed that the Vowel Points are a late Invention, and that the *ew* Language Originally had none, whether we adopt the Construction now mentioned or suppose, in transcribing, that the *er* was changed, and that instead of a *Tau*, an *He* was inserted in its Room. The Verb like all the Rest will have a future Tense, and the Clause in which it stands thus; Either Thou shalt set a wicked Man over him; or a wicked Man shall be set

whether the Verb has undergone any change or not, I am most firmly persuaded it, and cannot have any Meaning more reasonable than it has in the future Tense. The future Tense is allowed on all Hands to sometimes the Force of the Imperative so the imperative Mood when the Sense

requires it and will admit of it, may (*vice versa*) have the very same Construction with the future Tense. And this I apprehend to be *really*, and *invariably* the Case, whenever it is made use of under the Direction of Inspiration to express any Evils relative to wicked Men or Enemies.—

And that the *Clause* under Consideration, *set thou a wicked Man over him*, together with all that follows to Verse the 19th, expresses no kind of Malevolence, and is only declaratory or prophetic, we have a clear *decisive Proof* in *Acts* i. 15, 16, and 20th Verses, “In those Days Peter stood up in the Midst of the Disciples, and said Men and Brethren, the Scripture must needs have been fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost, by the Mouth of David, spake concerning Judas †, who was Guide to those who took Jesus; for it is written in the Book of *Psalms*; Let his Habitation be desolate, and let no Man dwell therein, and his Office let another take §.”

Upon

† “The true Rendering of this Verse seems plainly to be this; ‘Tis fit that this Scripture should be fulfilled concerning Judas—which the Holy Ghost, by the Mouth of David, spake before; (viz. concerning other Persons, and now perfectly applicable to the Case of Judas.)’ vid. Pyle in *Lec.*

§ The 20th Verse is manifestly quoted from the *Greek Version* of the Septuagint, where all the Verbs are in the *Impera-*

Upon these Words we may *first* observe, that in the Judgment of the Apostle *Peter*, what the *Psalmist* said in *Psalms* lxi. and in *Psalms* cix. was a *Prophecy*, and not any kind of *Prayer*; a *Prophecy* concerning the Fate of *Ahitophel* and *Doeg*; but applicable to the Case of the Traitor *Judas*.—That the *whole* of what the *Psalmist* spoke concerning those treacherous and wicked Men was *prophetical*, and in particular all he said concerning *Doeg* in *Psalms* cix. the *first Clause* of Verse the 6th, as well as all that follows.

2dly. From what the Apostle has here declared, it is clear and obvious that the *whole Passage*, from Verse the 6th to Verse the 19th inclusive, contains no Words of the *Psalmist*, much less of his *Enemies*, but only the *Words of the Holy Ghost* spoken by *his Mouth*; so that on the Account of them he was neither entitled to any Praise, nor justly liable to any Censure. He spoke *as the Spirit gave him Utterance*. He did not adopt the Language of his *Enemies*, neither did he express one Wish, or one Idea of his own: “For no *Prophecy* of Scripture comes from the Prophet’s own Suggestion, Wish, or  
C 6 Fancy.

*live Mood*, but in the Hebrew Original they are all in the *future Tense*.

Fancy. So this *Prophecy* was not the Effect of any *private* Impulse, or Incitation of the Psalmist's own Mind; he spoke nothing of himself, but God *spoke* by him; agreeably to this, to speak of himself, or of his own Heart or Mind, is always made the Sign of a false Prophet, whom God had not sent \*." This Prophecy proceeded not from the Psalmist's *own Will*, he spoke it just as he was moved by the Holy Ghost: He spoke not by the Will of Man nor properly the *Language* of any Man.

It has indeed been conjectured, by some very able and learned Critics, that the whole Paragraph from Verse the 6th, to the 19th, has been introduced by the Psalmist as a Specimen of those horrid Imprecations, *those Words of Hatred*, which his Enemies were accustomed to utter against him. The Conjecture is ingenious, and those who would see a fuller Account of it and set out to the best Advantage, may consult the Discourse published not many Years since by the very candid and judicious Doctor *Arnold*, late Prebendary of *Wells*. But however ingenious we may deem it to be, it is manifestly ill founded, the Words, supposed to have been those of *David's* Enemies, having been en-  
presely

\* Vid. *Whitby* on 2. Pet. i. 20, 21.

precisely declared by the Apostle *Peter* to be the Words of the Holy Ghost, and at the same Time plainly understood, and explained by him, to be a divine and awful *Prophecy*, without the least Hint, or Intimation whatever of any Imprecation being contained in it—

3dly. From what the Apostle has said I hope now to present the Reader with a Rule of Interpretation that will apply to *all Expressions of an imprecatory Form* that may be met with, either in the Old, or New Testament; a Rule by which all Objections and Difficulties will be totally removed, and their true Sense so clearly displayed as to give *full and general* Satisfaction, agreeably to what was promised in a preceding part of this Dissertation. This I propose to do by *proving*, that in the *prophetic* Language Verbs have an equivalent Force, and the very same Signification, whether they are used in the *Imperative Mood*, or the *future Tense*. With this grand *Desideratum* the Apostle *Peter* has happily furnished us, by pronouncing under the highest Authority, even that of divine Inspiration, what had been said by *David* in the sixth *Psalms* concerning *Doeg* and his other Enemies, and which was then applicable to the Case of *Judas*; to be a *Prophecy* manifestly including Verse the 6th. where the  
first

first Verb is in the *Imperative* Mood, as well as the whole that follows where all the Verbs are in the *future Tense*.

That the Apostle considered Verbs, in the Style of *Prophecy*, whether used in the *imperative* Mood, or the *future Tense*, as being perfectly synonymous, or expressive of the very same Meaning, and *alike declaratory*, and that they were *then* generally understood to be so, will further appear from his having himself in Verse xx. *Acts* 1. Used the *Imperative Mood* instead of the *future Tense*—This most certainly he would not have done, had it made the least Difference or Alteration in the Sense. He must moreover have directly contradicted himself by converting what he had called a *Prophecy* into an *Imprecation*.

The *whole Verse* he has pronounced to be a *Prophecy*; a *Scripture to be fulfilled*. It consists of three Clauses; the two first were taken from *Psalms* lxix. 25. the last from *Psalms* cix. 8. They are all *prophetical*. And the Verb in *each* according to the original *Hebrew* is in the *future Tense*; yet the Apostle has put all the Verbs into the *imperative Form*—A full and clear Demonstration, that, according to the prophetic Style, Verbs whether used in the *imperative* Mood, or the *future Tense* were considered by  
St,

St. Peter, and then generally understood by others, as having the very same Meaning, and to be *alike declaratory*\*.——

Thus by *Apostolic Assistance* we have at length attained a compleat Key to all Expressions, which seem to an *English* Reader to have an *imprecatory* Meaning, wherever they are to be found either in the Old or New Testament: A Rule of Interpretation, that effectually removes every just Occasion of Offence, and which directly tends to afford the most general Satisfaction—a Rule, I humbly apprehend, of singular Value, and procured in the most natural and unexceptionable Manner, viz. by comparing Things Spiritual with Spiritual, and by interpreting Scripture by Scripture.——

Now

\* It is remarkable that in *Matthew* x. 13. what our Savior said to his Apostles in Relation to the Return of their Peace, after their Embassy to a House or City had proved ineffectual, is thus expressed; “*Let your Peace return to you.*” But in *Luke* x. 6. It is expressed as follows; “*your Peace shall turn to you again.*” In *Matthew* the *Greek* Verb is in the *Imperative Mood*; but in *Luke* it is in the *future Tense*. These compared together seem to prove beyond Denial that the *Imperative Mood* and *future Tense* were used indifferently, as synonymous, by the Apostles; and consequently, that the imperative Mood in the *Septuagint* was equivalent to the future Tense, and did not determine the Word to be any other than *declaratory*. The same Observation is alike applicable to the preceding Clauses. In *Mat.* it is said, “*Let your Peace come upon it.*” But in *Luke*, “*your Peace shall rest upon it.*”



Now if, according to the Language of *Prophecy*, Verbs, whether used in the *imperative* Mood, or the *future* Tense, have only a *declaratory*, and not an *imprecatory* Construction, I think it necessarily follows, that whenever a Verb has in the Original an *imperative* Form, and the Sense is only *declaratory*, it ought to be rendered into *English*, according to the different Genius of the Language, in the *future Tense*, and particularly in *Psalms* xxviii. 4. “Thou *Shalt* give them according to their Deeds, and according to the Wickedness of their Endeavours; thou *shalt* give them after the Work of their Hands, and render unto them their Desert.” And in *Psalms* lxxix. 12. “Thou *shalt* or *wilt* render unto our Neighbours seven-fold into their Bosom, their Reproach wherewith they have reproached thee O Lord \*.” So in *Psalms* cix. 6. “Thou *shalt* set a wicked Man over him”—and which is thus most happily and justly rendered in the poetical Version of Doctor *Brady*;

Their guilty Leader *shall* be made

To some ill Man a Slave——

So likewise in *Acts* i. 20. His Habitation *shall* be desolate, and no Man *shall* dwell therein;  
and

\* That they may be ashamed of their Conduct, and be thereby prevailed upon to change it.

and his Office *shall* another take. And finally in 2. *Tim.* iv. 14. “*Alexander* the Copper-Smith did me much Evil; the Lord *shall*, or *will*, reward him according to his Deeds.”

Were these Texts thus rendered, and all others of a similar Form, in like Manner, agreeably to the Genius of the *English* Language, the Meaning of Inspiration would be clearly and faithfully conveyed; all Occasions of Offence to good Christians would be removed, and of Contempt and Ridicule to the facetious or sarcastic Infidel.

And it would have been well if our Translators had paid greater Attention to the different Genius of the Original Languages and the *English*, not only in the Places now mentioned, but also in several others, they would then have more clearly and fully explained the Meaning of the inspired Writers, and likewise avoided all such Improproprieties and Indelicacies of Expression as drew from the learned and judicious Mr. *Selden* the following Censure. “There is no Book so translated as the Bible. If I translate a French Book into English, I turn it into English Phrase and not into French English.” “*Il fait froid*” I say, “tis cold,” not, “makes cold.” but the Bible is rather translated into  
English

English *Words* than into English *Phrase*. The Hebraisms are kept—kept in some Places where it would have been more consistent with strict Propriety and Delicacy to have entirely dropped them\*.”

But it is to be hoped that Faults and Blemishes of every Kind, whether of less or greater Consequence, will be carefully avoided, whenever

2

\* It may be proper here to observe, that Mr. *Selden* has elsewhere declared notwithstanding, “that the English Translation of the Bible is [upon the whole] the best Translation in the World, and renders the Sense of the Original best, taking in for the English Translation, the Bishop’s Bible as well as King James’s”—He then gives a Reason why it should be so. “The Translation in King James’s Time took an excellent Way. That Part of the Bible was given to him, who was most excellent in such a Tongue; and then they met together, and one read the Translation, the rest holding in their Hands some Bible, either of the learned Languages, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. if they found any Fault, they spoke; if not he read on.” It might be here added, in further Justice to our Translators, that, notwithstanding some Exceptions, they have often, by adopting the *Hebrew* Mode of Speaking, not only expressed the Sense of the Original better than could have been done in any other Way; but also greatly contributed in numberless Instances to the enriching and beautifying the English Language—To this we have the following Testimony of one of the very best *English* Writers “There is a certain Coldness and Indifference in the Phrases of our *European* Languages, when they are compared with the oriental Forms of Speech; and it happens very luckily, that the *Hebrew* Idioms

a new Translation of the sacred Scriptures is undertaken. A new and *Correct* Translation of them would doubtless be of signal Importance and great Utility, as thereby all Expressions inconsistent with Benevolence and Charity, which  
at

Idioms run into the *English* Tongue with a particular Grace and Beauty. Our Language has received innumerable Elegancies and Improvements, from that Infusion of *Hebraisms*, which are derived to it out of the poetical Passages in holy Writ. They give a Force and Energy to our Expressions, warm and animate our Language, and convey our Thoughts in more ardent and intense Phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own Tongue. There is something so pathetic in this Kind of Diction, that it often sets the Mind in a Flame, and makes our Hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a Prayer appear, that is composed in the most elegant and polite Forms of Speech, which are Natural to our Tongue when it is not heightened by that Solemnity of Phrase, which may be drawn from the sacred Writings. It has been said by some of the Antients, that if the Gods were to talk with Men, they would certainly Speak in *Plato's* Style; but I think we may say with Justice, that when Mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a Style as in that of the Holy Scriptures. If any one would judge of the Beauties of Poetry that are to be met with in the divine Writings, and examine how kindly the *Hebrew* Manners of Speech mix and incorporate with the *English* Language; after having read a Literal Translation of *Horace* or *Pindar*, He will find in these two last such an Absurdity and Confusion of Style, with such a Comparative Poverty of Imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing. "Vid N<sup>o</sup>. 405. of the Spectator by *Addison*.

## 2 A P P E N D I X.

happily entertained concerning our Saviour's *Exposition* of the mosaic Law in his Sermon on the Mount. Our Saviour has been there considered as pointing out to his Hearers the *Imperfection* of the *Jewish Law*, representing the *Morality* it taught as lax and defective, and the Charity it prescribed as much too narrow and confined. Whereas his real Intention was quite the reverse: his Design was not to *depreciate* the Law, but to *magnify, and make it honorable*; not to *make it void*, but to establish it; not to *alter it, add to it, or make any Improvement* upon it, but **EXPLAIN** it; to vindicate it from the false and corrupt Glosses of the Scribes and Pharisees, to represent it as a *complete System of moral Precepts*, and breathing a Spirit of *unbounded Benevolence and Kindness*.

Of the *ceremonial Law* he makes no Mention; that Law was soon to be a *dead Letter*, and of no Manner of Consequence, it having been designed to be only a Guide to lead the *Jews* to himself, and was a mere *Shadow*, of which he was the *Body*. However, as he appeared as a public Teacher of Religion, and preached very differently from all other Teachers, *not as the Scribes and Pharisees*, it was not unnatural for the *Jews* to apprehend, that he designed to *abolish*, or entirely

tirely to *make void* their Religion; and to substitute some other entirely different in its Room.

To remove every Suspicion of this Kind he expressly informed them, he so far approved of the *moral Part* of their Law according to its full Extent and true Meaning, the only Part that ever was of any essential Moment, \* that he determined to admit it entirely into the Religion of his Disciples. And to the End his Audience might form a clearer and more adequate Idea of the Religion he proposed to preach, and establish; he proceeds to give them an *Exposition* of the Law, especially such Parts of it as stood in most Need of Illustration, and to vindicate it from the corrupt and false Glosses of the Jewish Doctors.

Our Saviour's *Exposition* is here subjoined, with a *Paraphrase* upon it, chiefly in the Words of the late Doctor *Doddridge*. I have chosen to insert Doctor *Doddridge's* Paraphrase, as he was a Person of a very amiable, liberal Spirit, and has, in my Opinion, more fully comprehended

D

our

\* *The only Part that ever was of any essential Moment.*] The ceremonial Law was never, compared to the moral, any Thing more than as a beggarly Element, a worldly Rudiment; it was only a Figure for the Time then present, that could make no Man, who did the Service required by it, perfect, as pertaining to the Conscience.

## 6 A P P E N D I X.

and Discourses, as well as to answer the highest Ends of the ceremonial Institutions.

18. *For*

himself entirely to the *moral*; so the Doctor appears *sensiblr*, that there was no *Necessity* of extending the Meaning of the Word *ωληρωσαι* any farther. I apprehend that Dr. *Clarke's* Paraphrase on this Verse is, in a Variety of Respects, manifestly wrong. It is as follows; "Do not think because I give you these *new* Precepts, that I am come to destroy or abrogate the Law and the Prophets. No: I am not come to dissolve any one natural or moral Obligation, but on the contrary, to fulfil what was *typified*, to explain what was *obscure*, and to compleat what was *imperfect*. Here the learned Doctor has inserted several Ideas, which seem to have no Existence in our Saviour's Words—Our Saviour says nothing about any *New* Precepts, which he had here given, or intended to give; nothing about fulfilling what was *typified*; nor did he give any Intimation of his intending to *compleat* what was *imperfect*; Inspiration having long since pronounced the moral Law *perfect*, &c. What probably lead the very learned and worthy Doctor to entertain so *depreciating* and erroneous an Idea concerning it, was another mistaken Notion he had formed of its permitting the Indulgence of a malevolent Disposition towards Enemies; which he thus expresses in his Comment on the 43d Verse of this Chapter. "The Law commands Men to love their Neighbours, but permits them to hate their Enemies."—Now if Hatred to Enemies had been allowed under the Law, it is clear to a Demonstration, that our Saviour's Words in Verse 17, would have been totally *reversed* and have run thus. Think not that I am come to fulfil the Law, a Law that gives a Sanction to so malignant a Principle as Hatred to Enemies. I am come to publish and recommend undissembled unbounded Love. Think not then that I am come to *fulfil* the Law, I am come to *destroy* it—and to establish another in its Room of an entirely different Nature and Tendency; and infinitely better.

## A P P E N D I X. 7

18. *For verily I say unto you*, as their Original is divine, their Honors shall be perpetual; so that till *Heaven and Earth pass away*, and the whole Frame of Nature be disjointed, *not one Jot or one Tittle shall pass*, or perish from the Law \*, till all Things which it requires or foretels shall be effected †.

19. *Whoever therefore shall* himself transgress or violate *one of the least of these Commandments* which are contained therein; [*i. e.* in the moral Part of the mosaic Law] and especially, whoever shall teach other Men so to do; by his licentious Principles, or irregular Example; *he shall be accounted one of the least and unworthiest Members in the Kingdom of Heaven*, or in the Church of the Messiah; and shall soon be entirely cut off from it, as unfit for so holy a Society: *But whosoever shall do them, and teach them* with that Advantage, which nothing but the Authority of a good Example can give, *he shall be called*

D 3 great

\* *Not one Jot or Tittle.*] Or rather *not the least Letter or Stroke* used by Way of Ornament at the Beginning, End, or Corner of a Letter.

† *Till all Things &c.*] The Translation here given is most literal and comprehensive. The Law has its Effect, when its Sanctions are executed, as well as when its Precepts are obeyed.



## 3      A P P E N D I X.

great in the Kingdom of Heaven [or in my Church] and be treated with distinguished Honor and Favor in Proportion to his Zeal in so good a Cause.

20. Let this therefore be the Care of all that hear me this Day: *For I say unto you, with all the Solemnity that so important an Affair requires, that unless your Righteousness abound far more than that, which is apparent in the Lives, or even required in the Precepts of the Scribes and Pharisees; as highly as they are generally esteemed; ye shall be so far from making any illustrious Figure, that ye shall not by any Means enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, or be owned by the Son of Man as truly his Subjects.*

21. To illustrate this, I will now proceed to EXPLAIN some of those Precepts of the Law, which these Pharisaical Teachers have, by their perverse Glosses, enervated and dishonored; and I will begin with the sixth Commandment.

*You*

§ The Scribes and Pharisees seem (so far as we can judge by *this Sermon, and other Scriptures*) to have taught—that the *Precepts of the Law* extended only to the *outward Actions*, that a Zeal in the *ceremonial* Parts of Religion would excuse *moral* Defects and Irregularities.

¶ Our Saviour has here no Reference to any *Righteousness*, that was to abound more than *that*, which was really required in the *moral Precepts of the Mosaic Law*.

*You have heard that it was said to the Antients; and particularly to your Fathers at Mount Sinai, thou shalt not kill: And have been taught, that the only Design of it was to restrain Men from actual Murder; and accordingly it has been ADDED that whosoever shall unlawfully kill another, shall be obnoxious to the Judgment †, and be capitally punished in the common Courts of Judicature.*

22. *But I say unto you [in Opposition to all pharisaical Comments] that it was the Design of God in this Precept, to prohibit extravagant Passions and abusive Language, as well as the most fatal EFFECTS of them in destroying the Lives of each other: So that whosoever shall, without just Cause, be angry with his Brother, [any Man whatever] so as SECRETLY to wish him Evil, shall be obnoxious to the Judgment, or*  
D 4 *shall*

† *Shall be obnoxious to the Judgment.*] To understand this, and the following Verse, it is necessary to observe, that the Jews had a common Court of *twenty three Men*, wherein capital Sentences might be passed, on which a Malefactor might be *strangled, or beheaded*; this was called the *Judgment*: but the *Sanhedrim* or *Council* was the supreme *Jewish Court*, consisting of *seventy two*, in which the highest Crimes were tried, which they, and they alone, punished with *Stoning*, which was thought a more terrible Death than the former.

shall be liable to a worse Punishment from God than any that your common Courts of Judicature can inflict ||: *and whosoever*, to his secret Anger, shall add opprobrious and contemptuous Words; or for Instance, *shall say to his Brother*, [any Man, without Cause §,] *Raca*, that is thou worthless empty Fellow, shall be exposed to yet more terrible Effects of the divine Resentment, and be *obnoxious* to a yet severer Punishment,

|| *To a worse Punishment from God, &c.*] That Judgment must here signify Punishment from God, is plain, because *causeless Anger* might be so concealed in the Heart, as not to admit of Conviction before Men.

§ I apprehend that the Words *without Cause* are to be understood in both these Places, as well as above where they are inserted. If a Man without Cause shall say to his Brother, either *Raca*, or thou *Fool*, he shall be in danger, &c. but not if he say so with just Cause. Otherwise we may suppose, that our Saviour and his Apostles would not have used such Expressions as these which follow; *ye Fools and blind*, &c. *Mat. xxiii. 17. Thou Fool*, &c. *Luke xii. 20. ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the Cup and the Platter, but your inward Part is full of Ravening Wickedness. Ye Fools*, &c. *Luke xi. 39, 40. Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, Hypocrites*, &c. *44. Ye Serpents, ye Generation of Vipers! how can ye escape the Damnation of Hell*, *Mat. xxiii. 33. He is a Fool and knoweth nothing*, *1. Tim. vi. 4. O Foolish Galatians*, *Gal. iii. 1. Thou art in the Gall of Bitterness and the Bond of Iniquity*, *Ast. viii. 23.*

Giftment, that will as far exceed the former, as that inflicted by *the Sanhedrim*, which extends to STONING, does that which follows on the Judgment of the inferior Courts, which have only the Power of the Sword: *But whoever*, in his unreasonable Passion, [or without Cause §] *shall* presume to *say* unto his Brother, *Thou Fool*, that is, thou graceless wicked Villain, thereby impeaching his moral Character, as well as reflecting on his Intellectual, *shall be obnoxious to the Fire of Hell*, or to a future Punishment more dreadful than that of being burnt alive in the Valley of *Hinnom*, from whence you borrow the Name of those infernal Regions.

23. Remember *therefore* to lay aside all your Animosities, and to live in Peace and Love, as ever you would escape God's Displeasure and secure his Favor. Without this, your most expensive Sacrifices would be so vain, that I must inculcate it on every one of you [agreeably to the genuine Spirit of the *Mosaic Law*] as a most necessary Caution, *If thou art bringing thy Gift*, however costly and free, even *to the very Altar*, and *there rememberest that thy Brother* [any Man] *has any just Cause of Complaint against thee*, do not content thyself with a Secret, and

it may be a treacherous Purpose, that thou w  
hereafter accommodate the Affair, but bring  
to an immediate Issue;

24. And *leaving thy Gift there*, in the Hands  
those who are ministring *before the Altar*,  
*away*, and first make it thy Care to be reconciled  
*thy Brother*, by an Acknowledgment of t  
Fault, and by a Readiness to make him a  
reasonable Satisfaction, *and then come and off*  
*thy Gift\**, which thou mayest then chearful  
hope God will accept at thy Hands.

25. And it will be Prudence as well as Hum  
nity, to apply this Advice to Suits at Law,  
you are so unhappy as to be engaged in then  
my Counsel then to each of you is, that th  
shouldst make it thine Endeavour to *come to*  
*friend*

\* *First be reconciled to thy Brother, and then come and  
for thy Gift.*] It is observable, that *Philo*, [de Sacrif. p. 84  
explaining the Law of Trespafs-Offering, tells us, "T  
when a Man had injured his Brother, and, repenting of  
Fault, *voluntarily acknowledged* it, (in which Case, both R.  
*stitution and Sacrifice* were required,) he was first to *make Restitut*  
and come into the Temple, *presenting his Sacrifice*, and ask  
Pardon." Hence it is manifest that our Saviour was not  
*adding* to the Law, or *compleating* what was *imperfect* in it;  
giving its full and true Meaning, the same liberal compreh  
sive Meaning in which the *Jews* themselves in more anti  
Times understood it.

*friendly Agreement; with thine Adversary quickly, while thou art in the Way going with him to a Magistrate; lest the Adversary should deliver thee to be tried before the Judge; and the Judge, deciding the Cause against thee, deliver thee to the Officer of the Court, to keep thee in Custody till Payment be made; and thou, not having enough by thee to discharge an Account inflated with so many additional Articles of Expence, shouldst be cast into Prison.*

26. *Verily I say unto thee, thy Antagonist, when he has got thee at such an Advantage, will be more rigorous in his Demands than before, and thou shalt not by any Means come out from thence, till thou hast discharged the very last Farthing of thy Debt.*

# I M P R O V E M E N T.

Let us seriously consider, and often recollect the Purposes of *Christ's Appearance*: *He came not to destroy the Law and the Prophets, or to dissolve Men's Obligations to observe them; but rather to enforce, as well as to fulfil them.*

D 6. How

[Come to a friendly Agreement.] The Word *arrixiu* properly signifies a Person who is going to Law with another. I have rendered it *come to a friendly Agreement*, because the Original seems to imply, not only Peace but *Reconciliation*.

## 14 A P P E N D I X.

How fatally shall we pervert the Purposes of his Coming, if we regard him as the *Minister of Sin*? How ungratefully shall we abuse the merciful Constitution of his *Gospel*, should we take Encouragement from thence to [depreciate and] violate the divine Law \*, [that Law under which he himself was made, and has here declared to be of perpetual Obligation, and appointed to be an invariable Rule of Conduct to all Christians?] Dangerous as well as ungrateful Abuse indeed! For God's Eye will be watchful over its Honors, and his Hand exerted to maintain them; so that *Heaven and Earth shall pass away* before it shall fail of its *Accomplishment* in being either obeyed or avenged on the impenitent Sinner.

May it be our constant Care to *keep* it our selves, and to *teach* others to observe it! May we *teach* it by our Lives, as well as our Lips; and let our daily Conversation demonstrate how *practicable* and how *amiable* its Precepts are. So shall we be *great in the Kingdom of Heaven*, in the Pursuit of which, we may give full Scope to the noblest Ambition of which human Nature is capable.

Let

\* *Viz.* the Moral Law which God delivered by *Moses* to the *Israelites*.





## 16 A P P E N D I X.

the Scribes and Pharisees] as if it related ~~or~~ to the grossest Acts of Uncleanneſs :

28. *But I ſay unto you, That it extends, not on-  
to unchaſte Actions and Words, but even to Look  
and the very Thoughts of the Heart, for whoſoever  
ſhall gaze on a Woman to luſt after her, and thu-  
cheriſh and indulge the ſecret Workings of irregu-  
lar Deſire in his Mind, has already committed that  
Adultery with her in his Heart which this Com-  
mandment was deſigned to forbid, and thereby  
rendered himſelf, in the Sight of God, guilty of  
it. Perhaps ſome of you may think this Com-  
mandment ſevere, in requiring you ſo ſtrictly  
to mortify all the irregular Propenſities of  
Nature : But you will find it on the whole, as  
much for your Intereſt, as it is to part with a  
gangrened Member to prevent the Death of the  
whole Body, yea indeed, it is infinitely more ſo.*

29 *And if, therefore, thy right Eye offend or in-  
ſnare thee, or any Thing dear as thy right Eye  
would be the neceſſary Occaſion of leading thee  
into Sin, pluck it out with inexorable Reſolution,  
and caſt it far from thee with Abhorrence : for  
it is advantageous to thee, that one of thy Members  
ſhould periſh rather than thy whole Body ſhould be  
thrown into Hell : which yet muſt be the fatal Con-  
ſequence of indulging the moſt favorite [irregu-  
lar] Luſt.*

*Yea*



30. *Yea if thy right Hand offend or ensnare thee, though it be so useful and necessary a Part, do not spare it, but immediately cut it off, and cast it from thee; for I renew the Declaration, that it is highly advantageous to thee, that any one of thy Members should perish, rather than thy whole Body should be thrown into Hell.*

31. *It has been said (Deut. xxiv. 1.) whoever would dismiss his Wife, let him give her a Writing of Divorce: And this Precept, which was indeed intended to prevent the Frequency of such Dismissions, by making it so solemn and irrevocable a Thing, has perversely been interpreted [by the Scribes and Pharisees] as a Warrant for having Recourse to it upon every trifling Occasion.*

32. *But such a Practice is directly contrary to the original Design of Marriage, and highly injurious to the common Good of Mankind, I therefore think it necessary [with the View of restraining so dangerous a Liberty,] to oppose so erroneous and pernicious an Interpretation, and to say unto you, that, [according to the true Design and Meaning of the Law] whosoever shall dismiss his Wife, except it be on the Account of Whoredom, [will be exceedingly rash and highly culpable \*] as he causeth*

\* *Notwithstanding any Thing said by Moses in Deut. xxiv. 1. it was in Reality no more lawful for a Jew on any light Occasions*

*causeth her, by a second Marriage, to commit Adultery, or at least exposeth her to great Danger of doing it; and whoever shall marry her that is thus unlawfully dismissed, committeth Adultery, since the Bond of the former Marriage does in the Sight of God remain undissolved.*

33. *Again, you have heard that it was said to the Ancients, (Lev. xix. 17. Deut. xxiii. 21.) thou shalt not perjure or forswear thyself, but shalt diligently*

to be divorced from his Wife than it is for a Christian now—He could not put her away except in the Case of Adultery, without being guilty of Sin; the Words neither imply a Command nor any proper Permission, and were wholly occasioned by some peculiar *Hardness of Heart*, and *Perverseness of Temper* generally characteristic of the Jewish People; which might terminate in Murder, or necessarily subject the Wife to such Cruelty of Treatment as would be utterly insupportable. The learned *Buxtorf* has well observed, on this Part of the Jewish Law, that *Moses* rather *supposed* than *permitted* Divorces, in perfect Agreement with our Saviour's Words which doubtless express the true and full Design and Meaning of *Moses* "Whosoever shall put away his Wife, let him give her a Writing of Divorcement." Here is no Intimation of a *Permission* from *Deity* to any Man to put away his Wife; but if any Man should be so inconsiderate and unfeeling as to do it, he would be obliged, by the *Command* to give her a Bill of Divorcement, to do an Act that would be a full Vindication of her Character as a Wife, against every Imputation of *essential* Moment, and such as would necessarily fix an indelible Stigma on his own as a Husband. For God to grant a Permission to a Man

diligently perform unto the Lord thine Oaths and Vows: and this has been expounded [by your Teachers] as extending merely to those Oaths in which the Name of God is expressly used, and only prohibiting the *Violation* of such, but tolerating

to divorce his Wife, except only in the Case of Whoredom was in the Nature of Things *impossible*; as it would have been a Permission to him to *cause* his Wife to commit one of the most atrocious of all Sins, even the Sin of Adultery, or as *Moses* expressed it, to be *defiled* by another Man, *Deut. xxiv. 4*. In all that *Moses* said there was no Liberty *granted* to any Man to divorce his Wife, it was only *supposed* that such Liberty might, through the peculiar and extreme Hardness of Jewish Hearts, be sometimes taken—there was nothing *granted*, that tended in any Degree to *perjure* the Husband, or to render the Act of Divorcement *lawful* and *intecum*; but a mere Exemption from civil Punishment, to prevent some greater Wickedness, and on the absolute Condition of exculpating his Wife, at least from every Imputation of Incontinence, and of solemnly and openly pronouncing himself to be destitute both of Sense and Virtue, a Man of a cruel callous Mind, an intire Stranger to all the more tender and finer Feelings of Humanity, unworthy of all the Comforts and all the Honors of Marriage, and even undeserving of common Esteem and Regard. That it should be a Matter of Doubt whether Men's divorcing their Wives under the mosaic Dispensation, except in the Case of Whoredom, was really *criminal* or not, seems to be peculiarly strange, after our Saviour had so plainly shewn it to be *unlawful* in his Answer to the Question in *Mat. xix. 3*. "Is it *lawful* for a Man to put away his Wife for every Cause?" Shall we be so slow of Heart as not to believe the

tolerating the Use of them, even on slight Occasions, so it be not in Confirmation of a Falsehood.

34. *But I say unto you* [agreeably to the true Meaning and Design of the divine Prohibition] *Swear not at all* in your common Discourse with

the Founder of our Faith, so capable a Judge and true a Witness—Should this be possible, shall we also be alike incredulous with Respect to the Testimony of God himself, as delivered by the Mouth of the Prophet *Mahmud*, the second Chapter of his Prophecy. There God declares a Man's divorcing his Wife in any Case except that of Adultery to be the basest Treachery, a Violation of the most solemn and sacred Compact; and peculiarly displeasing and *hateful* to him: "The Lord hath been Witness between thee and the Wife of thy Youth, therefore take heed to your Spirit, and let *not* deal treacherously against the Wife of his Youth; for the Lord, the God of Israel saith that he *hateth putting away* &c." Surely no *Permission* could have been granted in any Part of the moſaic Law to do any Act that was *hateful* to God, and which would involve a Man in such great and complicated Guilt as is here mentioned: Whatever the Jews might be disposed to think of the Matter, God never gave them Leave to put away their Wives for every Cause, or for any Cause except that of *Incontinency*, but, by commanding them before they ever should dismiss them, to give them a Writing of Divorcement, he used the best and most effectual Means to prevent their Doing it, that their own extreme Hardness of Heart and the *Safety* of their Wives would admit.

§ Vid. Lowth in *Loc.*



with each other †, even so much as by the Creatures; *either by Heaven, for it is the Throne of the glorious and holy God;*

35. *Or by the Earth, for it is under his Dominion, and subject to him as his Footstool; Or by Jerusalem, for it is the City of the Great King of Israel, and of the Universe:*

36. *Neither shalt thou swear by thy Head, for thou art so far from having an absolute Power over it, that thou canst not make the Color of one Hair of it white or black: So that these Oaths by the Creatures, if they have any Sense at all, are an implicit Appeal to God.*

37. *But I charge you [agreeably to the real Design of the Prohibition] to avoid the customary Use of all such Oaths, as well as of those in which the Name of God is directly expressed; and*

† *Swear not at all in your common Discourse with each other.*] The Opposition between this *Verse* and the 37th, limits the Prohibition to this Sense; and, waving that, it would be necessary to interpret it as a restrictive rather than an universal Precept, and to consider it as more particularly levelled at the common Practice of the *Jews*, who reckoned *swearing by the Creatures* to be far more excusable than *swearing by the Name of God*, and made but little Scruple of the frequent Use of it. For that *all Swearing* is not here condemned as a Thing absolutely Evil, is fully evident from other Passages of Scripture, and of Necessity must be allowed to vindicate the Conduct of Christ and his Apostles. Compare *Mark* viii. 12. *Mat.* xxvi. 64. *Rom.* i. 9. xi. 1. *Gal.* i. 20. 2 *Cor.* i. 18. and *Heb.* vi. 16.

and *let your Conversation be all plain and simple*: When you affirm, say *yes, yes*; and when you deny, *no, no*: For if you conduct yourselves as you ought, this will be sufficient to gain you Credit; and you may be assured, that whatever is more than these cometh of Evil †, [proceeds from some evil Cause, and manifestly betrays the Want of a proper Reverence of God upon the Mind.]

38. *You have heard that it hath been said in the Law, Deut. xix. 21. An Eye for an Eye, and a Tooth for a Tooth*: † and this Statute, which was

† *Cometh of Evil.*] I would observe that this Clause contains a Demonstration that Verse 34 is to be explained with the Limitation proposed; for it is evident, that *Oaths* were in some Cases not only allowed, but required, by the *Mosaic Law*; (see *Exod. xxii. 11. Lev. v. 1. Numb. v. 19, 21. and Deut. xxix. 12, 14.*) So that if Christ's Prohibition had here referred to *swearing in solemn and judicial Cases*, he would in these Words have charged the *Divine Law* with establishing an *Immorality*, which it is most absurd to suppose—And I cannot but wonder, that so obvious and decisive a Thought should not have been more insisted upon in this Controversy.

† [An Eye for an Eye, &c.] On this Law Mr. *Selden* observes as follows—"It doth not mean, that if I put out another Man's Eye, therefore I must lose my own, (for what is he the better for that?) though this be *commonly* received; but it means, I shall give him what Satisfaction an Eye shall be judged to be worth." This doubtless is the true Meaning, and



was only intended to direct Judges § as to the Penalties to be inflicted in Case of violent and barbarous Assaults, has been interpreted [by the Scribes and Pharisees] as encouraging a rigorous severe Revenge of every Injury a Man might receive.

*But*

and the very Sense in which it was generally understood by the Jews—This Law according to its true Design, and in itself considered, is manifestly just and equitable, and such as our Saviour entirely approved, as is evident from the Application he has made of it, in this very Discourse, to the Case of censorious judging. Judge not that ye be not judged; *for with what Judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: And with what Measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.* Mat. vii. 11, 12. The Words are different, but the general Idea is the very same. He finds no Fault with the Law, it being of divine Original and perpetual Obligation; he censures only the false Constructions which had been put upon it, and the wrong Uses which had been made of it by the Jewish Doctors. The Law was in itself perfectly just and proper, and in no Degree repugnant to genuine Charity. It gave no Countenance to a litigious Temper, much less to any malicious Prosecutions, or indeed to any other Conduct whatever under Affronts and Injuries, than what our Saviour has here described in his Exposition of it, and is allowed to every Christian in similar Circumstances, by the Gospel.

§ Which was only intended to direct Judges.] It is to the Judges it is said, thine Eye shall not spare, or pity him, but Eye shall go for Eye, &c. *Deut.* xxix. 18, 21. The injured Person could not himself be the Executioner of this Law; whatever



40. *And if any one be resolved to sue thee at Law, and to take away thy Vest, permit him to take thy Mantle too, for the loss of both would be but a Trifle, in Comparison of those Vexatious Snares, and Expences, which would probably attend the Continuance of the Suit. Or according to another Expofitor who has perhaps more fully expreffed our Saviour's Meaning; "If any Man be litigious, and would go to Law with you to trick you out of your Coat, howfoever hard this may feem, yet it is in itfelf a Thing of fmall Value, and fhould rather let him take as much more than with a contentious and revengful Temper to ftand a vexatious Law-fuit with him."*

41. And if any prefs thee to go with him one Mile, obliging thee and thy Carriages to attend him on a public Account [though in ftrict Juftice thou fhouldeft be exempted from fuch a Service] rather *go with him two* more, than difturb the Peace by a forcible Oppofition; for in many fuch Cafes as thefe, it will be more for your own Comfort as well as the Credit of Religion, to fubmit than contend.

42. [And agreeably to the truly benevolent Spirit of the divine Law] when thou feefte any one in real Neceffity, and haft it in the Power of thy

thy Hand to do it, *give to him that asketh thee thy Charity, † and do not turn away, with a severe Denial, him that would borrow of thee.*

43 By such Condescensions and Favors, you will generally gain the Friendship of those with whom you converse; but if any should be so base, as, notwithstanding all, to persist in using you ill, do not indulge to Sentiments of Revenge. I know you have [in the second great Commandment of the Law] *heard that it was said to our Fathers, Thou shalt love thy Neighbour, (Lev. xix. 18.) and from thence some have argued, though in direct Contradiction to many other Scriptures, (Exod. xxiii. 45. Lev. xix. 17. and Prov. xiv. 21.)*

E as

† *Give to him that asketh thee thy Charity.*] Mr. Blair would refer this to *wornpw* in Verse 39. and render it, *Give to the injurious Person, what he asketh thee*; and has a very beautiful Discourse upon it in that View; but it is plainly unnecessary to limit it; and I think, that, on this Interpretation, it would too much coincide with Verse 44. In whatever Sense it be taken, it must admit of some Exceptions, or it will not only be inconsistent with such Precepts as require us to take Care of our Families, (as 1. Tim. v. 8.) but with natural Justice, and common Sense. It is amazing, therefore, that any who do not think themselves obliged by the *literal* Sense of *this Precept*, to *give or lend* to every idle importunate Creature whatever he asks, should insist on a *rigorous* Interpretation of the preceding Passages from Verse 34, to 41.

as if it had been added, *Thou shalt hate thine Enemy.*

44. But instead of favoring so pernicious a Maxim I say unto you, [that according to the true and full Meaning of the Command to love your Neighbour, it is your indispenfible Duty to bear the fincereft good Will to all Men, to] *love with Love unfeigned even your Enemies, [to] bless those who curse you, [to] do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who insult you, and persecute you : [to be kindly affected towards your Enemies, ready to do them Good for Evil, and the Good you cannot do yourselves, to pray that God would do it for them ; for this both the Law and the Prophets require, not only to do juftly, but alfo to love Mercy \* :]*

45. That you may thus approve your felves to be *the Children of your heavenly Father ;* [the original Giver of the Law] *for with the moft diffufive Kindnefs and Beneficence, he caufeth his Sun to arife on the evil and the good, and sheweth down Rain on the juft and the unjuft : So that his Enemies fhare in his providential Bounties, and fubfift on his daily Care.*

46. Let it therefore be your Concern to imitate this extenfive Goodnefs ; *for if you only love*  
*those*

\* Vid. Rom. 12. 19. Deut. 32. 35.

those who love you, what Reward have you? or what extraordinary Praise can you expect? Do not even the most infamous and scandalous Sinners, such as the very Publicans, do the same?

47. And if you salute and embrace your Brethren only, or those of the same Sect, Party, and Interest, with yourselves, what extraordinary Thing do you practice more than the Rest of Mankind, [whom God has not favored with so perfect a Law, such excellent Statutes and Judgments as you have been favored with?] Do not even the Heathens and Publicans do so? and will not common Humanity teach even the very worst of Men Civility to those, who treat them with Respect, and excite them to some Sentiments of Gratitude to their Friends and Benefactors?

48. Be ye therefore in all Instances of Goodness, as far as frail Mortality will admit, perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect\*; whose Name you will most effectually honor, and whose Favor you will most happily secure, by a Care to imitate him to the utmost in all the moral Perfections of his Nature;" [thus shall ye most completely fulfil his good, and just, and holy LAW, and make it truly honorable.]

E 2

Love

\* Perfect, even as your heavenly Father is perfect" Many Authorities are produced by Elsher, in his Note on this Text,

## 30 A P P E N D I X.

Love is the fulfilling of the Law. Real and unfeigned Good Will to all is one of the principæ and most obvious Dictates of natural Religion, or the mosaic Law and the Law of Christ, it is, and indeed must be, an essential Part of every Religion truly divine.——

Now the Inference intended to be drawn from the whole will naturally and necessarily follow—  
Namely,

to prove, not only that the Heathens gave the Epithet of *τελειοι*, or *perfect*, to many of their Gods, especially the Chief; but that some of their Writers describe *Clemency* and *Goodness to Enemies* as a Virtue by which Mortals make the nearest Approach to divine Perfection. These Words conclude Christ's excellent Exposition and Vindication of the [mosaic] Law from the corrupt Glosses of the Jewish Teachers. I know (says the Doctor) it has been objected to it [viz. to our Saviour's Exposition and Vindication of the Law] that considering the many figurative Expressions used therein, we might as easily trace out the Duties recommended by the *Light of Reason* alone, as adjust the Sense of such obscure and hyperbolical Precepts. But if it were really so, it is to be remembered, that the chief Design of Christ was, and in his Gospel now is, not to inform us what is *Justice*, *Humanity*, and *Charity*, in particular Cases, (which a View of present Circumstances can alone discover,) but to awaken a Regard to the known, though neglected Dictates of *natural Religion* on these Heads; [and which were the Dictates of the *moral* Part of the mosaic Law as our Saviour has clearly shewn] and this may be most effectually done by such animated and sprightly Exhortations as these, especially when considered as coming from a Person whose *Authority* and *Love* concur to demand our Attention and Obedience.——

Namely, that all *Imprecations* expressive of Malevolence, Hatred or Revenge, were as contrary to, and incompatible with, the Law of *Moses*, as they now are repugnant to, and inconsistent with, the Gospel of Christ: Therefore no good Man, and especially no Man divinely inspired, could possibly use any *such* under the Old Testament Dispensation, any more than a good Christian now can under the Gospel; universal, unconfined Benevolence being as essential a Part of *pure* Judaism as it is of *genuine* Christianity. If therefore any Expressions, that seem to breathe any Degree of Malevolence, should be met with in any Part of the Old Testament, it would necessarily follow that *originally* they were not there, or that they had really no other Meaning than such as is entirely conformable to the most perfect Charity.

Having now finished what I proposed to say in Regard to Scripture *Imprecations*, I shall in the following Discourse give some Account of the Work, which has been the more immediate Occasion of it.

[illegible]



A

## Preliminary Discourse.

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**P**SALMODY is one of the most delightful, and important Parts of divine and social Worship; and whoever contributes in any Degree to its Improvement, does proportionable Service to the Cause of Religion. This has been attempted in the following Compilation.

Towards rendering this Part of religious Worship as perfect as possible, to make Choice of the best attainable Materials is doubtless of essential Moment. And these, I apprehend, abound so much in no Composition, either human or divine, as in the Book of Psalms. That this Book should be peculiarly well calculated for religious and social Worship might be naturally supposed, as it is a Collection of Poems origi-



nally designed for the Service of the Sanctuary \*, and composed, under the more immediate Direction and Influence of heavenly Inspiration, by Men, who were universally acknowledged to be the first Poets, the chief Musicians, the sweetest Singers, and the best Judges of Harmony of the Age, in which they lived ; Men of the most refined Taste, and sublimest Devotion. In the Composures of Men of such eminent Endowments, we might rationally expect to find the very Spirit both of Piety and Poetry. It has been expected, and the most elevated Expectations have been more than fully answered.

Such is the transcendent Excellence of the *Hebrew Psalms*, that those *Imitations* of them, given us by some of our more eminent English Poets, are beyond Question the best divine Poems in the English Language ; and in Grandeur of Imagery, Sublimity of Sentiment, Energy and Beauty of Expression, far superior to any others of a similar Kind, that the Authors themselves were ever able to produce. This appears with particular Clearness in those celebrated, and justly admired *Imitations*,

\* Many, if not most of them, had manifestly such a Designation.

tations, which the Public has been favored with by the late Doctor *Watts*, and Mr. *Addison*. Such is the superior Merit of the *Hebrew* Original, that it has frequently shone forth with a truly marvellous Lustre in the meanest and most imperfect Translations; and occasionally raised to the more elevated Regions of Poetry, some who had naturally no other poetical Qualification than that of counting Syllables, and of terminating a certain Number of Lines with a similar Sound \*.

But be this as it may, as none can form an *adequate* Idea of the superlative Perfection, and real Merit of the *Hebrew Psalms*, but those, who have a competent Knowledge of the *Hebrew* Language; the mere English Reader will be content to receive them in the most perfect

E 5

Form,

\* Of this we have the following very remarkable Instance in the Version of *Sternbold* and *Hopkins*, *Psalms* xviii.

The Lord descended from above,  
And bow'd the Heav'ns most high,  
And underneath his Feet he cast  
The Darknefs of the Sky.

On Cherub and on Cherubim  
Full royally he rode;  
And on the Wings of all the Winds  
Came flying all abroad, —

Form, and in the most splendid Ornament they have as yet appeared in the English Language—To find them represented in a greater Variety of Metre and poetical Harmony; the Meaning of the Original more fully displayed, and better adapted to the general Use of christian Worshippers, than in any other single Volume; and to profit more by the united Labors of many, eminently distinguished, in Regard both to Piety and poetical Talents, than he could reasonably hope to have been done by the noblest and most successful Exertions of any single Genius.

The three principal Versions are the Productions of Doctor *Watts*, Mr. *Tate*, and Doctor *Brady*, and the late very ingenious and learned Mr. *Merrick*. Each of these has very great and peculiar Merit, and comprehends the whole Book of *Psalms*, such Parts only excepted, as could not be conveniently suited to christian Worship.

Doctor *Watts*'s Version is so well known, and generally so well received, that it needs no Encomiums the Editor is able to pass upon it, nor much to be said in Relation to it. Doctor *Watts* in the general Estimation is [Mr. *Addison* perhaps only excepted] the best *divine* Poet that ever wrote in the English Language. His  
Version

Version is for the most Part an *Imitation*, in which he professedly aimed to teach the jewish Psalmists to speak the Language of the New Testament. It possesses many unrivalled Excellencies, and is perhaps, upon the whole, better fitted for *christian* Worship than any other Composition. And except where he may have departed unnecessarily, or too widely from the Sense of the original Authors, or where, by endeavouring to teach them the Language of Christians, he has compelled them, though undesignedly, to adopt the distinguishing Dialect of a particular System, his Version is so excellent, that we might almost pronounce it faultless.

The Doctor was a Person of exemplary Meekness and Humility, so perfectly good natured, and of such unconfined Charity, that he wished to avoid every Word and Syllable, that was likely to give the smallest Offence to serious Christians of any Denomination. And when he found in the later Part of Life he had not been so successful in this Respect, as he had aimed to be; he wished for nothing more ardently than sufficient Health and Time to revise both his *Psalms* and *Hymns*, in order to render them wholly

## 6      A P R E L I M I N A R Y

wholly unexceptionable to every Christian Professor \*.

Doctor *Watts* had so largely imbibed the Spirit of our divine Master, and of genuine Christianity, that he wished in Nothing so much to please himself, as in all things to please others, for their Good to Edification.

As to the Version of Mr. *Tate* and Doctor *Brady*; it may perhaps in some Respects justly claim the Preference even to the former. It is, not only in many Places highly poetical, but moreover so plain as to be level to the meanest Capacities. And as it is a *closer Translation* of the Original Text, it naturally contains many useful and proper Subjects for Psalmody, that could not obtain a Place in a *professed Imitation*.

With Respect to the Reverend Mr. *Merrick's* Version; The following most  
just

\* This Account was received from Doctor *Watts* himself, a few Years before his Death, by the late Doctor *Amory*, and by him given to one of his Pupils, who communicated it to the Editor. The Editor has also good Authority to add that the *Revisal*, so fervently wished for, was undertaken and finished, and would most certainly have been *published*, had not the Author's Death unhappily prevented.

just Account has been given by the worthy Author himself. "This Attempt on the Psalms, though a Mixture of *Translation* and *Paraphrase*, will, I hope, be found to contain little more of the *later* Kind than what may be useful either in Opening the Sense, or in pointing out the Connexion of the Original." This Work is a Master-piece in its Kind. Such a Work had been long wished for, but to the Execution of it, none were found of equal Resolution and Abilities, till Mr. *Merrick* undertook it.

This Gentleman was just such a Poet, as the excellent Doctor *Watts* had formed an Idea of, and fervently wished some Time or other to arise, though with very feeble Hopes that his Idea would ever be realized, it being scarcely to be supposed, that so many essentially requisite Qualifications should at any Time be combined in one Person. "I must confess, says the Doctor in the Preface to his Psalms, I have never yet seen any Version, or Paraphrase of the *Psalms*, in their own jewish Sense, so perfect, as to discourage all further Attempts. But whoever undertakes the noble Work, let him bring with him a Soul devoted to Piety, an exalted Genius, and withal a studious Application. For *David's* Harp abhors a profane Finger, and  
disdains

disdains to answer to an unskilful, or careless Touch. A meaner Pen may imitate at a Distance, but a compleat Translation, or a just Paraphrase demands [beside a thorough Knowledge of the *Hebrew*] a rich Treasury of Diction, an exalted Fancy, a quick Taste of devout Passion, together with a Judgment strict and severe, to retrench every luxuriant Line, and maintain a religious Sovereignty over the whole Work. Thus the Psalmists of *Israel* might arise in *Great Britain* in all their *Hebrew Glory*, and entertain the more *knowing* and *polite* Christians of our Age." In all that Glory Mr. *Merrick* has represented them, and what Transports of Joy and Pleasure would the sweetest Singer of his Time, in all the Regions of *divine* Poetry, have felt, had he lived to see his Work; and with what Energy and Pathos would he have recommended it to the Attention and Regard of the whole English Church.

As to the several other Versions, suffice it to observe, that they extend only to some particular *Psalms* or Parts of *Psalms*; yet the Compiler presumes, that they possess some superior Excellencies peculiar to themselves, and will afford an agreeable Variety.

Having



Having given this general Account of the *Materials*, which the Lovers of Psalmody may expect to meet with; some Information may not be inexpedient in Regard to the *Method* pursued towards accomplishing the main Design in View, that of adapting them to Christian Worship.

In Order to this, it was thought indispensibly necessary to omit every Thing peculiar to Judaism and relative only to the particular State and Circumstances of the original Authors.

And as every Part of Christian Worship is a *reasonable Service*, and ought to be performed with the *Understanding*; all Words and Phrases that seemed to be in any Degree obscure and mysterious, or liable to be misinterpreted, have been excluded. We are expressly taught whenever we sing to the Lord, to *sing with the Understanding*. *If the Trumpet give an uncertain Sound, who shall prepare himself to the Battle, so likewise you, except ye utter by the Tongue Words easy to be understood, and of certain Signification, how shall it be known what is spoken? For ye shall speak to the Air!* 1. Cor. xiv. 15, 8, 9.

Further, what the meek and candid Doctor Watts wished, and intended to do, namely to avoid all probable Occasions of Offence, has  
been



been attempted with some peculiar Attention<sup>10</sup> and with the most earnest Desire of succeeding<sup>10</sup> by excluding *all* Words and Phrases of a *controverted* Meaning.

As the Duty of Psalmody must necessarily *be* confined to some certain common *Form*, that Form ought doubtless, agreeably to the great Law of Charity, to be such as is likely to *give none Offence*. “I have not, says Doctor *Watts* in the Preface to his Version of the *Psalms*, confined my Expressions to any particular Party or Opinion: [He did not intend so to do] that in Words prepared for public Worship, and Lips of Multitudes, there might not be a *Syllable* offensive to sincere Christians, whose Judgments may differ in the lesser Matters of Religion.”

To the same Purpose he speaks in the Preface to his Hymns. “The contentious and distinguishing Words of Sects and Parties are secluded [or were intended to be secluded] that whole Assemblies might assist at the Harmony, and different Churches join in the same Worship without Offence, it being most agreeable, that what is provided for public Singing should give to sincere Consciences as little Disturbance as possible.”

This

This important Rule of Charity has been most scrupulously attended to, from a thorough Conviction, that without adhering to it, a Conformity to the Apostolic Precept, "to make Melody in the Heart to the Lord, would with Respect to whole Assemblies of Christian Worshipers be utterly impracticable. *Hast thou Faith,* this or the other Opinion different from what some of thy fellow Christians may entertain, be it in it self ever so harmless or just, *keep it to thy self,* rather than be the Occasion of diminishing, in any Degree, either the Pleasure or Profit of social Worship, or of disturbing the Devotion of a fellow Worshipper. Let Christians of all Denominations *provoke* one another, *only* to Charity. The *Whole* Christian Law is fulfilled by Love: Therefore let *all* our Things be done in *Charity*. ABOVE ALL THINGS PUT ON CHARITY.

## F I N I S.

## ERRATA.

Page.	10.	l.	12.	for Reason read Malevolence
	24.	l.	5.	for Soicety read Society
	24.	l.	16.	Dele r in Reference
	30.	l.	2.	for Sextuagint read Septuagint
	44.	l.	15.	for Translations read Translators
APPENDIX.	2.	l.	14.	for Pharaesces read Pharisees

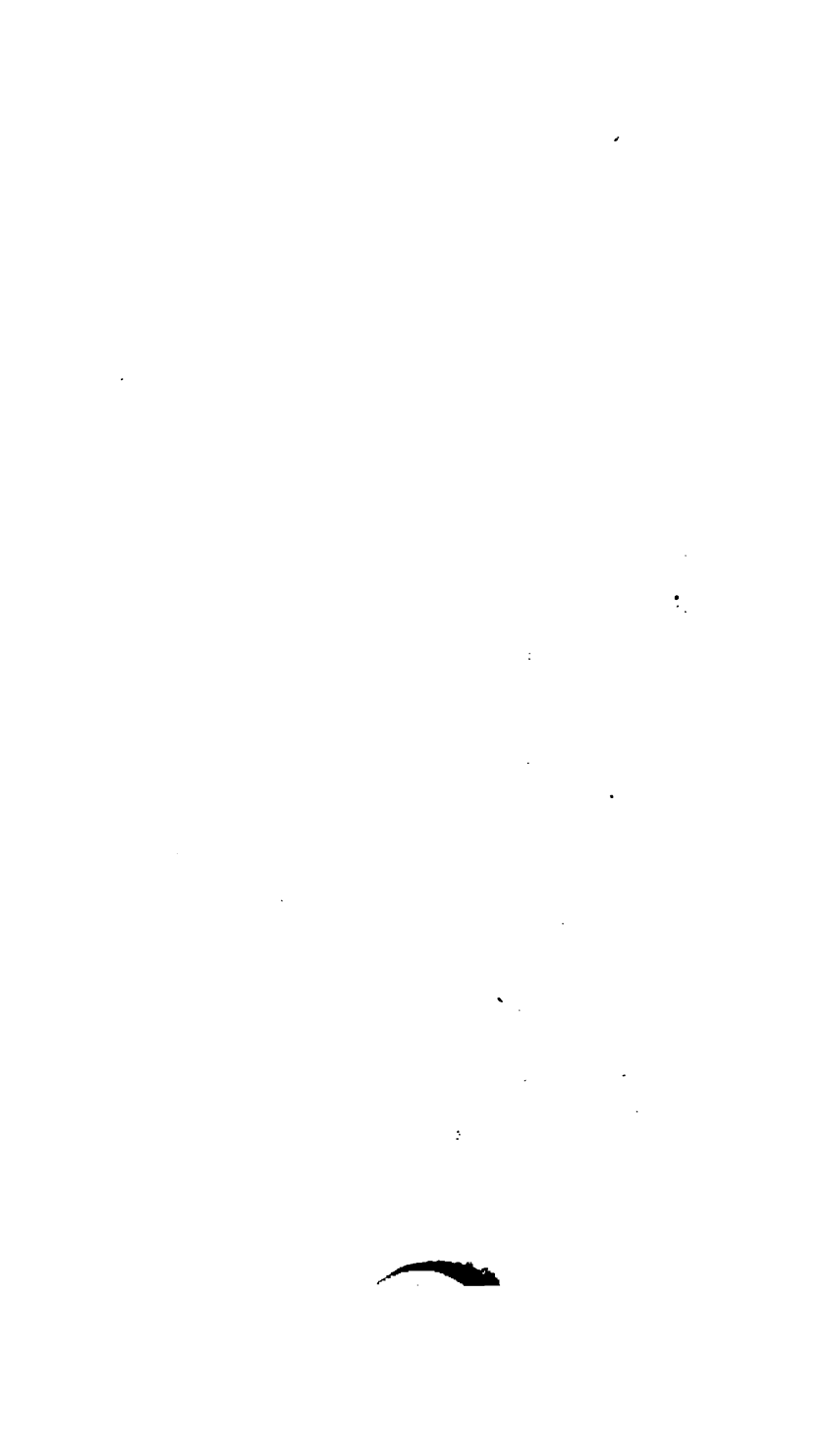
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CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

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P S A L M I. First Version. MERRICK.

*The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.\**

**O** How blest the Man, whose Ear  
Impious Counsel shuns to hear,  
Who nor loves, nor treads the Way  
Where the Sons of Folly stray.

He, who thoughtless dares not stand  
Social with the opprobrious band,  
Nor their frantic Mirth to share,  
Seated in Derision's Chair;

But, possess'd with sacred Awe,  
Meditates, great God, thy Law,  
This, by Day his fix'd Employ,  
This by Night his constant Joy.

Like the Tree that taught to grow  
Where the Streams irriguous flow,  
He his verdant Branch shall spread,  
Nor his sick'ning Leaves shall shed.

He, whate'er his Thoughts devise,  
Joyful to the Work applies,  
Sure to find the wish'd Success  
Crown his Hope, his Labor blest.

\* This Title applicable to all the Versions: & this Psalm: And in other Places, the Title is applicable to every Version immediately preceding that has none.

2 . . . . . P S A L M 1.

- 6 See, ah! see a diff'rent Fate  
 God's obdurate Foes await;  
 See them to their Sins confign'd,  
 Fly like Chaff before the Wind.
- 7 When thy Judge, O Earth, shall come,  
 And to each assign their Doom,  
 Say, shall then the impious Band  
 With the Just assembled stand?
- 8 These th' Almighty, These alohe  
 Objects of his Love shall own,  
 While his Justice who defy  
 Whelm'd in dreadful Ruin lie.

P S A L M I. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **H**OW blest is he who ne'er consents  
 By ill Advice to walk;  
 Nor stands in Sinners Ways, nor sits  
 Where Men profanely talk.
- 2 But makes the perfect Law of God  
 His Business and Delight;  
 Devoutly reads therein by Day,  
 And meditates by Night.
- 3 Like some fair Tree which, fed by Streams,  
 With timely Fruit does bend,  
 He still shall flourish, and Success  
 All his Designs attend.
- 4 Ungodly Men and their Attempts  
 No lasting Root shall find;  
 Untimely blasted and dispers'd,  
 Like Chaff before the Wind.
- 5 Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb  
 Before their Judge's Face:  
 No formal Hypocrite shall then  
 Among the Saints have Place.
- 6 For God approves the just Man's Ways,  
 To Happiness they tend:  
 But Sinners and the Paths they tread  
 Shall both in Ruin end.

P S A

## P S A L M I. Third Version. WATTS.

PPY the Man, whose cautious Feet  
 shun the broad Way the Wicked go,  
 e'er is seen where Sinners meet,  
 ears to talk as Scoffers do.

as t' employ his Morning-Light  
 the Statutes of the Lord;  
 ends the wakeful Hours of Night,  
 pleasure pond'ring o'er the Word.

as a Plant by gentle Streams,  
 flourish in immortal Green;  
 heav'n will shine with kindest Beams  
 as his Work his Hands begin.

sinners find their Counsels crost;  
 off before the Tempest flies,  
 all their Hopes be blown and lost,  
 the last Trumpet shakes the Skies.

the Rebel seeks to stand  
 judgment with the pious Race;  
 righteous Judge with high Command  
 sets him to a different Place.

right is the Way my Saints have trod,  
 show the Path, to Bliss it tends;  
 you would chuse the crooked Road,  
 which now in direful Ruin ends."

## P S A L M I. Fourth Version. WATTS.

EST is the Man who shuns the Place  
 Where Sinners love to meet;  
 ears to tread their wicked Ways,  
 hates the Scoffer's Seat.

the Statutes of the Lord,  
 plac'd his chief Delight;  
 as he reads or hears the Word,  
 meditates by Night.

as a Plant of gen'rous Kind  
 living Waters set,  
 from the Storms and blasting Wind,  
 enjoys a peaceful State.

- 9 By God's Almighty Arm sustain'd,  
Thus Virtue soon or late shall rise ;  
Enjoy her Conquest nobly gain'd,  
And share immortal Triumph in the Skies.
- 10 But Fools to sacred Wisdom blind,  
Who Vice's tempting Call obey,  
A diff'rent Fate shall quickly find,  
To ev'ry roaring Storm an easy Prey.
- 11 Thus when the warring Winds arise,  
With all their lawless Fury driv'n,  
Light Chaff or Dust incessant flies,  
Whirl'd in swift Eddies through the Vault of Heav'n.
- 12 When in tremendous Pomp array'd,  
Descending from the op'ning Sky,  
With full Omnipotence display'd,  
Her God shall call on Nature to reply :
- 13 Then Vice, with Shame and Grief depress'd,  
Transfix'd with Horror and Despair,  
Shall feel Hell kindling in her Breast,  
Nor to her Judge prefer her trembling Pray'r :
- 14 For, with a Father's fond Regard,  
To bliss he views fair Virtue tend ;  
While Vice obtains her just Reward,  
And all her Paths in deep Perdition end.

## P S A L M I. Seventh Version. STEELE.

- 1 **H**APPY the Man, whose heav'n-directed Feet  
Avoid the crouded Path where Sinners meet ;  
Who shuns the lofty Seat of impious Pride ;  
Of Men, who dare JEHOVAH's Law deride.
- 2 He in that sacred, venerable Law,  
(Inspiring holy Thoughts and pious Awe)  
Continual meditates with new Delight ;  
Guide of his Day, and Solace of his Night !
- 3 Beneath Heav'n's kindest Influence he shall grow,  
Like a fair Tree where cheering Waters flow ;  
Whose grateful Boughs confess the happy Soil,  
And crown'd with Autumn's richest Bounty smile.

4 Unfading

- 4 Unfading and secure his Hope shall stand,  
And prosp'rous be the Labors of his Hand;  
Not so the Sinner's Hope; he soon shall find,  
It flies like Chaff before the driving Wind.
- 5 How will the guilty Tribes their Sentence bear,  
When God in awful Judgment shall appear?  
Then shall no Sinner stand before his Face,  
Or in the blest Assembly find a Place:
- 6 The Lord looks down, and guides his Childrens Way,  
Safe to the Regions of eternal Day.  
But oh, the flow'ry Paths which Sinners tread,  
To Darkness and to sure Perdition lead.

## P S A L M II. First Version: MERRICK.

*Christ is called to his Kingdom.*

- 1 **W**HY thus enrag'd, ye Tribes prophane?  
Why strive the Nations thus in vain?  
Earth's scepter'd Lords rebellious rise  
Against the Ruler of the Skies,
- 2 And Him on whose distinguish'd Head  
His Hand the sacred Oil has shed.  
"Quick let us each renounce their Sway,  
"And cast their hated Bands away."
- 3 God from on high their Threats shall hear,  
Laugh, as the Tumult meets his Ear,  
And, arm'd with Power, thus aloud  
Superior quell the frantic Croud.
- 4 "Yet, Mortals, yet your Monarch see,  
"And bow to him the humble Knee;  
"His Throne on *Sion's* Hill my Hand  
"Has built, and what I build shall stand."
- 5 Thy Will, great Father, I obey;  
Pleas'd I accept the offer'd Sway,  
And through the Earth's extended Frame  
The Counsels of thy Love proclaim.
- 6 "My Son, begotten this blest Day,  
"Worthy thou art of royal Sway,  
"Prefer thy Wifh, and to thy Hand  
"Lo! I consign each Heathen Land:"

- 7 " And bid thee rule the Nations round,  
 " Far as to Earth's remotest Bound;  
 " Though join'd in firmest League, thy Foes  
 " With vain Attempt thy Pow'r oppose:
- 8 " Thy Arm the Iron Rod extends;  
 " Behold them, as the Stroke descends,  
 " Crush'd like the Potter's brittle Store,  
 " And scatter'd, to unite no more."
- 9 Ye Kings, from Error's Sleep arise,  
 Ye Judges of the Earth be wise;  
 Now Ye in dutious Zeal conspire,  
 And serve with Joy th' eternal Sire.
- 10 O, lest Ye perish from the Way  
 That leads to Realms of endless Day,  
 With awful Love, with holy Fear,  
 His Son, the World's great Hope, reverse.
- 11 If yet but kindling in his Hand  
 The vengeful Bolt uplifted stand,  
 'Thrice happy, who on Him depend,  
 And thankful own the mighty Friend.

## P S A L M    II. Second Version.    TATE.

*Christ's Kingdom.*

- 1 **W**ITH restless and ungovern'd Rage,  
 Why do the Heathen storm?  
 Why in such rash Attempts engage,  
 As they can ne'er perform?
- 2 The Great in Counsel and in Might,  
 Their various Forces bring,  
 Against the Lord they all unite,  
 And his anointed King.
- 3 Must we submit to their Commands,  
 Presumptuously they say?  
 No, let us break their slavish Bands,  
 And cast their Chains away.
- 4 But God, who sits enthron'd on high,  
 And sees how they combine,  
 Does their conspiring Strength defy,  
 And mocks their vain Design.

P S A L M II.

"Tho' madly you dispute my Will,  
 "The King that I ordain,  
 "Whose Throne is fix'd on *Sion's* Hill,  
 "Shall there securely reign."

Attend, O Earth, while I declare  
 God's uncontroll'd Decree,  
 "Thou art my Son, this Day, my Heir,  
 "Have I begotten thee.

"Ask, and receive thy full Demands,  
 "Thine shall the Heathen be,  
 "The utmost Limits of the Lands  
 "Shall be possess'd by thee."

Learn then, ye Princes, and give Ear  
 Ye Judges of the Earth;  
 Serve ye the Lord with holy Fear,  
 Rejoice with awful Mirth.

Receive the Son with due Respect,  
 Your timely Homage pay,  
 Lest he resent the bold Neglect,  
 Provok'd by your Delay.

If but in Part his Anger rise,  
 Who can indure the Flame?  
 Then blest are they whose Hope relies  
 On his exalted Name.

P S A L M II. Third Version. WATTS.

*Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.*

WHY did the *Jews* proclaim their Rage?  
 The *Romans* why their Swords employ?  
 Against the Lord their Pow'rs engage  
 His dear Anointed to destroy.

"Come, let us break his Bands, they say,  
 "This Man shall never give us Laws;"  
 And thus they cast his Yoke away,  
 And nail'd the Monarch to the Cross.

But God who high in Glory reigns  
 Laughs at their Pride, their Rage controuls;  
 He'll vex their Hearts with inward Pains,  
 And speak in Thunder to their Souls.



- 4 " I will maintain the King I made  
 " On *Zion's* everlasting Hill,  
 " My Hand shall bring him from the Dead  
 " And he shall stand your Sov'reign still.
- 5 [His wond'rous Rising from the Earth  
 Makes his divine Commission known ;  
 The Lord declares his heav'nly Birth ;  
 " This Day have I begot my Son.
- 6 " ~~Ascend~~, my Son, to my Right-Hand,  
 " There, thou shalt ask, and I bestow  
 " The utmost Bounds of Heathen Lands ;  
 " To thee the *Northern* Isles shall bow." ]
- 7 But Nations that resist his Grace  
 Shall fall beneath his Iron Stroke ;  
 His Rod shall crush his Foes with Ease,  
 As Potter's Earthen Work is broke.
- 8 Now ye who sit on earthly Thrones,  
 Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb ;  
 Now to his Feet submit your Crowns,  
 Rejoice and tremble at his Name.
- 9 With humble Love receive the Son,  
 Left he grow angry, and ye die ;  
 Happy the Souls, and they alone,  
 Who ever on his Grace rely.

## P S A L M II. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HY did the Nations join to slay  
 The Lord's anointed Son ?  
 Why did they cast his Laws away,  
 And tread his Gospel down ?
- 2 The Lord who sits above the Skies,  
 Derides their Rage below,  
 He speaks with Terror in his Eyes,  
 Which strikes their Spirits thro'.
- 3 " I call him my beloved Son,  
 " And raise him from the Dead ;  
 " I make my holy Hill his Throne,  
 " And wide his Kingdom spread.

' Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy  
 " The utmost heathen Lands :  
 ' Thy Rod of Iron shall destroy  
 " The Rebel that withstands."

Be wise, ye Rulers of the Earth,  
 Obey th' Anointed Lord,  
 Honor the King of Heav'nly Birth,  
 And reverence his Word.

With humble Love approach his Throne,  
 For if he frown, ye die :  
 Those are secure, and those alone  
 Who on his Grace rely.

## P S A L M II. Fifth Version. WATTS.

*Christ dying, rising, and reigning.*

**M**AKER and Sov'reign Lord  
 Of Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas,  
 Thy Providence confirms thy Word,  
 And answers thy Decrees.

The Things so long foretold  
 By *David* are fulfill'd,  
 When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join'd to slay  
*Jesus*, thine holy Child.

Why did the *Gentiles* rage,  
 And *Jews* with one Accord  
 Send all their Counsels to destroy  
 Th' Anointed of the Lord?

Rulers and Kings agree  
 To form a vain Design;  
 Against the Lord their Pow'rs unite,  
 Against his *Christ* they join.

The Lord derides their Rage,  
 And will support his Throne ;  
 He who hath rais'd Him from the Dead  
 Hath own'd Him for his Son.

Now he's ascended high,  
 And asks to rule the Earth ;  
 Obedience perfect there he pleads,  
 And pleads his heav'nly Birth.

- 7 He asks, and God bestows  
A large Inheritance;  
Far as the World's remotest Ends  
His Kingdom shall advance.
- 8 The Nations that rebel  
Must feel his Iron Rod;  
He'll vindicate those Honors well  
Which he receiv'd from God.

## P S A L M III. First Version. MERRICK.

*A Morning Psalm.*

- 1 **T**H Y fav'ring Beams around me shine;  
Thou, Lord, from *Sion's* hallow'd Shrine  
With kind Regard shalt hear my Cry,  
And instant grant the wish'd Reply.
- 2 Oppress'd with Toil, I sought Repose,  
I laid me down, I slept, I rose;  
For thou, my God, wert waking still,  
To guard my slumb'ring Head from Ill.
- 3 Though Myriads, leagu'd, against me rise,  
My Heart secure their Pow'r defies.  
Thy Aid, blest Lord, indulgent yield:  
Thou art my God, my only Shield.
- 4 'Tis thine, great God, 'tis thine to save  
Thy Servants from th' expecting Grave,  
'Tis thine to bless them from above,  
And crown them with eternal Love.

## P S A L M III. Second Version. WATTS.

- 1 **T**IR'D with the Burdens of the Day  
To God I rais'd an Evening Cry:  
He heard when I began to pray,  
And his Almighty Help was nigh.
- 2 Supported by his heav'nly Aid  
I laid me down and slept secure:  
Not Death should make my Heart afraid  
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.

*Qu*  
 But he sustain'd me all the Night ;  
 Salvation doth to God belong ;  
 He rais'd my Head to see the Light,  
 And make his Praise my Morning-Song.

## P S A L M IV. First Version. MERRICK.

*An Evening Psalm.*

- T**HE God of Grace my Wants shall know,  
 Who, prompt his Blessings to bestow  
 On each whose Breast has learn'd his Fear,  
 Bows to my Plaint the willing Ear.
- 2 Him would'st thou please ? With rev'rent Awe  
 Observe the Dictates of his Law :  
 In Secret on thy Couch reclin'd  
 Search to its Depth thy restless Mind :
- 3 Till hush'd to Peace each Tumult lie,  
 And Wrath and Strife within thee die ;  
 With purest Gifts approach his Shrine,  
 And safe to him thy Care resign.
- 4 In Mercy to our Pray'r reply,  
 And let thy Presence from on high  
 In full Effusion o'er our Head  
 Its all-enlivening Influence shed.
- 5 What Joy my conscious Heart o'erflows !  
 Not such th' exulting Lab'rer knows,  
 When to his long expecting Eyes  
 The Vintage and the Harvests rise.
- 6 My weary Eyes in Sleep I close,  
 My Limbs, secure, to Rest compose ;  
 For thou, great God, shalt screen my Head,  
 And plant a Guard around my Bed.

## P S A L M IV. Second Version. TATE.

*The Safety and Happiness of the Righteous.*

- 1 **C**ONSIDER that the righteous Man  
 Is God's peculiar Choice ;  
 And when to him he makes his Pray'r,  
 He always hears his Voice.

2 Then

- 2 Then stand in Awe of his Commands,  
Flee ev'ry Thing that's ill ;  
Commune in private with your Hearts,  
And bend them to his Will.
- 3 The Place of other Sacrifice  
Let Righteousness supply ;  
And let your Hope securely fixt,  
On God alone rely.
- 4 While worldly Minds impatient grow  
More prosp'rous Times to see ;  
Still let the Glories of thy Face  
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.
- 5 So shall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,  
More lasting and more true,  
Than theirs, whose Stores of Corn and Wine  
Successively renew.
- 6 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,  
And take my needful Rest ;  
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,  
Of thy Defence posselt.

P S A L M IV. Third Version. WATTS.

*An Evening Psalm.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;  
I am for ever thine :  
I fear before thee all the Day  
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary Head  
From Cares and Business free,  
'Tis sweet conversing on my Bed  
With my own Heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this Evening Sacrifice ;  
And when my Work is done,  
Great God, my Faith and Hope relies  
Upon thy Grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,  
I'll give mine Eyes to Sleep ;  
Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,  
And will my Slumbers keep.

P S A L M

## P S A L M IV. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far his Pow'r prolongs my Days,  
And ev'ry Evening shall make known  
Some fresh Memorial of his Grace.
- 2 Much of my Time has run to Waste,  
And I perhaps am near my Home;  
But he forgives my Follies past,  
He gives me Strength for Days to come.
- 3 I lay my Body down to sleep,  
Peace is the Pillow for my Head;  
While well-appointed Angels keep  
Their watchful Stations round my Bed.
- 4 Faith in his Name forbids my Fear;  
O may thy Presence ne'er depart!  
And in the Morning make me hear  
The Love and Kindness of thy Heart.
- 5 Thus, when the Night of Death shall come,  
I safe shall rest beneath the Ground,  
And wait thy Voice to rouse my Tomb,  
With sweet Salvation in the Sound.

## P S A L M IV. Fifth Version. MILTON.

*The peculiar Happiness and Safety of the truly Pious.*

- 1 **Y**E know the Lord hath chose,  
Chose to himself apart,  
The Good and Meek of Heart,  
For whom to chuse he knows;  
Jehovah from on high  
Will hear my Voice whene'er to him I cry.
- 2 Be aw'd, and do not sin;  
Speak to your Hearts alone,  
To Virtue ever prone,  
And be at Peace within:  
Offer the Off'rings just  
Of Righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
- 3 Many there be who say,  
Who yet will shew us good?

Meaning

Meaning some airy Food ;  
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,  
 On us lift up the Light,  
 Lift up the Favor of thy Count'nance bright.

- 4 Into my Heart more Joy  
 And Gladness thou hast sent,  
 Than Men on Vice intent  
 Can possibly enjoy,  
 When from their plenteous Ground  
 With vast Increase their Corn and Wine abound.
- 5 [In Peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep,  
 For thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe where-e'er I lie ;  
 As in a rocky Cell,  
 Thou, Lord, alone in Safety mak'st me dwell.]

P S A L M IV. Sixth Version. STEELE.

*True Happiness to be found only in God.*

- 1 **W** H E N Fancy spreads the boldest Wings,  
 And wanders unconfin'd,  
 Amid th' unbounded Scene of Things  
 Which entertain the Mind :
- 2 In vain I trace Creation o'er,  
 In Search of sacred Rest ;  
 The whole Creation is too poor,  
 Too mean, to make me blest.
- 3 In vain would this low World employ,  
 Each flatt'ring specious Wile ;  
 There's nought can yield a real Joy,  
 But my Creator's Smile.
- 4 Let Earth, and all her Charms depart,  
 Unworthy of the Mind ;  
 In God alone, this restless Heart  
 An equal Bliss can find.
- 5 Great Spring of all Felicity,  
 To whom my Wishes tend,  
 Do not these Wishes rise from thee,  
 And in thy Favor end !

6 Thy

- Thy Favor, Lord, is all I want,  
 Here would my Spirit rest ;  
 O seal the rich, the boundless Grant,  
 And make me fully blest.

## P S A L M IV. Seventh Version. STEELE.

*The Chief Good.*

- 1 **I**N vain the erring World inquires  
 For some substantial Good ;  
 While Earth confines their low Desires,  
 They live on airy Food.
- 2 Illusive Dreams of Happiness  
 Their eager Thoughts employ ;  
 They wake, convinc'd their boasted Bliss  
 Was visionary Joy.
- 3 Be gone, ye gilded Vanities ;  
 I seek some solid Good ;  
 To real Bliss my Wishes rise,  
 The Favor of my God.
- 4 Immortal Joy thy Smiles impart,  
 Heav'n dawns in ev'ry Ray ;  
 One Glimpse of thee will cheer my Heart,  
 And turn my Night to Day.
- 5 Not all the Good, which Earth bestows,  
 Can fill the craving Mind ;  
 Its highest Joys have mingled Woes,  
 And leave a Sting behind.
- 6 Should boundless Wealth increase my Store,  
 Can Wealth my Cares beguile ?  
 I should be wretched still, and poor  
 Without thy blissful Smile.
- 7 Grant, O my God, this one Request :  
 Oh, be thy Love alone,  
 My ample Portion—here I rest,  
 For Heav'n is in the Boon.

## P S A L M IV. Eighth Version. STEELE.

*An Evening Song.*

- 1 **T**HE Man of humble upright Heart,  
 As his peculiar Care,  
 The Lord himself has set apart,  
 And when I call will hear.

2 With



- 2 With pious Awe your Heart survey,  
And ev'ry Sin repent ;  
Let true Contrition close the Day,  
And future Guilt prevent.
- 3 The Sacrifice the Lord will own,  
If thus you seek his Face,  
Thus humbly bow before his Throne,  
And trust his pard'ning Grace.
- 4 Vain is the toilsome Search of Good  
In all Things here below ;  
Thy Smile alone, my gracious God,  
Can real Blifs bestow.
- 5 Thy Smile, whence all my Comfort springs,  
With Gladness fills my Heart ;  
No Joy increas'ing Affluence brings,  
Such Pleasure can impart.
- 6 My Days by thy kind Presence blest,  
From thee my Safety flows ;  
Thy Favor guards my nightly Rest,  
And gives me sweet Repose.

## P S A L M IV. Ninth Version.

*Integrity and Piety the Support of good Men.*

- 1 **T**HE righteous Lord loves upright Souls,  
He marks them for his own,  
And, when he hears their humble Pray'r,  
Bends from his gracious Throne.
- 2 Then will I fear his sacred Name,  
Nor dare oppose his Will ;  
Commune in secret with my Heart,  
And bid each Thought be still.
- 3 And, while my willing Hands present  
This Off'ring to the Lord,
- 1 My Soul defies each threat'ning Ill,  
And trusts his faithful Word.
- 4 While 'Thousands search for Blifs on Earth,  
And search, alas ! in vain ;  
Be mine the Joys his Favor gives ;  
Let me his Smiles obtain.

One Smile from thee, my gracious God,  
 Bids all my Pow'rs rejoice ;  
 Not all the Pleasures Earth can yield  
 Should change my happy Choice.  
 Secure beneath thy guardian Hand,  
 I give mine Eyes to Sleep ;  
 That Hand protects my wakeful Hours,  
 And will my Slumbers keep.

P S A L M V. First Version. MERRICK.

*Prayer to God for Direction and Safety ; and the Happiness  
 of those who trust in him.*

- T**HE Words that from my Lips proceed,  
 My Thoughts, for thou those Thoughts canst read,  
 My God, my King, attentive weigh,  
 And hear, O hear me, when I pray.
- 2 With earliest Zeal, with wakeful Care,  
 To thee my Soul shall pour its Pray'r,  
 And ere the Dawn has streak'd the Sky,  
 To thee direct its longing Eye :
  - 3 May all, whose Hope thy Love supports,  
 How great that Love ! still tread thy Courts,  
 Their Knees in lowliest Rev'rence bend,  
 And tow'rd thy Shrine their Hands extend.
  - 4 Do thou, O God, my Path prepare,  
 And guard me from each hurtful Snare ;  
 O lend me thy conducting Ray,  
 And level to my Steps thy Way.
  - 5 While Mischiefs wicked Men intend  
 Retorted on themselves descend ;  
 To each who bears a guiltless Heart,  
 Thy Grace its Blessings shall impart.
  - 6 Tho' Judgments oft correct their Sin,  
 Whose Hearts thy Mercy fails to win ;  
 Yet those whose Trust on thee is plac'd  
 Peace and Delight perpetual taste.
  - 7 Sav'd by thy Care, in Songs of Joy  
 Their ever grateful Voice employ,  
 And share the Gifts on thee bestow'd,  
 Who love the Name of *Jacob's* God.

P S A L M

## P S A L M V. Second Version. WATTS.

*Lord's Day Morning.*

- 1 **L**ORD, in the Morning thou shalt hear  
My Voice ascending high ;  
To thee will I direct my Pray'r,  
To thee lift up mine Eye.
- 2 Thou art a God before whose Sight  
The Wicked shall not stand ;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,  
Nor dwell at thy Right-Hand.
- 3 But to thy House will I resort  
To taste thy Mercies there ;  
I will frequent thine holy Court,  
And worship in thy Fear.
- 4 O may thy Spirit guide my Feet  
In Ways of Righteousness !  
Make every Path of Duty strait,  
And plain before my Face.
- 5 The Men who love and fear thy Name  
Shall see their Hopes fulfill'd ;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With Favor as a Shield.

## P S A L M V. Third Version. MILTON.

*God regards not the Wicked, but favors the Righteous.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, to my Words give Ear,  
My Meditation weigh,  
The Voice of my Complaining hear,  
My King and God, for unto thee I pray.
- 2 Jehovah, thou, my humble Voice  
Shalt in the Morning hear,  
Each Morn I will in thee rejoice,  
Present my Pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.
- 3 For thou art not a God who takes  
In Wickedness Delight ;  
Evil with thee no Biding makes,  
Ungodly Men stand not within thy Sight.

How num'rous, Lord, thy Mercies are,  
 In them with Joy I'll go  
 Into thy House, and in thy Fear  
 ill tow'rd thy Throne most holy worship low.

Lord, lead me in thy Righteousness,  
 Me lead, because of those  
 Who will observe, if I transgress,  
 eride Religion, and thy Cause expose.

All those, who trust in God their King,  
 Are safe from Harm and Blame ;  
 While God defends, they well may sing,  
 y all becomes, who love his holy Name.

For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found  
 To bless the Righteous still,  
 As with a Shield wilt him surround  
 With everlasting Favor and Good-Will.

P S A L M VIII. First Version. MERRICK.

*The Greatness and Condescension of God.*

**I**MMORTAL King! Through Earth's wide Frame  
 How great thy Honor, Praise, and Name!  
 Whose Reign o'er distant Worlds extends,  
 Whose Glory Heav'n's vast Height transcends.  
 When, rapt in Thought, with wakeful Eye,  
 I view the Wonders of the Sky,  
 Whose Frame thy Fingers-o'er our Head  
 In rich Magnificence have spread,  
 The silent Moon, with waxing Horn,  
 Along th' ethereal Region borne ;  
 The Stars, with vivid Lustre crown'd,  
 That nightly walk their destin'd Round :  
 Lord ! What is Man, that in thy Care  
 His humble Lot should find a Share ?  
 Or what the Son of Man, that Thou  
 Thus to his Wants thine Ear should'st bow ?  
 His Rank awhile, by thy Decree,  
 Th' Angelic Tribes beneath them see,  
 Till round him thy imparted Rays  
 With unextinguish'd Glory blaze.

6 Subjected

- 6 Subjected to his Feet by thee,  
To him all Nature bows the Knee ;  
The Beasts in him their Lord behold,  
The grazing Herd, the bleating Fold,
- 7 The Savage Race, a countless Train,  
That range at large th' extended Plain ;  
The Fowls, of various Wing, that fly  
O'er the vast Defart of the Sky ;
- 8 And all the wat'ry Tribes, that glide  
Thro' Paths to human Sight deny'd :  
Immortal King ! Through Earth's wide Frame  
How great thy Honor, Praise, and Name !

## P S A L M VIII. Second Version. TATE.

*God's Goodness to feeble Man.*

- 1 **O** Thou, to whom all Creatures bow  
Within this earthly Frame,  
Thro' all the World how great art thou !  
How glorious is thy Name !
- 2 In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,  
Nor fully reckon'd there,  
And yet thou mak'st the Infant Tongue  
Thy boundless Praise declare.
- 3 When Heav'n thy beauteous Work on high,  
Employs my wond'ring Sight,  
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,  
With Stars of feebler Light.
- 4 Lord, what is Man, that thou should'st love  
To keep him in thy Mind !  
His Offspring, what, that thou should'st prove  
To him so wond'rous kind !
- 5 Him next in Pow'r thou didst create  
To thy celestial Train :  
Ordain'd with Dignity and State,  
O'er all thy Works to reign.
- 6 O thou to whom all Creatures bow  
Within this earthly Frame,  
Thro' all the World how great art thou !  
How glorious is thy Name !

P S A I



## P S A L M VIII. Third Version. WATTS.

*God's Goodness; and Man's Dominion over the Creatures.*

- O Lord, our heav'nly King,  
 Thy Name is all divine;  
 Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,  
 And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.
- 1 When to thy Works on high  
 I raise my wond'ring Eyes,  
 And see the Moon compleat in Light  
 Adorn the darksome Skies:
- 2 When I survey the Stars  
 And all their shining Forms,  
 O Lord, what is thy Creature, Man,  
 A-kin to Dust and Worms?
- 4 What is the Son of Man,  
 That thou should'st love him so?  
 Next to thine Angels is he plac'd,  
 And Lord of all below.
- 5 Thine Honors crown his Head,  
 While Beasts his Will obey,  
 And Birds that cut the Air with Wings,  
 And Fish that cleave the Sea.
- 6 How rich thy Bounties are!  
 And wond'rous are thy Ways:  
 Of Dust and Worms thy Pow'r can frame  
 A Monument of Praise.
- 7 [Out of the Mouths of Babes  
 And Sucklings thou canst draw.  
 Surprizing Honors to thy Name,  
 And strike the World with Awe.
- 8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,  
 Thy Name is all divine:  
 Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,  
 And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.]

## P S A L M VIII. Fourth Version. WATTS.

*God's Goodness in the Mission of Christ.*

- 1 O Lord, our God, how wond'rous great  
 Is thine exalted Name!

The

P S A L M VIII.

- The Glories of thy heav'nly State  
Let Men and Babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold thy Works on high,  
The Moon that rules the Night,  
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,  
Those moving Worlds of Light.
- 3 Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,  
Who dwells so far below,  
That thou should'st visit him with Grace  
And love his Nature so?
- 4 That thy beloved Son should bear  
Like us a mortal Form,  
Made lower than the Angels are,  
To save a dying Worm?
- 5 Let him be crown'd with Majesty  
Who bow'd his Head to Death;  
And be his Honors sounded high,  
By all Things that have Breath.

P S A L M VIII. Fifth Version. WATTS.

*Adam and Christ.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what was Man, when made at first,  
*Adam*, the Offspring of the Dust,  
That thou should'st set him and his Race  
But just below an Angel's Place?
- 2 That thou should'st raise his Nature so,  
And make him Lord of all below,  
Make ev'ry Beast and Bird submit,  
And lay the Fishes at his Feet?
- 3 But O what brighter Glories wait  
To crown the second *Adam's* State?  
What Honors shall thy Son adorn  
Altho' like us of Woman born?
- 4 See him below the Angels made;  
See him in Dust among the Dead,  
To save the World from Death and Sin:  
But he shall reign with Pow'r divine.

P S A L M

## P S A L M VIII. Sixth Version. STEELE.

*The Greatness and Condescension of God.*

O Lord, how glorious is thy Name  
Thro' the wide Earth's extended Frame!  
Majestic Glories form thy Seat,  
And Heav'n adores beneath thy Feet.

[Thy Pow'r from tender Babes can raise  
A Monument of wond'rous Praise:  
At thy Command, the Infant Song  
Shall still the proud Blasphemer's Tongue.]

When all thy shining Works on high  
I meditate with raptur'd Eye,  
The silver Moon, the starry Train,  
Which gild the fair ethereal Plain:

Lord, what is Man, that he should share  
Thy Notice, thy indulgent Care?  
That Man, frail Child of Earth, should be  
The Fav'rite of the Deity?

His Place thy forming Hand assign'd  
But just below th' angelic Kind;  
With noblest Favors circled round,  
And with distinguish'd Honors crown'd:

Invested him with Pow'r and Sway,  
And bid the subject Brutes obey;  
Sov'reign of all thy Works below,  
To him the meaner Creatures bow:

The bleating Flocks, the lowing Herds,  
The gliding Fish, the flying Birds;  
All that the Earth's wide Circuit yields,  
Natives of Air, or Seas, or Fields.

But still let Man adoring own  
That thou, O Lord, art King alone;  
And thro' the Earth's extended Frame,  
Declare the Glories of thy Name.

## P S A L M VIII. Seventh Version. TOLLET.

*A Song of Praise.*

O Lord, thou sov'reign Lord of all,  
How glorious is thy Name!

C

How



- How glorious o'er this earthly Ball,  
And yon celestial Frame!
- 2 By Infants who begin to try  
Their yet unpractis'd Tongue,  
To silence bold Impiety,  
Thy Praises shall be sung.
- 3 Nor to the starry Skies alone  
Thy Presence is confin'd;  
But thou on Earth hast made it known  
In Bounty to Mankind.
- 4 The lab'ring Steer, and bleating Sheep,  
And Fowl, his Rule obey;  
And all that in the spacious Deep  
Pursue their wat'ry Way.
- 5 O Lord, thou sov'reign Lord of all,  
How glorious is thy Name!  
How glorious o'er this earthly Ball,  
And yon celestial Frame!

## P S A L M IX. First Version. MERRICK.

*The Justice and Mercy of God.*

- 1 **W**ARM'D to its inmost Depth, my Breast  
Thanks, not by Words to be express'd,  
Conceives, nor shall my grateful Tongue  
E'er leave thy wond'rous Acts unsung.
- 2 Thee, Lord, I boast my Bliss supreme,  
Thy Praise my Song's exhaustless Theme:  
O higher than the highest, hail!  
Thou mak'st each righteous Cause prevail.
- 3 Justice and Truth support thy Throne,  
All their Decrees and thine are one;  
Thou, Lord, when Time shall reach its End,  
Unchang'd the Scepter shalt extend.
- 4 Then fill, as now, thy awful Seat,  
While at thy Word assembled meet  
Earth's various Tribes, and hear thee thence  
The true, th' impartial Doom dispense.
- 5 Come ye, who in the dang'rous Hour  
Wish for your Guard the strong-built Tow'r;

Each Terror to the Winds resign'd,  
In God a surer Refuge find.

The Souls, that erst oppress'd with Woe  
Have learn'd thy Name, great God, to know,  
Their Hope on thee shall still sustain,  
Whom none has sought, and sought in vain.

In *Sion* God has fix'd his Rest;  
O be his Praise aloud confess;  
His Acts through ev'ry Clime resound,  
Far as to Earth's extremest Bound.

PSALM IX. Second Version. TATE.

*Praise to God the Just and Merciful.*

1 **T**O celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,  
I will my Heart prepare  
To all the list'ning World thy Works,  
Thy wond'rous Works declare.

2 The Thoughts of them shall to my Soul  
Exalted Pleasure bring,  
While to thy Name, O thou most High,  
Triumphant Praise I sing.

The Lord for ever lives who has  
His righteous Throne prepar'd,  
Impartial Justice to dispense,  
To punish or reward.

4 God is a constant sure Defence  
To Saints in ev'ry Age;  
As Troubles rise, his needful Aids  
In their Behalf engage.

5 All those who have his Goodness prov'd,  
Will in his Truth confide:  
Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the Man  
Who on his Help rely'd.

6 Sing Praises therefore to the Lord  
From *Sion* his Abode,  
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World  
Confess no other God.

## P S A L M IX. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*Justice and Mercy from the Judgment-Seat.*

- W**ITH my whole Heart I'll raise my Song,  
 Thy Wonders I'll proclaim,  
 Thou Sov'reign Judge of Right and Wrong,  
 How glorious is thy Name !
- 2 I'll sing thy Majesty and Grace ;  
 My God prepares his Throne  
 To judge the World in Righteousness,  
 And make his Glory known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a Refuge prove  
 For all the Poor oppress'd ;  
 To save the People of his Love,  
 And give the Weary Rest.
- 4 The Men who know thy Name will trust  
 In thine abundant Grace ;  
 For thou hast ne'er forsook the Just, <sup>16</sup>  
 Who humbly seek thy Face.
- 5 Sing Praises to the righteous Lord  
 Who dwells on *Zion's* Hill,  
 Who executes his threat'ning Word,  
 And doth his Grace fulfil.

## P S A L M IX. Third Version. Second Part.

*The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.*

- 1 **W**HEN the great Judge Supreme and Just,  
 Shall once inquire for Blood,  
 The humble Souls that mourn in Dust  
 Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the gloomy Vale of Death  
 Does his own Children raise :  
 In *Zion's* Gates with chearful Breath  
 They sing their Father's Praise.
- 3 His Foes shall fall with heedless Feet  
 Into the Pit they made ;  
 And Sinners perish in the Net  
 Which their own Hands had spread.

- Thus by thy Judgments, mighty God,  
 Are thy deep Counfels known ;  
 When Men of Mischief are destroy'd,  
 The Snare must be their own.
- Tho' Saints to sore Distress are brought,  
 And wait and long complain,  
 Their Cries shall not be still forgot,  
 Nor shall their Hopes be vain.

## P S A L M IX. Fourth Version. DODDRIDGE.

*God's Name, the Encouragement of our Faith.*

- 1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims  
 His various, and his saving Names ;  
 O may they not be heard alone,  
 But by our sure Experience known !
- 2 Let great JEHOVAH be ador'd,  
 Th' Eternal, All-sufficient Lord !  
 He thro' the World most high confess'd,  
 By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.
- 3 Awake our noblest Pow'rs to bless  
 The God of *Abram*, God of Peace ;  
 Now by a dearer Title known,  
 Father and God of *Christ* his Son.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry Age his gracious Ear  
 Is open to his Servant's Pray'r ;  
 Nor can one humble Soul complain,  
 That it hath fought its God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving Heart shall dare  
 In Whispers to suggest a Fear,  
 While still he owns his ancient Name ?  
 The same his Pow'r, his Love the same !
- 6 To thee our Souls in Faith arise,  
 To thee we lift expecting Eyes ;  
 And boldly thro' the Desert tread,  
 For God will guard, where God shall lead.

- He hearkens what his Children say,  
And puts the World in Fear.
- 8 Proud Tyrants shall no more oppress,  
No more despise the Just;  
And mighty Sinners shall confess  
They are but Earth and Dust.

## P S A L M XI. First Version. MERRICK.

*The Providence and Justice of God.*

- 1 **O**N God my steadfast Hopes rely:  
Why urge ye then my Soul to fly?  
While Justice mourns her Base o'erthrown,  
Say, who the injur'd Cause shall own?
- 2 Thou, Lord, that Cause wilt still sustain;  
Thou, thron'd amid thy heav'nly Fane,  
Shalt cast, regardful, from on high  
On suff'ring Innocence thine Eye;
- 3 Each human Heart intent to prove,  
And bid the Souls that seek thy Love,  
Blest Objects of thy constant Care,  
The Fulness of thy Bounty share.
- 4 But lawless Hands and Hearts impure  
Thine awful Judgments shall endure;  
Behold the Lightnings wing their Way,  
Behold the Fires terrific stray;
- 5 While from thy Hand the baleful Draught,  
With Storm and mingled Sulphur fraught,  
In wild Amaze the impious Train  
Low to its utmost Dregs shall drain.
- 6 For (just himself) where'er it shines  
To Justice God his Love inclines,  
Delighted in the upright Mind  
His own reflected Beams to find.

## P S A L M XI. Second Version. TATE.

*The Righteous safe in the worst of Times.*

- 1 **S**INCE I have plac'd my Trust in God,  
A Refuge always nigh;  
Why say ye, "like a tim'rous Bird,  
"To distant Mountains fly?"

- " Behold the Wicked bend their Bow,  
 " And ready fix their Dart :  
 " Lurking in Ambush to destroy  
 " The Man of upright Heart.  
 " When once the firm Assurance fails,  
 " Which public Faith imparts,  
 " Who shall the Innocent protect,  
 " From such deceitful Arts ?"  
 The Lord hath both a Temple here,  
 And righteous Throne above,  
 Where he surveys the Sons of Men,  
 And how their Counsels move.  
 If God the Righteous, whom he loves,  
 For Trial does correct,  
 What must the Sons of Violence,  
 Whom he abhors, expect ?  
 The righteous God will righteous Deeds  
 With signal Favor grace;  
 And to the upright Man disclose  
 The Brightness of his Face.

P S A L M XI. Third Version. WATTS.

*God loves the Righteous.*

- 1 **M**Y Refuge is the God of Love,  
 Why then should ye desponding cry,  
 " Fly like a tim'rous trembling Dove,  
 " To distant Woods or Mountains fly ?  
 2 " If Government be all destroy'd,  
 " (That firm Foundation of our Peace)  
 " And Violence makes Justice void,  
 " Where shall the Righteous seek Redress ?"  
 3 The Lord in Heav'n has fix'd his Throne,  
 His Eye surveys the World below ;  
 To him all mortal Things are known,  
 His Eye-Lids search our Spirits thro'.  
 4 If he afflict his Saints so far  
 To prove their Love, and try their Grace,  
 What may the bold Transgressors fear ?  
 His very Soul abhors their Ways.

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- 5 The righteous Lord loves righteous Souls,  
 Whose Thoughts and Actions are sincere,  
 And with a gracious Eye beholds  
 The Men who his own Image bear.

## P S A L M XII. WATTS.

*Signs of approaching Judgment.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when Iniquities abound,  
 And Blasphemy grows bold,  
 When Faith is hardly to be found,  
 And Love is waxing cold,  
 2 Is not thy Chariot hast'ning on?  
 Hast thou not giv'n this Sign?  
 May we not trust and live upon  
 A Promise so divine?  
 3 "Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise;  
 "And make Oppressors flee;  
 "I shall appear to their Surprise;  
 "And set my Servants free."  
 4 Thy Word, like Silver seven Times try'd,  
 Thro' Ages shall endure;  
 The Men who in thy Truth confide  
 Shall find the Promise sure.

## P S A L M XV. First Version. MERRICK.

*Characters of a Saint.*

- 1 **W**HO shall tow'rd thy chosen Seat  
 Turn in glad Approach his Feet?  
 Who, great God, a welcome Guest,  
 On thy hallow'd Mountain rest?  
 2 He whose Heart thy Love has warm'd,  
 He whose Will, to thine conform'd,  
 Bids his Life unswerving run;  
 He whose Word and Thought are one.  
 3 He who ne'er with cruel Aim  
 Seeks to wound an honest Fame,  
 Nor with gloomy Joy possess'd  
 Can a Brother's Peace molest;  
 4 Nor to Slander's Tongue severe  
 Stoops with easy Faith his Ear:  
 Who from servile Terror free  
 Spurns at those who spurn at thee:

5 And

- 5 And to each who thee obeys  
 Love and lowliest Rev'rence pays;  
 What he swears, with stedfast Will  
 To his Loss he shall fulfil:
- 6 Nor by avaritious Loan  
 Make the poor Man's Bread his own;  
 Nor can Bribes his Sentence guide  
 'Gainst the Guiltless to decide.
- 7 He who thus, with Heart unstain'd,  
 Treads the Path by thee ordain'd,  
 He, great God, shall own thy Care,  
 And thy constant Blessing share.

## P S A L M. XV. Second Version. T A B.

- 1 **L** O R D, who's the happy Man that may  
 To thy blest Courts repair?  
 And, while he bows before thy Throne,  
 Shall find Acceptance there?
- 2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry Thought and Deed  
 By Rules of Virtue moves;  
 Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak  
 The Thing his Heart disproves.
- 3 Who never will a Slander forge,  
 His Neighbour's Fame to wound,  
 Nor hearken to a false Report,  
 By Malice whisper'd round.
- 4 Who Vice, when drest in Pomp and Pow'r,  
 Can treat with just Neglect;  
 And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,  
 Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted Vows and Trust:  
 Hath ever firmly stood;  
 And, tho' he promise to his Loss,  
 Still makes his Promise good.
- 6 Who seeks not by oppressive Ways  
 His Wealth to multiply;  
 Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,  
 The Guiltless to destroy.



- 7 The Man who, by his steady Course,  
Hath Happiness insur'd,  
When Earth's Foundations shake, shall stand,  
By Providence secur'd.

## P S A L M XV. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **W**H O shall ascend thy heav'nly Place,  
Great God, and dwell before thy Face?  
The Man who minds Religion now,  
And humbly walks with God below.
- 2 Whose Hands are pure, whose Heart is clean ;  
Whose Lips still speak the Thing they mean :  
No Slanders dwell upon his Tongue :  
He hates to do his Neighbour Wrong.
- 3 Scarce will he trust an ill Report,  
Nor vents it to his Neighbour's Hurt :  
Sinners of State he can despise,  
But Saints are honor'd in his Eyes.
- 4 Firm to his Word he ever stood,  
And always makes his Promise good ;  
Nor dares to change the Thing he swears,  
Whatever Pain or Loss he bears.
- 5 He never deals in bribing Gold,  
And mourns that Justice should be sold :  
While others gripe and grind the Poor,  
Sweet Charity attends his Door.
- 6 He doth to all Men still the same  
That he would hope or wish from them :  
This is the Man thy Face shall see,  
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

## P S A L M XV. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **W**H O shall inhabit in thy Hill,  
O God of Holiness?  
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell  
So near his Throne of Grace?
- 2 The Man who walks in pious Ways,  
And works with righteous Hands ;

Who trusts his Maker's Promises,  
And follows his Commands.

3 He speaks the Meaning of his Heart,  
Nor slanders with his Tongue ;  
Will scarce believe an ill Report,  
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.

4 The wealthy Sinner he contemns,  
Loves all who fear the Lord ;  
And tho' to his own Hurt he swears,  
Still he performs his Word.

5 His Hands disdain a golden Bribe,  
And never gripe the Poor.  
This Man shall dwell with God on Earth,  
And find his Heav'n secure.

## P S A L M XV. Fifth Version.

1 **W**HO are the Men, the World among,  
To whom immortal Joys belong ?  
And who the chosen Race ?  
Whose Souls shall mount the blest Abode,  
Shall live for ever with their God,  
And view his smiling Face ?

2 The Man, who, 'midst a scoffing Croud,  
Dares to pursue the upward Road,  
Where Virtue shoots her Ray ;  
Whose willing Heart, whose chearful Hands,  
Join to perform his God's Commands,  
And own his sacred Sway :

3 Whose Tongue, the Glory of his Frame,  
Ne'er scatters Poisons on a Name ;  
For 'tis his constant Care,  
Such is his Soul ! to grave the Part,  
He owes his Neighbour, on his Heart,  
In Strokes divinely fair.

4 Though Sinners swell in Robes of Pride,  
And boast their Thousands at their Side,  
He can their Pomp despise ;  
While the poor Saint, that fears the Lord,  
Bends to his Name, and trusts his Word,  
Is honor'd in his Eyes.

- 5 If once his Lips the Word have spoke,  
 The Word he never dares revoke ;  
 And obstinately good,  
 He varies not from what he swore,  
 Though Earth and Hell oppos'd their Pow'r,  
 And his Resolves withstood.
- 6 By Fraud he never will augment  
 The Plenties Providence has lent :  
 He pleads the guiltless Cause,  
 Though all the Lux'ry of the East  
 Were brought to bribe him into Rest,  
 And hush th' impartial Laws.
- 7 This is the Soul, that, freed from Clay,  
 Shall climb to everlasting Day,  
 And dwell for ever there :  
 Who might behold all Nature break,  
 And hear its mighty Pillars crack,  
 And never yield to Fear.

PSALM XVI. First Version.. First Part. MERRICK..

*Confidence in God, and a proper Sense of our own Insignificance..*

- 1 **F**ATHER of All! my Soul defend ;  
 On thee my stedfast Hopes depend ;  
 " Thou, mightiest Lord, and none beside,  
 " Thou art my God," my Heart has cry'd.
- 2 In vain, with grateful Zeal, I burn  
 Thy boundless Goodness to return ;  
 In vain would Gifts by me bestow'd  
 Augment the Treasures of my God..
- 3 Yet shall my Love on all descend,  
 Whose Souls to thy Decrees attend,  
 My Heart's Desire to each incline,  
 Whose Saint-like Virtue marks him thine..
- 4 Thee, Lord, my Patrimony, Thee  
 The Portion of my Cup I fee :  
 In all my Acts, in each Intent,  
 Thee to my Soul my Thoughts present.
- 5 Thee let me bless, the faithful Guide,  
 Whose Counsels o'er my Life preside,

Whose:

Whose sure Defence my Gate has barr'd,  
And planted on my Right a Guard.

- 6 Each Blessing by thy Care secur'd,  
Life's choicest Gifts around me pour'd;  
For this my Heart, for this my Tongue,  
Shall meditate the joyful Song.

P S A L M XVI. First Version. Second Part.

*Hope in Death of a happy Resurrection.*

- 1 **L**ORD, though (thy Will has thus ordain'd):  
My Flesh to Death's dark Shades descend;  
Yet Hope ev'n there, my constant Guest,  
Shall smoothe the Pillow of my Rest.
- 2 Tho' Death awhile reign o'er my Frame,  
Thou from the Grave my Soul shalt claim;  
Thou'lt to my Eyes, in full Survey,  
The op'ning Paths of Life display:
- 3 Those Paths that to thy Presence bear;  
For Plenitude of Bliss is there,  
And Pleasures, Lord, unmix'd with Woe,  
At thy Right-Hand for ever flow.

P S A L M XVI. Second Version. First Part. WATTS.

*Support and Counsel from God without Merit.*

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry Foe;  
In thee my Trust I place,  
Tho' all the Good that I can do  
Can ne'er deserve thy Grace.
- 2 Yet if my God prolong my Breath,  
The Saints may profit by't;  
The Saints the Glory of the Earth,  
The Men of my Delight.
- 3 Let Heathens to their Idols haste,  
And worship Wood or Stone;  
But my delightful Lot is cast  
Where the true God is known.
- 4 His Hand provides my constant Food,  
He fills my daily Cup;  
Much am I pleas'd with present Good,  
But more rejoice in Hope.

- 5 'God is my Portion and my Joy ;  
 His Counsels are my Light :  
 He gives me kind Advice by Day,  
 And gentle Hints by Night.
- 6 'My Soul would' all her Thoughts approve  
 To his all-seeing Eye :  
 Not Death, nor Hell my Hope shall move,  
 While such a Friend is nigh.

P S A L M XVI. Second Version. Second Part.  
*The Death and Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 " **I** Set the Lord before my Face,  
 " He bears my Courage up :  
 " My Heart and Tongue their Joys express,  
 " My Flesh shall rest in Hope.
- 2 " My Spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave  
 " In Darknefs or Despair ;  
 " Nor quit my Body to the Grave  
 " To see Corruption there.
- 3 " Thou wilt reveal the Path of Life,  
 " And raise me to thy Throne ;  
 " Thy Courts immortal Pleasure give,  
 " Thy Presence Joys unknown."
- 4 Thus in the Name of *Christ*, the Lord,  
 The pious Psalmist sung,  
 And Providence fulfils the Word  
 Of his Prophetic Tongue.
- 5 *Jesus*, the Lord, in Glory shines,  
 Tho' crucify'd and slain ;  
 Behold the Tomb its Prey resigns,  
 Behold he lives again.
- 6 When shall my Feet arise and stand  
 On Heav'n's eternal Hills ?  
 There sits the Son at God's Right-Hand,  
 And there the Father smiles.

PSALM XVI. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.  
*Good Works profit Men, not God.*

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in Time of Need,  
 For Succour to thy Throne, I flee,

Rut

But have no Merits there to plead ;  
My Goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my Heart and Tongue confest,  
How empty and how poor I am ;  
My Praise can never make thee blest,  
Nor add new Glories to thy Name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy Saints on Earth may reap  
Some Profit by the Good we do :  
These are the Company I keep,  
These are the choicest Friends I know.

4 Let others chuse the Sons of Mirth  
To give a Relish to their Wine,  
I love the Men of Heav'nly Birth  
Whose Thoughts and Language are divine.

P S A L M XVI. Third Version. Second Part.

*Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.*

1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my Faith is strong ;  
His Arm is my almighty Prop :  
Be glad, my Heart ; rejoice my Tongue ;  
The Dead in *Christ* all rest in Hope.

2 Tho' in the Dust I lay my Head,  
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave  
Thy faithful Servants with the Dead,  
Nor lose thy Children in the Grave.

3 The Saints shall thy first Call obey,  
Shake off the Dust, and rise on high ;  
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous Way  
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

4 There Streams of endless Pleasure flow ;  
And full Discov'ries of thy Grace  
(Which we but tasted here below)  
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

P S A L M XVII. First Version. MERRICK.

*An Evening Psalm.*

1 **O** Let my Pray'r by thee be heard,  
From undissembing Lips prefer'd ;

O let

- O let my Doom from thee proceed,  
And gracious mark the upright Deed..
- 2 Say, to thy all-discerning Eyes  
If aught of Guilt within me rise,  
If offer'd Violence and Wrong  
Have urg'd to Sin my thoughtless Tongue..
- 3 Taught by thy Word my steadfast Mind  
Has each nefarious Path declin'd ;  
O still my Guardian, still my Guide,  
Forbid my wav'ring Feet to slide.
- 4 To thee (for thou the Pray'r canst hear),  
To thee my suppliant Voice I rear ;  
O treat me not with cold Disdain,  
Nor let my Vows return in vain.
- 5 O thou, whose Hand th' Oppressor quells,  
And each invading Pow'r repels  
From him whose Hopes on thee repose,  
To me thy wond'rous Grace disclose..
- 6 What Care the Pupil of the Eye  
Demands, that Care to me apply,  
And keep, O keep me, King of Kings,  
Beneath thy own almighty Wings..
- 7 O! when, awaken'd by thy Care,  
Thy Face I view, thy Image bear,  
How shall my Breast with Transport glow,  
What full Delight my Heart o'erflow !

P S A L M XVII. Second Version. WATTS.

*The Sinner's Portion, and Saint's Hope..*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine : But thou wilt prove  
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love :  
When Men of Spite against me join,  
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.
- 2 Their Hope and Portion lies below ;  
'Tis all the Happiness they know,  
'Tis all they seek ; they take their Shares,  
And leave the rest among their Heirs.
- 3 What Sinners value I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;

*If thou*

I shall behold thy blisful Face,  
And stand compleat in Righteousness.

4 This Life's a Dream, an empty Show;  
But the bright World, to which I go,  
Hath Joys substantial and sincere;  
When shall I wake, and find me there?

5 O glorious Hour! O blest Abode!  
I shall be near and like my God!  
And Flesh and Sin no more controul  
The sacred Pleasures of the Soul.

P S A L M    XVII.    Third Version.    STEELE.

*The transforming Vision of God.*

1 **M**Y God, the Visits of thy Face  
Afford superior Joy,  
To all the flatt'ring World can give,  
Or mortal Hopes employ.

2 But Clouds and Darkness intervene,  
My brightest Joys decline,  
And Earth's gay Trifles oft ensnare  
This wand'ring Heart of mine.

3 Lord, guide this wand'ring Heart to thee:  
Unsatisfy'd I stray:  
Break thro' the Shades of Sense and Sin,  
With thine enliv'ning Ray.

4 O let thy Beams resplendent shine,  
And ev'ry Cloud remove;  
Transform my Pow'rs, and fit my Soul  
For happier Scenes above.

P A U S E.

5 God reigns on high; may I be cloath'd  
With his divine Array;  
And when I close these Eyes in Death,  
Awake to endless Day:

6 To endless Day! to perfect Life!  
To Bliss without Alloy!  
Where not the least faint Cloud shall rise,  
To intercept the Joy:

7 To



- 6 Blest Object of my Soul's Desire,  
To thee my grateful Thoughts aspire;  
On thee my stedfast Hope I build;  
My God, my Rest, my Rock, my Shield.

PSALM XVIII. Second Version. First Part. W

*Sincerity proved and rewarded.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my Soul sincere,  
Hast made thy Truth and Love appear;  
Before mine Eyes I set thy Laws,  
And thou hast own'd my righteous Cause.
- 2 Since I have learnt thy holy Ways,  
I've walk'd upright before thy Face;  
Or if my Feet did e'er depart,  
'Twas never with a wicked Heart.
- 3 What fore Temptations broke my Rest!  
What Wars and Strugglings in my Breast!  
But thro' thy Grace that reigns within  
I hope to conquer ev'ry Sin.
- 4 With an impartial Hand the Lord  
Deals out to Mortals their Reward:  
The kind and faithful Souls shall find  
A God as faithful and as kind.
- 5 The Just and Pure shall ever say  
Thou art more pure, more just than they:  
And Ill to all who Ill intend,  
In full Proportion shall descend.

PSALM XVIII. Second Version. Second P

*Rejoicing in God.*

- 1 **J**UST are thy Ways, and true thy Word,  
Great Rock of my secure Abode:  
Who is a God beside the Lord?  
Or where's a Refuge like our God?
- 2 'Tis he who girds me with his Might,  
Gives me his holy Sword to wield;  
And while against all Sin I fight,  
Spreads his Salvation for my Shield.

- 3 He lives, and blessed be my Rock,  
The God of my Salvation lives,  
The dark Designs of Hell are broke;  
Sweet is the Peace my Father gives.
- 4 Before the Scoffers of the Age  
I will exalt my Father's Name,  
Nor tremble at their mighty Rage,  
But meet Reproach, and bear the Shame.
- 5 To *David* and his Royal Seed  
Thy Grace for ever shall extend;  
Thy Love to Saints in *Christ* their Head  
Knows not a Limit, nor an End.

## P S A L M XVIII. Third Version. WATTS.

*Public Thanksgiving for Protection in Time of War.*

- 1 **W**HEN God our Leader shines in Arms,  
What mortal Heart can bear  
The Thunder of his loud Alarms,  
The Light'ning of his Spear?
- 2 He speaks, and at his fierce Rebuke  
Whole Armies are dismay'd;  
His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look,  
Strikes all their Courage dead.
- 3 He forms our Gen'als for the Field,  
With all their dreadful Skill;  
Instructs their Hands the Sword to wield,  
And makes their Hearts of Steel.
- 4 'Tis by his Aid our Troops prevail,  
And break united Pow'rs;  
Or burn their boasted Fleets, or scale  
The proudest of their Tow'rs.
- 5 The Lord our Saviour ever lives;  
His Name be ever blest;  
'Tis his own Arm Deliv'rance gives,  
And gives our Country Rest.
- 6 On Kings who reign as *David* did  
He pours his Blessings down;  
Secures their Honors to their Seed,  
And well supports their Crown.

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PSALM XVIII. Fourth Version. DODDRIDGE.

*Triumph in God's Protection.*

- 1 **L**EGIONS of Foes beset me round,  
While marching o'er this dang'rous Ground;  
Yet in JEHOVAH's Aid I trust,  
And in his Pow'r superior boast.
- 2 My Buckler he; his Shield is spread  
To cover this defenceless Head:  
Now let the fiercest Foes assail,  
Their Darts I count as rattling Hail.
- 3 He is my Rock, and he my Tow'r;  
The Base how firm! the Walls how sure!  
The Battlements how high they rise!  
And hide their Summits in the Skies.
- 4 Deliv'rances to God belong;  
He is my Strength, and he my Song;  
The Horn of my Salvation he,  
And all my Foes dispers'd shall flee.
- 5 'Thro' the long March my Lips shall sing  
My great Protector, and my King,  
'Till Zion's Mount my Feet ascend,  
And all my painful Warfare end.
- 6 Rais'd on the shining Turrets there,  
'Thro' all the Prospect wide and fair,  
A Land of Peace his Hosts survey,  
And bless the Grace, that led the Way.

PSALM XIX. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*The Glory of God in his Works.*

- 1 **G**OD the Heav'ns aloud proclaim  
'Thro' their wide-extended Frame,  
And the Firmament each Hour  
Speaks the Wonders of his Pow'r:
- 2 Day to the succeeding Day  
Joys the Notice to convey,  
And the Nights, in ceaseless Round,  
Each to each repeat the Sound,
- 3 Prompt, without or Speech or Tongue,  
In his Praise to form the Song;

Pleas'd

Joy to Earth, their Notes extend  
Far as to her utmost End ;

Earth the Heav'n-taught Knowledge boasts  
Through her many-languag'd Coasts,  
While the Sun above her Head  
Sees his Tabernacle spread ;

And from out his Chamber bright  
Like a Bridegroom springs to Sight :  
See him with gigantic Pace  
Joyous run his destin'd Race ;

6 Now to farthest Regions borne  
Onward speed, and now return,  
And to all, with welcome Ray,  
Life, and genial Warmth convey.

7 Mighty Lord of Earth and Skies,  
Vast thy Works, immensely wise ;  
Good thou art, no Tongue can frame  
Honors equal to thy Name.

PSALM XIX. First Version. Second Part.

*The Excellency of Scripture.*

WARMTH and Life each thankful Heart  
Feels thy Law, great God, impart ;  
Clear from ev'ry Spot it shines,  
And the guilt-stain'd Thought refines ;  
Truth's firm Base its Frame upholds,  
While it Mysteries unfolds,  
Which the docile Mind explores,  
And to heav'nly Science soars.

Preft with Sorrows, Doubts, and Fears,  
What like this the Spirit hears ?  
What so perfect, what so pure ?  
What to Reason's Eye obscure  
Can such wond'rous Light afford  
As the Dictates of thy Word ?  
Where thy Fear its Fruit matures,  
Fruit, that endless Years endures.

D

3 There

- 3 There the Mind, to Vice a Foe,  
 Pants thy blest Decrees to know,  
 And its Will to thine subdu'd,  
 Owns them wise, and just, and good;  
 Nor can Gold such Worth acquire  
 From the sev'nth exploring Fire,  
 Nor the Labor of the Bees  
 E'er in Sweetness vie with these;
- 4 What so perfect, what so pure?  
 What to Reason's Eye obscure  
 Can such wond'rous Light afford  
 As the Dictates of thy Word?  
 Taught by them, thy Servant's Breast  
 Joys the Blessings to attest  
 Heap'd on those whose Hearts sincere  
 Learn thy Precepts to revere.

## P S A L M XIX. First Version. Third Part.

*Desiring to be delivered from secret and presumptuous*

- 1 **P**URGE me from the Guilt that lies  
 Wrapt within my Heart's Disguise;  
 Let me thence, by thee renew'd,  
 Each presumptuous Sin exclude:
- 2 Let my Tongue, from Error free,  
 Speak the Words approv'd by thee;  
 To thy all-observing Eyes  
 Let my Thoughts accepted rise.
- 3 So my Lot shall ne'er be join'd  
 With the Men whose impious Mind,  
 Fearless of thy just Command,  
 Braves the Judgments of thy Hand.
- 4 While I thus thy Name adore,  
 And thy healing Grace implore,  
 Blest Redeemer, bow thine Ear,  
 God my Strength, propitious hear.

P S A L M . XIX.

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P S A L M XIX. Second Version. TATE.

*The Voice of Nature.*

**T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,  
Which that alone can fill;  
The Firmament and Stars express  
Their great Creator's Skill.

2 The Dawn of each returning Day,  
Fresh Beams of Knowledge brings;  
And from the dark Returns of Night  
Divine Instruction springs.

3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm  
Or Region is confin'd:  
'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood  
Alike by all Mankind.

4 Their Doctrine does its sacred Sense  
Through Earth's Extent display;  
5 Whose bright Contents the circling Sun  
Does round the World convey.

5 No Bridegroom, on his Nuptial Day,  
Has such a chearful Face;  
No Giant doth like him rejoice  
To run his glorious Race.

6 From East to West, from West to East,  
His restless Course he goes,  
And through his Progress chearful Light,  
And vital Warmth bestows.

P S A L M XIX. Third Version. WATTS.

*The Glory and Success of the Gospel.*

**T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,  
In every Star thy Wisdom shines:  
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,  
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

2 The rolling Sun, the changing Light,  
And Nights and Days thy Pow'r confess:  
3 But the blest Volume of thy Word  
Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.

- 3 Sun, Moon and Stars convey thy Praise  
Round the whole Earth, and never stand :  
So when thy Truth begun its Race,  
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest  
Till thro' the World thy Truth has run ;  
Till *Christ* has all the Nations blest  
That see the Light, or feel the Sun.
- 5 Father of Lights, in Glory rise,  
Bless the dark World with heav'nly Light ;  
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise ;  
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest Wonders here we view  
In Souls renew'd and Sins forgiv'n :  
Lord, cleanse my Sins, my Soul renew,  
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

## P S A L M XIX. Fourth Version. WATTS.

*A Morning Psalm.*

- 1 **G**OD of the Morning, at whose Voice  
The chearful Sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a Giant doth rejoice  
To run his Journey thro' the Skies.
- 2 From the fair Chambers of the *East*  
The Circuit of his Race begins,  
And without Weariness or Rest  
Round the whole Earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh, like the Sun, may I fulfil  
Th' appointed Duties of the Day,  
With ready Mind and active Will  
March on and keep my heav'nly Way.
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the Race,  
If God, my Sun, should disappear,  
And leave me in this World's wild Maze  
To follow ev'ry wand'ring Star.
- 5 Lord, thy Commands are clean and pure,  
Enlight'ning our beclouded Eyes ;

Thy Threat'nings just, thy Promise sure,  
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise.

- 6 Give me thy Counsel for my Guide,  
And then receive me to thy Bliss;  
All my Desires and Hopes beside  
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

PSALM XIX. Fifth Version. First Part. WATTS.

*The Book of Nature and Scriptures.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty Sky  
Declares its Maker God,  
And all his starry Works on high  
Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.
- 2 The Darknefs and the Light  
Still keep their Course the same;  
While Night to Day, and Day to Night  
Divinely teach his Name.
- 3 In ev'ry diff'rent Land  
Their gen'ral Voice is known;  
They shew the Wonders of his Hand,  
And Orders of his Throne.
- 4 Ye *British* Lands rejoice,  
Here he reveals his Word,  
We are not left to Nature's Voice  
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His Statutes and Commands  
Are set before our Eyes,  
He puts his Gospel in our Hands  
Where our Salvation lies.
- 6 His Laws are just and pure,  
His Truth without Deceit,  
His Promises for ever sure,  
And his Rewards are great.
- 7 Not Honey to the Taste  
Affords so much Delight,  
Nor Gold that has the Furnace past  
So much allures the Sight.



- 8    While of thy Works I sing  
      Thy Glory to proclaim,  
 Accept the Praise, my God, my King  
      In my Redeemer's Name.

P S A L M    XIX.    Fifth Version.    Second Part.

*God's Word most excellent.*

- 1    **B**EHOLD the Morning Sun  
      Begins his glorious Way;  
 His Beams thro' all the Nations run,  
      And Life and Light convey.
- 2    But where the Gospel comes  
      It spreads diviner Light,  
 It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,  
      And gives the Blind their Sight.
- 3    How perfect is thy Word!  
      And all thy Judgments just!  
 For ever sure, thy Promise, Lord,  
      And Men securely trust.
- 4    My gracious God, how plain  
      Are thy Directions giv'n!  
 O may I never read in vain,  
      But find the Path to Heav'n!
- 5    I hear thy Word with Love,  
      And I would fain obey;  
 Send thy good Spirit from above  
      To guide me lest I stray.
- 6    O who can ever find  
      The Errors of his Ways?  
 Yet with a bold presumptuous Mind  
      I would not dare transgress.
- 7    While with my Heart and Tongue  
      I spread thy Praise abroad,  
 Accept the Worship and the Song,  
      My Saviour and my God.

P S A L

## P S A L M XIX. Sixth Version. WATTS.

*The Book of Nature and Scripture.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, the Heaven's well-order'd Frame  
 Declares the Glories of thy Name;  
 There thy rich Works of Wonder shine:  
 A thousand starry Beauties there,  
 A thousand radiant Marks appear  
 Of boundless Pow'r and Skill Divine.
- 2 From Night to Day, from Day to Night  
 The dawning and the dying Light  
 Lectures of heav'nly Wisdom read;  
 With silent Eloquence they raise  
 Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praise,  
 And neither Sound nor Language need.
- 3 Yet their Divine Instructions run  
 Far as the Journeys of the Sun,  
 And every Nation knows their Voice:  
 The Sun, like some young Bridegroom dress'd,  
 Breaks from the Chambers of the East,  
 Rolls round, and makes the Earth rejoice.
- 4 Where e'er he spreads his Beams abroad,  
 He smiles, and speaks his Maker God;  
 All Nature joins to shew thy Praise:  
 Thus God in every Creature shines;  
 Fair are the Book of Nature's Lines,  
 Which shew thy Wisdom and thy Grace.

## P A U S E.

- 5 I love the Volumes of thy Word;  
 What Light and Joy those Leaves afford  
 To Souls benighted and distressed?  
 Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way,  
 Thy Fear forbids my Feet to stray,  
 Thy Promise leads my Heart to Rest.
- 6 From the Discov'ries of thy Law,  
 The perfect Rules of Life I draw,  
 These are my Study and Delight:  
 Not Honey so invites the Taste,  
 Nor Gold, that hath the Furnace past,  
 Appears so pleasing to the Sight.

- 7 Thy Threat'nings wake my slumb'ring Eyes,  
 And warn me where my Danger lies ;  
 But 'tis thy blessed Gospel, Lord,  
 That makes my guilty Conscience clean,  
 Converts my Soul, subdues my Sin,  
 And gives a free but large Reward.
- 8 Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts ?  
 My God, forgive my secret Faults,  
 And from presumptuous Sins restrain :  
 Accept my poor Attempts of Praise  
 That I have read thy Book of Grace,  
 And Book of Nature not in vain.

## P S A L M XIX. Seventh Version. ADDISON.

*The Creator visible in his Works.*

- 1 **T**HE spacious Firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal Sky,  
 And spangled Heav'ns, a shining Frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim :
- 2 Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,  
 Does his Creator's Pow'r display,  
 And publishes to ev'ry Land,  
 The Work of an almighty Hand.
- 3 Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,  
 The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,  
 And nightly, to the list'ning Earth,  
 Repeats the Story of her Birth :
- 4 While all the Stars, that round her burn,  
 And all the Planets, in their Turn,  
 Confirm the Tidings, as they roll,  
 And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.
- 5 What though, in solemn Silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial Ball ;  
 What though nor real Voice nor Sound  
 Amid their radiant Orbs be found ;
- 6 In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious Voice,  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
 " The Hand that made us is DIVINE."

## P S A L M XIX. Eighth Version. STEELE.

*God's Perfections displayed in his Works and Word.*

- 1 **T**HE Heav'ns declare their Maker's glorious Name;  
The spacious Firmament's extended Frame,  
Each rising Day repeats instructive Songs,  
And closing Night the wond'rous Theme prolongs:  
Nor Speech nor Language wants the sacred Strain;  
'Tis Nature's Harmony, nor tun'd in vain.
- 2 Delightful Music! here the heav'n-taught Mind  
Sweetness beyond the Reach of Sounds can find.  
Thro' all the World the sacred Lines are spread,  
And Earth's remotest Ends may wond'ring read.  
From hence the rising Sun his Light displays,  
And glads all Nature with his chearful Rays.
- 3 Like sportive Youth contending in the Race,  
When joyful Ardor paints the glowing Face,  
With rapid Speed, now from the radiant East  
His Race begins, now gains the distant West;  
Each deep Recess his piercing Beams explore,  
And Nature owns his all-enliv'ning Pow'r.

## P A U S E.

- 4 Lo with resplendent Beams, the sacred Word  
Shines o'er the Soul, and guides it to the Lord.  
Unerring Guide, which heav'nly Light supplies,  
Transforms the Heart, and makes the Simple wise!  
In God's Commands see Truth and Goodness join!  
Immortal Rectitude is ev'ry Line.
- 5 'Tis here celestial Light and Knowledge flows,  
And nobler Joy than all Creation knows;  
That pure Devotion which his Fear inspires,  
To him its sacred Source directs its Fires;  
His Precepts with eternal Splendor shine,  
All spotless Truth, and Righteousness divine.
- 6 Immortal Treasure! all the glitt'ring Store  
Of golden Mines, compar'd to these, how poor!  
Here heav'nly Food abounds, divine Repast!  
More sweet than Honey to the longing Taste.

- Here gentle Admonitions warm my Heart,  
When my frail Steps would from thy Way depart.
- 7 Obedience to thy Laws, my sov'reign Lord,  
Brings Peace and Joy, an ample rich Reward;  
The Errors of the Heart, ah, who can trace?  
Lord, I implore thy purifying Grace;  
Preserve thy Servant from each wilful Stain,  
From Sin's destructive Pow'r and hateful Reign:
- 8 Then shall my Life be right, my Heart sincere,  
And free from deadly Guilt, adore thy Care:  
Let these Petitions of my Lips arise,  
Warm from my Heart, accepted in thine Eyes;  
Propitious hear the humble Suit I bring,  
O Lord, my Strength, my Saviour, and my King.

## P S A L M XIX. Ninth Version.

*The Excellency of the divine Word.*

- 1 **W**HEN Israel through the Desert pass'd,  
A fiery Pillar went before,  
To guide them through the dreary Waste,  
And lessen the fatigues they bore,
- 2 Such is thy glorious Word, O God,  
'Tis for our Light and Guidance giv'n;  
It sheds a Lustre all abroad,  
And points the Path to Bliss and Heav'n.
- 3 It fills the Soul with sweet Delight,  
And quickens its inactive Pow'rs,  
It sets our wand'ring Footsteps right,  
Displays thy Love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its Promises rejoice the Heart,  
Its Doctrines are divinely true;  
Knowledge and Pleasure it imparts,  
It comforts, and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye British Isles, bless'd with this Word,  
Ye Saints, who feel its saving Pow'r,  
Unite your Tongues to praise the Lord,  
And his distinguish'd Grace adore.

## P S A L M XX. WATTS.

*For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.*

- 1 **N**OW may the God of Pow'r and Grace  
Attend his People's humble Cry!  
*Jehovah* hears, when *Israel* prays,  
And brings Deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 (The Name of *Jacob's* God defends  
Better than Shields or brazen Walls;  
He, from his Sanctuary, sends  
Succour and Strength when *Zion* calls :)
- 3 Well he remembers all our Sighs,  
His Love exceeds our best Deserts;  
His Love accepts the Sacrifice,  
Of humble Groans and broken Hearts. } +
- 4 In his Salvation is our Hope,  
And, in the Name of *Israel's* God,  
Our Troops shall lift their Banners up,  
Our Navies spread their Flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in Horses train'd for War,  
And some of Chariots make their Boasts;  
Our surest Expectations are  
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly Hosts.
- 6 O save us, Lord, from slavish Fear,  
Now let our Hopes be firm and strong,  
Till thy Salvation shall appear,  
And Joy and Triumph raise the Song.

## P S A L M XXI. WATTS.

*A good King is the Care of Heaven.*

- 1 **T**HE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise  
Shall in thy Strength rejoice;  
And blest with thy Salvation raise  
To Heav'n his chearful Voice.
- 2 Thy sure Defence thro' Nations round  
Has spread his glorious Name;  
And his successful Actions crown'd  
With Majesty and Fame.

D 6.

3 Then

- 3 Then let the King on God alone  
 For timely Aid rely ;  
 Thy Mercy shall support his Throne,  
 And all his Wants supply.
- 4 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Pow'r declare,  
 And thus exalt thy Fame ;  
 While we glad Songs of Praise prepare  
 For thine almighty Name.

PSALM XXII. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*The Reasonableness of Prayer and Praise.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I will joy thy honor'd Name  
 Amidst my Brethren to proclaim,  
 And gath'ring Crouds shall hear my Tongue  
 Thus to my God awake the Song.
- 2 " Exalt, ye Saints, the Pow'r divine,  
 " Exalt him, All of *Jacob's* line,  
 " And let each Tribe, with dutious Fear  
 " His boundless Majesty revere.
- 3 " 'Tis not in him, with cold Disdain  
 " To hear the helpless Poor complain ;  
 " He's e'er attentive to perceive  
 " Their Wants, and faithful to relieve."
- 4 Such Strains thy Mercy shall inspire,  
 While in the full-assembled Choir  
 To thee the votive Song I raise,  
 And thankful pay my Debt of Praise.
- 5 To you, ye humble, meek and good,  
 Who ask from *Israel's* Lord your Food,  
 His Hand indulgent from on high  
 Shall yield at full the wish'd Supply :
- 6 Who seek like you their God, like you,  
 To him their Praises shall renew,  
 Whose Love immortal Life imparts,  
 And swells with Joy their conscious Hearts..

PSALM

## P S A L M XXII. First Version. Second Part.

*God shall be praised and honored through all Generations.*

**M**AKER of all ! thro' ev'ry Land  
 Thy Deeds in full Record shall stand;  
 And farthest Realms converted join  
 In Homage to the Name divine;  
 E'en Kings, and All, whose mortal Frame  
 Th' insatiate Grave prepares to claim,  
 Thy Pow'r, immortal Judge, shall own,  
 And prostrate kneel before thy Throne.

See, while by thee redeem'd they live,  
 A Race from them their Birth derive,  
 (A Race by just Possession thine,)   
 Whose Heart thy Spirit shall incline,  
 The Precepts of thy Will t' obey,  
 Whose Tongue thy Glory shall display,  
 And bid thy righteous Acts engage  
 The Wonder of the future Age.

## P S A L M XXII. Second Version. TATE.

*Obedience to God due from all.*

**M**AY all the various Tribes of Men  
 To God their Homage pay;  
 And scatter'd Nations of the Earth,  
 One Sov'reign Lord obey.

'Tis his supreme Prerogative  
 O'er Subject Kings to reign:  
 'Tis just that he should rule the World,  
 Who does the World sustain.

The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,  
 His Bounty should confess;  
 The Sons of Want, by him reliev'd,  
 Their gen'rous Patron bless.

With humble Worship to his Throne  
 Let all for Aid resort:  
 That Pow'r which first their Beings gave,  
 Can only them support.

5 Bless



62 P S A L M XXII, XXIII.

- 5 Blest Time! when all of human Birth  
 Devoted to his Name,  
 Shall to their Heirs his wond'rous Truth  
 And glorious Acts proclaim.

P S A L M XXII. Third Version. WATTS.  
*Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.*

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful Songs record  
 The dying Sorrows of our Lord;  
 When he complain'd in Tears and Blood,  
 As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The *Jews* beheld him thus forlorn,  
 And shake their Heads, and laugh in Scorn;  
 "He rescu'd others from the Grave;  
 "Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 "This is the Man did once pretend  
 "God was his Father, and his Friend;  
 "If God the Blessed lov'd him so,  
 "Why doth he fail to help him now?"
- 4 Barb'rous People! Cruel Priests!  
 How they stood round like savage Beasts!  
 Like Lions gaping to devour,  
 When God had left him in their Pow'r.
- 5 They wound his Head, his Hands, his Feet,  
 Till Streams of Blood each other meet;  
 By Lot his Garments they divide,  
 And mock the Pangs in which he died.
- 6 But God, his Father, heard his Cry;  
 Rais'd from the Dead he reigns on high;  
 The Nations learn his Righteousness,  
 And humble Sinners taste his Grace.

P S A L M XXIII. First Version. MERRICK.  
*God is our Shepherd.*

- 1 **L**O, my Shepherd's Hand divine!  
 Want shall never more be mine;  
 In a Pasture fair and large  
 He shall feed his happy Charge.

When I faint with Summer's Heat,  
He shall lead my weary Feet  
To the Streams that still and flow  
Through the verdant Meadows flow.

He my Soul anew shall frame,  
And, his Mercy to proclaim,  
When through devious Paths I stray,  
Teach my Steps the better Way.

Though the dreary Vale I tread  
By the Shades of Death o'erspread,  
There I walk from Terror free,  
While protected, Lord, by thee.

Thou my plenteous Board hast spread,  
Thou with Oil refresh'd my Head;  
Fill'd by thee my Cup o'erflows;  
For thy Love no Limit knows:

Constant, to my latest End  
This my Footsteps shall attend,  
And shall bid thy hallow'd Dome  
Yield me an eternal Home.

## P S A L M XXIII. Second Version. TATE.

1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
Vouchsafes to be my Guide;  
The Shepherd by whose constant Care  
My Wants are all supply'd.

2 In tender Grass he makes me feed,  
And gently there repose;  
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where  
Refreshing Water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,  
And to his endless Praise,  
Instruct with humble Zeal to walk  
In his most righteous Ways.

4 I pass the gloomy Vale of Death,  
From Fear and Danger free;  
For there his aiding Rod and Staff  
Defend and comfort me.

- 5 With lib'ral Hand, unceasing Care,  
 He does my Table spread,  
 He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,  
 With Oil anoints my Head.
- 6 Since God doth thus his wond'rous Love  
 Through all my Life extend;  
 That Life to him I will devote,  
 And in his Temple spend.

## P S A L M XXIII. Third Version. WATT

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord;  
 Now shall my Wants be well supply'd;  
 His Providence and holy Word  
 Become my Safety and my Guide.
- 2 In Pastures where Salvation grows,  
 He makes me feed, he makes me rest;  
 There living Water gently flows,  
 And all the Food divinely blest.
- 3 My wand'ring Feet his Ways mistake,  
 But he restores my Soul to Peace,  
 And leads me for his Mercy's Sake  
 In the fair Paths of Righteousness.
- 4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy Vale  
 Where Death and all its Terrors are,  
 My Heart and Hope shall never fail,  
 For God my Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid the Darknes and the Deeps  
 Thou art my Comfort, Thou my Stay;  
 Thy Staff supports my feeble Steps,  
 Thy Rod directs my doubtful Way.
- 6 Surely the Mercies of the Lord  
 Attend his Household all their Days;  
 There will I dwell to hear his Word,  
 To seek his Face, and sing his Praise.

## P S A L M XXIII. Fourth Version. WATT

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my Need,  
*Jehovah* is his Name;  
 In Pastures fresh he makes me feed  
 Beside the living Stream.

- 2 He brings my wand'ring Spirit back  
 When I forsake his Ways;  
 And leads me for his Mercy's Sake  
 In Paths of Truth and Grace.  
 3 When I walk thro' the Shades of Death  
 Thy Presence is my Stay;  
 A Word of thy supporting Breath  
 Drives all my Fears away.  
 4 Thy Goodness, which no Limit knows,  
 Doth still my Table spread;  
 My Cup with Blessings overflows,  
 Thine Oil anoints my Head.  
 5 The sure Provisions of my God  
 Attend me all my Days;  
 O may thy House be mine Abode  
 And all my Work be Praise!

## P S A L M XXIII. Fifth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,  
 I shall be well supply'd;  
 Since he is mine and I am his,  
 What can I want beside?  
 2 He leads me to the Place  
 Where heavenly Pasture grows,  
 Where living Waters gently pass,  
 And full Salvation flows.  
 3 If e'er I go astray  
 He doth my Soul reclaim,  
 And guides me in his own right Way  
 For his most holy Name.  
 4 While he affords his Aid  
 I cannot yield to Fear;  
 Tho' I should walk thro' Death's dark Shade,  
 My Shepherd's with me there.  
 5 Thy Grace no Limit knows  
 Thou dost my Table spread,  
 My Cup with Blessings overflows,  
 And Joy exalts my Head.

- 6 The Bounties of thy Love  
Shall crown my foll'wing Days ;  
Nor from thy House will I remove  
Nor cease to speak thy Praise.

P S A L M XXIII. Sixth Version. STEELE.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, my Shepherd and my Guide,  
Will all my Wants supply ;  
In Safety I shall still abide  
Beneath his watchful Eye.
- 2 Amid the verdant flow'ry Meads  
He makes my sweet Repose ;  
When pain'd with Thirst, he gently leads  
Where living Water flows.
- 3 If from his Fold I thoughtless stray,  
He leads the Wand'rer Home :  
And shews my erring Feet the Way,  
Where Dangers cannot come.
- 4 Though hast'ning to the silent Tomb,  
And Death's dark Shades appear ;  
Thy Presence, Lord, shall cheer the Gloom,  
And banish ev'ry Fear,
- 5 No Evil can my Soul dismay,  
While I am near my God ;  
My Comfort, my Support and Stay,  
Thy Staff and guiding Rod.
- 6 Thy constant Bounties me surround,  
Thy Grace no Limit knows ;  
My favor'd Head with Gladness crown'd,  
My Cup with Blessings flows.
- 7 Thus shall thy Goodness, Love, and Care  
Attend my future Days ;  
And I shall dwell for ever near  
My God, and sing his Praise.

P S A L M XXIII. Seventh Version. STEELE.

- 1 **W**HILE my Creator's near,  
My Shepherd and my Guide,  
I bid farewell to anxious Fear,  
My Wants are all supply'd.

- 1 To ever fragrant Meads,  
Where rich Abundance grows,  
His gracious Hand indulgent leads,  
And guards my sweet Repose.
- 2 Along the lovely Scene,  
Cool Waters gently roll,  
And kind Refreshment smiles serene,  
To cheer my fainting Soul.
- 3 Here let my Spirit rest ;  
How sweet a Lot is mine !  
With Pleasure, Food, and Safety blest ;  
Beneficence divine !
- 4 Blest Shepherd, if I stray,  
My wand'ring Feet restore,  
To thy rich Pastures guide my Way,  
And let me rove no more.
- 5 Unworthy, as I am,  
Of thy protecting Care,  
Yet still, I plead thy gracious Name,  
For all my Hopes are there.

## P S A L M XXIII. Eighth Version. ADDISON.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care :  
His Presence shall my Wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful Eye ;  
My Noon-Day Walks he shall attend,  
And all my Midnight Hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry Glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant ;  
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads  
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads ;  
Where peaceful Rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant Landskip flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged Way,  
Through devious lonely Wilds I stray,  
Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,  
The barren Wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,  
And Screams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though

- 4 Though in the Paths of Death I tread,  
 With gloomy Horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast Heart shall fear no Ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
 Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

## P S A L M XXIII, Ninth Version. Row.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is my Defence and Guide,  
 My Wants are by his Care supply'd :  
 He leads me to refreshing Shades,  
 Through verdant Plains, and flow'ry Meads ;  
 And there securely makes me lie,  
 Near Silver Currents rolling by.
- 2 To guide my erring Feet aright,  
 He gilds my Paths with sacred Light ;  
 And to his own immortal Praise,  
 Conducts me in his perfect Ways :  
 In Death's uncomfortable Shade,  
 No Terror can my Soul invade :
- 3 While he, my strong Defence, is near,  
 His Presence scatters all Despair ;  
 From Day to Day with Joy I see  
 His plenteous Table spread for me :  
 My Cup o'erflows with sparkling Wine,  
 With fragrant Oils my Temples shine.
- 4 Since God hath wond'rous Mercies shew'd,  
 And crown'd my smiling Years with Good ;  
 The Life he graciously prolongs,  
 Shall be employ'd in grateful Songs ;  
 My Voice in lofty Hymns I'll raise,  
 And in his Temple spend my Days.

## P S A L M XXIII. Tenth Version.

- 1 **A**S the good Shepherd gently leads,  
 His wand'ring Flocks to verdant Meads,  
 Where peaceful Rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the flow'ry Landscapes flow.

God, the Guardian of my Soul,  
 does all my erring Steps controul:  
 when lost in Sin's perplexing Maze,  
 he leads me back to Virtue's Ways.  
 no' I should journey thro' the Plains,  
 where Death in all its Horror reigns;  
 my steadfast Heart no Ill shall fear,  
 for thou, O Lord, art with me there.  
 Thy thee with Peace and Plenty blest,  
 Thy Life is one continued Feast:  
 Thy ever-watchful Providence  
 my Support and my Defence.  
 O bounteous God, my future Days  
 shall be devoted to thy Praise:  
 and in thy House thy sacred Name,  
 and wond'rous Grace shall be my Theme.

P S A L M XXIII. Eleventh Version. DODDRIDGE.

*Support in Death.*

**B**EHOLD the gloomy Vale,  
 Which thou, my Soul, must tread,  
 beset with Terrors fierce and pale,  
 That leads thee to the Dead.

Ye pleasing Scenes, adieu,  
 Which I so long have known:  
 My Friends, a long Farewel to you,  
 For I must pass alone.

And thou, beloved Clay,  
 Long Partner of my Cares,  
 In this rough Path art torn away  
 With Agony and Tears.

But see a Ray of Light  
 With Splendors all divine,  
 Breaks thro' these doleful Realms of Night,  
 And makes its Horrors shine.

Where Death and Darkness reigns,  
 JEHOVAH is my Stay:  
 His Rod my trembling Feet sustains,  
 His Staff defends my Way.



- 6 Bleſt Shepherd, lead me on;  
My Soul diſdains to fear;  
Death's gloomy Phantoms all are flown,  
Now Life's great Lord is near.

## P S A L M XXIII. Twelfth Verſion. DODDRIDGE

*The good Man's Proſpect.*

- 1 **M**Y Soul, triumphant in the LORD,  
Shall tell its Joys abroad;  
And march with holy Vigor on,  
Supported by its God.
- 2 'Thro' all the winding Maze of Life,  
His Hand hath been my Guide,  
And in that long-experienc'd Care,  
My Heart ſhall ſtill confide.
- 3 His Grace thro' all the Deſart flows,  
An unexhausted Stream:  
That Grace on Zion's ſacred Mount  
Shall be my endleſs Theme.
- 4 Beyond the choiceſt Joys of Earth  
Theſe diſtant Courts I love;  
But O! I burn with ſtrong Deſire  
To view thy Houſe above.
- 5 Mingled with all the ſhining Band,  
My Soul would there adore;  
A Pillar in thy Temple fix'd,  
To be remov'd no more.

## P S A L M XXIV. Firſt Verſion. MERRICK.

*God's ſovereign Dominion, and the Character of acceptable Worſhipper.*

- 1 **E**ARTH, big with Empires, to thy Reign  
Submits, great God, its wide Domain;  
Whate'er this Orb's vaſt Bounds confine,  
By juſt Poſſeſſion, Lord, is thine:
- 2 That Orb amid th' wat'ry Waſte  
Thy Hands, beſt Architect, have plac'd,  
And bid th' unfathomable Deep  
Beneath its firm Foundation ſleep.

l, who shall to thy Hill ascend?  
 o suppliant at thine Altars bend?  
 ose Hands and Heart from Guilt are free,  
 o ne'er to Idols bow'd the Knee;

studious of Deceit, would try,  
 Oaths to consecrate a Lie;  
 uch th' Almighty from above  
 l heap the Blessings of his Love;

only form the chosen Choir,  
 ose Feet, with licens'd Step, aspire  
 visit *Sion's* blest Abode;  
 o seek the Face of *Jacob's* God.

l, lift your Heads, each hallow'd Gate,  
 it, with sudden Spring, your Weight,  
 everlasting Portals, rear;  
 old the King of Glory near.

who this King of Glory? say,  
 God, whom Heav'n's high Hosts obey:  
 im that King of Glory view,  
 l yield to him the Homage due.

P S A L M XXIV. Second Version. TATE.

*The Character of a Man approved of God.*

— HIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's,  
 The Lord's her Fulness is;  
 e World, and they who dwell therein,  
 y sov'reign Right are his.

fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas,  
 and his almighty Hand  
 on inconstant Floods has made  
 The stable Fabric stand.

for himself this Lord of all,  
 One chosen Seat design'd;  
 who shall to that sacred Hill  
 Desir'd Admittance find?

e Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,  
 Whose Thoughts from Pride are free;  
 o honest Poverty prefers  
 To gainful Perjury.

- 5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord,  
 Shall show'r his Blessings down,  
 Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe  
 With Righteousness to crown.
- 6 Such is the Race of Saints, by whom  
 The sacred Courts are trod;  
 And such who seek acceptably  
 The Face of *Jacob's* God.

## P S A L M XXIV. Third Version. WATTS.

*Dwelling with God.*

- 1 **T**HE Earth for ever is the Lord's  
 With *Adam's* num'rous Race;  
 He rais'd its Arches on the Floods,  
 And built it on the Seas.
- 2 But who among the Sons of Men  
 May visit thine Abode?  
 He who has Hands from Mischief clean,  
 Whose Heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the Man may rise and take  
 The Blessings of his Grace;  
 This is the Lot of those who seek  
 The God of *Jacob's* Face.
- 4 Now let our Souls immortal Pow'rs  
 To meet the Lord prepare,  
 Lift up their everlasting Doors,  
 The King of Glory's near.
- 5 The King of Glory! Who can tell  
 The Wonders of his Might?  
 He rules the Nations; but to dwell  
 With Saints is his Delight.

## P S A L M XXIV. Fourth Version. First Part. WATTS.

*Saints dwell in Heaven.*

- 1 **T**HIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's,  
 And Men and Worms, and Beasts and Birds:  
 He rais'd the Building on the Seas,  
 And gave it for their Dwelling-Place.

2 But

But there's a brighter World on high,  
Thy Palace, Lord, above the Sky :  
Who shall ascend that blest Abode,  
And dwell so near his Maker God ?

He who abhors and fears to sin,  
Whose Heart is pure, whose Hands are clean,  
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,  
And fill his Soul with Righteousness.

These are the Men, the pious Race  
Who seek the God of *Jacob's* Face :  
These shall enjoy the blissful Sight,  
And dwell in everlasting Light.

P S A L M XXIV. Fourth Version. Second Part.

*Christ's Ascension.*

**R**EJOICE, ye shining Worlds on high,  
Behold the King of Glory nigh ;  
Who can this King of Glory be ?  
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

1 Ye heav'nly Gates, your Leaves display  
To make the Lord the Saviour Way :  
Laden with Spoils from Earth and Hell  
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.

2 Rais'd from the Dead he goes before,  
He opens Heav'n's eternal Door,  
To give his Saints a blest Abode  
Near their Redeemer, and their God.

P S A L M XXV. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*A Prayer for Direction and Pardon.*

1 **G**OD of my Health, from Morn to Eve  
In thee my Hopes have learn'd to live ;  
O lead me in thy Truth, and store  
My Heart with thy celestial Lore.

2 Thy Mercy, Lord, recall to Mind,  
Whose Beams from earliest Age have shin'd,  
And let Oblivion's thickest Veil  
Th' Offences of my Youth conceal.

E

3 Thy

- 3 Thy wonted Pity, Lord, impart,  
While in the Anguish of my Heart  
The Burthen of my Guilt I own,  
And humbled bow before thy Throne.
- 4 Good, Lord, and just art thou; thy Love  
Returning Sinners joy to prove,  
And led by thy auspicious Ray  
Correct the Error of their Way.
- 5 In thee shall each of humble Mind  
The Friend and sure Instructor find,  
With Joy thy equal Paths shall tread,  
By Mercy and by Truth outspread.

PSALM XXV. First Version. Second Part. MERR

*God the Guide of the Meek and Humble.*

- 1 **T**O thee, great God, my Soul shall rise;  
On thee my stedfast Mind relies;  
Thy Paths, blest Source of Light, display,  
† And teach my doubting Steps thy Way.
- 2 Ye Souls that to his Fear incline,  
Secure to God your Steps resign,  
And learn from his directing Hand  
What Path may best your Choice demand.
- 3 How blest, thy Precepts, Lord, who knows!  
As o'er Life's Pilgrimage he goes,  
See Peace and Safety nightly spread  
Their Tent around his favor'd Head:
- 4 See, rang'd in fair Descent, his Line  
The Lot which thy Decrees assign  
Divide, and, long as Time shall last,  
The Blessings of thy Bounty taste.
- 5 Who bow to thee th' attentive Ear,  
The Secrets of thy Will shall hear;  
Thy Cov'nant, Lord, to such reveal'd,  
Shall Light and heav'nly Transport yield.

PSALM XXV. Second Version. TATE.

*God the Guide of his Servants.*

- 13 1 **W**HOE'ER, with humble Fear,  
To God his Duty pays,  
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,  
In all his righteous Ways.

For God to all his Saints  
 His holy Will imparts;  
 And will his gracious Cov'nant write  
 In their obedient Hearts.  
 He those in Virtue guides  
 Who his Direction seek;  
 And in his sacred Paths will lead  
 The Humble and the Meek.  
 Thro' all the Ways of God  
 Both Truth and Mercy shine,  
 To those who, with religious Hearts,  
 To his blest Will incline.  
 Let all my righteous Deeds  
 To full Perfection rise;  
 Because my firm and constant Hope  
 On thee, O God, relies.

PSALM XXV. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*Waiting for Pardon and Direction.*

**F**ROM the first dawning Light  
 Till the dark Evening rise  
 For thy Salvation, Lord, I wait  
 With ever-longing Eyes.  
 2 Remember all thy Grace,  
 And lead me in thy Truth;  
 Forgive the Sins of riper Days  
 And Follies of my Youth.  
 3 The Lord is just and kind,  
 The Meek shall learn his Ways,  
 And ev'ry humble Sinner find  
 The Methods of his Grace.  
 4 For his own Goodness Sake  
 He saves my Soul from Shame;  
 He pardons, tho' my Guilt be great,  
 Thro' my Redeemer's Name.

PSALM XXV. Third Version. Second Part. WATTS.

*The Meek and Humble divinely instructed.*

**W**HERE shall the Man be found  
 Who fears t'offend his God,  
 Who loves the Gospel's joyful Sound,  
 And trembles at the Rod?

- 2 The Lord shall make him know  
The Secrets of his Heart,  
+ The Wonders of his Cov'nant show,  
And all his Love impart.
- 3 The Dealings of his Hand  
Are Truth and Mercy still  
With such as to his Cov'nant stand,  
And love to do his Will.
- 4 Their Souls shall dwell at Ease  
Before their Maker's Face;  
Their Seed shall taste the Promises  
In their extensive Grace.

## P S A L M XXVI. First Version: MERRI

*The Man of conscious Integrity addressing his God*

- 1 **B**E thou my Judge : thy Searching Eyes  
My guiltless Life have known :  
On thee my stedfast Soul relies,  
Nor fear of Lapse shall own.
- 2 O search me still ; my Heart, my Reins,  
With strictest View survey :  
Thy Love, great God, my Hope sustains,  
Thy Truth directs my Way.
- 3 The House of Guile, and Seat of Lies,  
With studious Care I shun :  
From Crouds that impious Deeds devise  
My Steps abhorrent run.
- 4 In Innocence I wash my Hands,  
Thy Altar compass round,  
And grateful lead the sacred Bands,  
Whose Hymns thy Acts resound.
- 5 How oft, instinct with Warmth divine,  
Thy Threshold have I trod !  
How lov'd the Courts whose Walls inshrine  
The Glory of my God !
- 6 O let me not those Judgments share,  
Which wait the guilty Tribe,

Whose wicked Hands each Mischief dare,  
And grasp the offer'd Bribe:

But pour, O pour, while thus I tread  
The Path by thee prepar'd,  
Thy Beams of Mercy on my Head,  
And round me plant a Guard.

Thou, Lord, my Steps hast fix'd aright,  
And pleas'd shalt hear my Tongue  
With *Israel's* thankful Sons unite  
To form the joyful Song.

## P S A L M XXVI. Second Version. TARE.

*The Prayer and Resolution of a good Man.*

**J**UDGE me, O Lord, for I the Paths  
Of Righteousness have trod;  
I cannot fail, who all my Trust  
Repose on thee, my God.

Search thou my Heart, whose Innocence  
Will shine the more 'tis try'd;  
For I have kept thy Grace in View,  
And made thy Truth my Guide.

3 I never for Companions took  
The Idle or Prophanes:  
No Hypocrite with all his Arts,  
Could e'er my Friendship gain.

4 I shun the busy plotting Crew,  
Who make distracted Times:  
Avoid their wicked Company,  
For I detest their Crimes.

5 I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,  
And bring a Heart so pure:  
That when thy Altar I approach,  
My Welcome shall secure.

6 My Thanks I'll publish there, and tell  
How thy Renown excels:  
That Seat affords me most Delight,  
In which thine Honor dwells.



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- 7 Lord, I will walk in Paths of Truth,  
And Innocence pursue :  
Protect me therefore, and to me  
Thy Mercies, still renew.
- 8 In spight of all assaulting Foes  
I still maintain my Ground :  
And shall survive among thy Saints,  
Thy Praises to resound.

P S A L M XXVI. Third Version. WATTS.

*Self Examination.*

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my Ways,  
And try my Reins, and try my Heart,  
My Faith upon thy Promise stays,  
Nor from thy Law my Feet depart.
- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit  
With Men of Vanity and Lies;  
The Scoffer and the Hypocrite  
To my Esteem shall never rise.
- 3 I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,  
Thine holy Altar I'll approach ;  
Thy Mercy is my sure Defence,  
I'll not deserve nor fear Reproach.
- 4 I love thy Habitation, Lord,  
The Temple where thine Honors dwell ;  
There shall I hear thine holy Word,  
And there thy Works of Wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my Soul be join'd at last  
With Men of Treachery and Blood,  
Since I my Days on Earth have past  
Among the Saints and near my God.

P S A L M XXVII. First Version. MERRICK.

*Safety in God.*

- 1 THOU, Lord, my Safety, Thou my Light,  
What Danger shall my Soul affright ?  
Strength of my Life ! What Arm shall dare  
To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy Care ?

One With, with holy Transport warm,  
My Heart has form'd, and yet shall form;  
One Gift I ask; that to my End  
Fair *Sion's* Dome I may attend;

There joyful find a sure Abode,  
And view the Beauty of my God;  
For he within his hallow'd Shrine  
My secret Refuge shall assign.

" Seek ye my Face with dutiful Care,  
" And frequent to my Throne repair,"  
Thus to my Heart I hear thee speak;  
Thy Face, my Heart replies, I seek:

Nor thou to my desiring Eye:  
Thy Presence, heav'nly Lord, deny:  
O let me on thy Aid reclin'd,  
Thee still my great Salvation find.

Instruct me, Lord, thy Path to know,  
And, if with secret Art some Foe  
My doubting Steps would turn aside,  
Be thou my Guardian and my Guide.

With patient Hope, with Mind sedate,  
On *Israel's* God expectant wait;  
Be strong, be steadfast: So thy Heart  
Shall feel his Grace its Aid impart.

## P S A L M XXVII. Second Version. TATE.

*Delight in God's House, and Confidence in him.*

1. **W**ITHIN the House of God to dwell  
I earnestly desire.

His wond'rous Beauty there to view,  
And of his Will inquire.

2 For there may I with Comfort rest,  
In Times of deep Distress:  
And safe as on a Rock abide  
In that secure recess.

3 Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,  
Whene'er to thee I cry;  
In Mercy my Complaints receive,  
Nor my Request deny.

- 4 When us to seek thy glorious Face  
 Thou kindly dost advise :  
 " Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,"  
 My grateful Heart replies.
- 5 Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,  
 Do not my Pray'r reject :  
 My God and Saviour, leave not him  
 Thou didst so oft protect.
- 6 Tho' all my Friends and Kindred too  
 Their helpless Charge forsake,  
 Yet thou, whose Love excels them all,  
 Wilt Care and Pity take.
- + 7 I trusted that my future Life  
 Should with thy Love be crown'd,  
 Or else my fainting Soul had sunk  
 With Sorrow compass'd round.
- 8 God's Time with patient Faith expect,  
 Who will inspire thy Breast  
 With inward Strength : do thou thy Part,  
 And leave to him the rest.

PSALM XXVII. Third Version. First Part W

*The Church is our Delight and Safety.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Glory is my Light,  
 And my Salvation too ;  
 God is my Strength ; nor will I fear  
 What mortal Men can do.
- 2 One Privilege my Heart desires ;  
 O grant me an Abode  
 Among the Churches of thy Saints,  
 The Temples of my God !
- 3 There shall I offer my Requests,  
 And see thy Beauty still,  
 Shall hear thy Messages of Love,  
 And there inquire thy Will.
- 4 When Troubles rise and Storms appear  
 There may his Children hide ;  
 God has a strong Pavilion where  
 He makes my Soul abide.

- 5 Now shall my Head be lifted high  
 Above all Dangers round,  
 And Songs of Joy and Victory  
 Within thy Temple sound.

## P S A L M XXVII. Third Version. Second Part.

*Prayer and Hope.*

- 1 **S** OON as I heard my Father say, +  
 "Ye Children seek my Grace,"  
 My Heart reply'd without Delay,  
 "I'll seek my Father's Face."
- 2 Let not thy Face be hid from me, +  
 Nor frown my Soul away;  
 God of my Life, I fly to thee  
 In a distressing Day.
- 3 Should Friends and Kindred near and dear  
 Leave me to Want or die,  
 My God would make my Life his Care,  
 And all my Need supply.
- 4 My fainting Flesh had dy'd with Grief  
 Had not my Soul believ'd  
 To see thy Grace provide Relief,  
 Nor was my Hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling Saints,  
 And keep your Courage up;  
 He'll raise your Spirit when it faints,  
 And far exceed your Hope.

## P S A L M XXVII. Fourth Version. STEELE

*Those safe and happy who wait upon God.*

- 1 **T** HE Lord, my Saviour, is my Light;  
 What Terrors can my Soul affright?  
 While God my Strength, my Life is near,  
 What potent Arm shall make me fear?
- 2 Should num'rous Hosts besiege me round,  
 My steadfast Heart no Fear shall wound:  
 Tho' War should rise in dread Array,  
 God is my Strength, my Hope, my Stay.

- 3 This only Boon my Heart desires,  
For this my ardent Wish aspires,  
This will I seek with restless Care,  
Till God attend my humble Pray'r :
- 4 In his own House to spend my Days,  
My Life devoted to his Praise ;  
There would my Soul his Beauties trace,  
And learn the Wonders of his Grace.
- 5 When Troubles rise, my Guardian God  
Will hide me safe in his Abode !  
Firm as a Rock my Hope shall stand,  
Sustain'd by his almighty Hand.
- 6 Thou sacred Spring of all my Joys,  
Whene'er I raise my plaintive Voice,  
O let thy sov'reign Mercy hear,  
And answer all my humble Pray'r.
- 7 When thou with condescending Grace  
Hast bid me seek thy smiling Face,  
My Heart reply'd to thy kind Word,  
Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord.
- 8 Should ev'ry earthly Friend depart,  
And Nature leave a Parent's Heart ;  
My God, on whom my Hopes depend,  
Will be my Father and my Friend.
- 9 Ye humble Souls, in ev'ry Strait  
On God with sacred Courage wait ;  
His Hand shall Life and Strength afford,  
O ever wait upon the Lord.

## P S A L M XXVIII. First Version. MERRICK.

*The humble Suppliant hoping in God.*

- 1 **G**OD, my Strength, to thee I pray,  
Turn not thou thine Ear away ;  
Gracious to my Words attend,  
While the suppliant Knee I bend.
- 2 Let me not those Judgments know,  
Ne'er to feel that direful Blow,  
By thy just Decrees assign'd  
To the Men of impious Mind.

On thy long-experienc'd Aid,  
See my Hope for ever stay'd ;  
While my Heart, with Joy possest,  
Leaps within my throbbing Breast.

Give me, Lord, thy Love to share,  
Feed me with a Shepherd's Care :  
Save thy People from Distress,  
And thy Patrimony bless.

P S A L M XXIX. First Version. MERRICK.

*Thunder and Lightning.*

- 1 SING, ye Sons of Might, O sing  
Praise to Heav'n's eternal King ;  
Pow'r and Strength to him assign,  
Bow before his hallow'd Shrine.
- 2 Hark ! his Voice in 'Thunder' breaks ;  
Hush'd to Silence, while he speaks,  
Ocean's Waves from Pole to Pole  
Hear the awful Accents roll :
- 3 See, as louder yet they rise,  
Echoing through the vaulted Skies,,  
Loftiest Cedars lie o'erthrown,  
Cedars of steep *Lebanon*.
- 4 See, uprooted from its Seat,,  
*Lebanon* itself retreat ;  
Trembling at the Threat divine,  
*Sirion* hastes its Flight to join.
- 5 Now the bursting Clouds give Way,  
And the vivid Light'nings play,  
And the Wilds by Man untrod  
Hear, dismay'd, th' approaching God.
- 6 Prostrate on the sacred Floor  
*Israel's* Sons his Name adore,  
While his Acts to ev'ry Tongue  
Yield its Argument of Song.
- 7 He the swelling Surge commands ;  
Fix'd his Throne for ever stands ;  
He his People shall increase,  
Arm with Strength, and bless with Peace.

## P S A L M XXIX. Second Version. WATTS.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye Sons of Fame,  
Give to the Lord Renown and Pow'r,  
Ascribe due Honors to his Name,  
And his eternal Might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his Pow'r aloud  
Over the Ocean and the Land;  
His Voice divides the wat'ry Cloud,  
And Light'nings blaze at his Command.
- 3 To *Lebanon* he turns his Voice,  
And lo, the stately Cedars break;  
The Mountains tremble at the Noise,  
The Valleys roar, the Desarts quake.
- 4 The Lord sits Sov'reign on the Flood,  
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King;  
But makes his Church his blest Abode,  
Where we his awful Glories sing.
- 5 In gentler Language there the Lord  
The Counsels of his Grace imparts;  
Amid the raging Storm his Word  
Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

## P S A L M XXIX. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **O**The immense, th' amazing Height,  
The boundless Grandeur of our God,  
Who treads the Worlds beneath his Feet,  
And sways the Nations with his Nod!
- 2 He speaks; and lo, all Nature shakes,  
Heav'n's everlasting Pillars bow;  
He rends the Clouds with hideous Cracks  
And shoots his fiery Arrows thro'.
- 3 Let Noise and Flame confound the Skies,  
And drown the spacious Realms below,  
Yet will we sing the Thund'rer's Praise,  
And send our loud *Hosannas* thro'.
- 4 Celestial King, thy blazing Pow'r  
Kindles our Hearts to flaming Joys,  
We shout to hear thy Thunders roar,  
And echo to our Father's Voice.

5 Thus

- 5 Thus shall thy Son our Saviour come,  
And Light'nings round his Chariot play ;  
Ye Light'nings, fly to make him Room,  
Ye glorious Storms, prepare his Way.

## P S A L M XXIX. Fourth Version. TOLLET.

- 1 **I**N God's own House the loftiest Praises sing  
And own the Lord, of Majesty the Spring ;  
With Rev'rence pure his sacred Name adore ;  
When Dangers nigh, his pow'rful Aid implore,  
For Strength deriv'd from him your Homage own ;  
And prostrate fall before his awful Throne.
- 2 His sov'reign Voice restrains the swelling Floods ;  
He rolls his Thunder through the fable Clouds ;  
His Pow'r to Bounds confines the raging Sea,  
And Nature's Laws his dreaded Voice obey,  
His awful Voice commands ; and all around  
The stately Cedars tremble at the Sound.
- 3 Th' Almighty speaks, the parted Clouds give Way,  
And through the Breach the ruddy Light'nings play ;  
The Hills affrighted leap, the Mountains quake,  
All Beasts of gentler, and of fiercer Make,  
The desert Region, and each wild Abode ;  
Creation trembles at the Voice of God.
- 4 The Coverts shine, detected by the Blaze,  
And God's high Temple echoes with his Praise ;  
The Lord, for ever King, though Tempests rave,  
Enthron'd resides above the roaring Wave :  
Be thou in War thy People's dread Defence ;  
In Peace the Blessings of calm Peace dispense.

## P S A L M XXX. First Version. MERRICK.

*Sickness and Sorrow removed.*

- 1 **A**S, press'd with Woe, to God I cried,  
His Hand its healing Pow'r applied,  
And, while increasing Languors gave  
The Signal to th' expecting Grave  
This mortal Fabric to receive,  
Revers'd the Doom, and bade me live.



- 3 His Anger but a Moment stays;  
His Love is Life and Length of Days;  
Tho' Grief and Tears the Night employ,  
The Morning-Star restores the Joy.

## P S A L M XXX. Third Version. Second Part

- 1 **F**IRM was my Health, my Day was bright,  
And I presum'd t'would ne'er be Night;  
Fondly I said within my Heart,  
*"Pleasure and Peace shall ne'er depart."*
- 2 But I forgot thine Arm was strong  
Which made my Mountain stand so long;  
Soon as thy Face began to hide,  
My Health was gone, my Comforts died.
- 3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God;  
"What can'st thou profit by my Blood?  
"Deep in the Dust can I declare  
"Thy Truth, or sing thy Goodness there?"
- 4 "Hear me, O God of Grace, I said,  
"And bring me from among the Dead;"  
Thy Word rebuk'd the Pains I felt,  
Thy pardoning Love remov'd my Guilt.
- 5 My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,  
Shall ne'er be silent of thy Name;  
Thy Praise shall sound through Earth and Heav'n  
For Sicknefs heal'd, and Sins forgiv'n.

## P S A L M XXX. Fourth Version. STEELE.

- 1 **T**HEE, Lord, my thankful Soul would bless,  
Thee all my Pow'rs adore;  
Thy Hand has rais'd me from Distress,  
May all thy Grace implore.
- 2 O Lord, my God, oppress'd with Grief,  
To thee I breath'd my Cry;  
Thy Mercy brought divine Relief,  
And wip'd my tearful Eye.
- 3 Thy Mercy chas'd the Shades of Death,  
And snatch'd me from the Grave;  
O may thy Praise employ that Breath  
Which Mercy deigns to save.

4 Come, O ye Saints, your Voices raise  
To God in grateful Songs ;  
And let the Mem'ry of his Grace,  
Inspire your Hearts and Tongues.

5 His Frown, what Mortal can sustain ?  
But soon his Anger dies ;  
His life-restoring Smile again  
Returns, and Sorrow flies.

6 Her deepest Gloom, when Sorrow spreads,  
And Light and Hope depart,  
His Smile celestial Morning sheds,  
And Joy revives the Heart.

## P A U S E.

7 Beneath my God's protecting Arm  
How did my Soul rejoice !  
And fondly hop'd no future Harm  
Should ever shock my Joys.

8 Lord, 'twas thy Favor fix'd my Rest ;  
Thy shining Face withdrew,  
And Troubles fill'd my anxious Breast,  
And pain'd my Soul anew.

9 Again to thee, O gracious God,  
I rais'd my mournful Eyes ;  
To thee I spread my Woes abroad,  
With supplicating Cries.

10 What Glory can my Death afford ?  
In the dark Grave confin'd,  
Shall senseless Dust adore the Lord,  
Or call thy Truth to Mind ?

11 Hear, O my God, in Mercy hear,  
Attend my plaintive Cry ;  
Be thou, my gracious Helper, near,  
And bid my Sorrows fly.

12 Again I hear thy Voice divine,  
New Joys exulting bound ;  
My Robes of Mourning I resign,  
And Gladness girds me round.

13 Then

- 13 Then let my utmost Glory be  
To raise thy Honors high;  
Nor let my Gratitude to thee  
In guilty Silence die.
- 14 To thee, my gracious God, I raise  
My thankful Heart and Tongue;  
O be thy Goodness and thy Praise  
My everlasting Song.

## PSALM XXXI. First Version. MERRICK.

*God the Confidence of the Righteous.*

- 1 **T**H Y Ear, thou Majesty divine,  
Propitious to my Pray'r incline;  
O let me, by thy Counsel led,  
Thy Path with Step unerring tread.
- 2 Confess me thine, and bid me share  
The Gifts of thy paternal Care;  
Thy Mercy shall my Thanks employ,  
My constant Theme my highest Joy.
- 3 God of my Strength, the Wise, the Just,  
To thee my all I chearful trust;  
I never shall the Shame sustain.  
Thy Grace to ask, and ask in vain.
- 4 Theirs is the Shame, thy Pow'r who brave  
Nor cease their Insults, till the Grave,  
Absorbing quick the guilty Throng,  
In endless Silence seal their Tongue.
- 5 O, how shall all who seek thy Love  
The Fullness of thy Bounty prove!  
How Joy, while thou thy treasur'd Store  
Indulgent in their Lap shalt pour;
- 6 And teach th' admiring World to see  
How blest the Souls that trust in thee!  
Thy Care their sure Defence shall yield:  
Within thy Presence, Lord, conceal'd.
- 7 Ye Souls devoted to his Fear,  
With thankful Love your God revere,  
Who wakes your chosen Train to guard,  
And deals to Pride its just Reward.

- 8 Be strong, be stedfast: So your Mind  
From him its full Support shall find,  
Ye Saints that in his Care confide,  
Nor own nor ask a Help beside.

## PSALM XXXI. Second Version. TATE.

*Resignation to and Dependence upon divine Providence.* —

- 1 **T**O thee, the God of Truth,  
My Life, and all that's mine,  
(For thou preserv'dst me from my Youth)  
I willingly resign.
- 2 All vain Designs I hate,  
Of those who trust in Lies;  
And still my Soul in ev'ry State,  
To God for Succour flies.
- 3 Thou art my stedfast Trust,  
I on thy Help repose:  
That thou, my God, art good and just,  
My Soul with Comfort knows.
- 4 Whate'er Events betide,  
Thy Wisdom times them all:  
Then, Lord, thy Servants safely hide,  
On thee alone I call.
- 5 The Brightness of thy Face  
To me, O Lord, disclose:  
And as thy Mercies still increase,  
I dread no future Woes.
- 6 How great thy Mercies are,  
To such as fear thy Name!  
Which thou, for those who trust thy Care,  
Dost to the World proclaim.
- 7 Thou keep'st them in thy Sight,  
From proud Oppressors free:  
From Tongues that do in Strife delight,  
They are preserv'd by thee.
- 8 O all ye Saints, the Lord  
With fervent Love pursue,  
Who to the Just will Help afford  
And give the Proud their Due.

- 9 Ye who on God rely,  
 Courageously proceed :  
 For he will still your Hearts supply  
 With Strength in Time of Need.

## P S A L M XXXI. Third Version: WATTS.

*Deliverance from Death.*

- 1 INTO thine Hand, O God of Truth,  
 My Spirit I commit ;  
 Thou hast redeem'd my Soul from Death,  
 And sav'd me from the Pit.
- 2 The Passions of my Hope and Fear  
 Maintain'd a doubtful Strife,  
 While Sorrow, Pain and Sin conspir'd  
 To take away my Life.
- 3 " My Times are in thine Hand, I cry'd,  
 " Tho' I draw near the Dust ;"  
 Thou art the Refuge where I hide,  
 The God in whom I trust.
- 4 O Lord, now make thy gracious Face  
 Upon thy Servant shine,  
 And save me for thy Mercy's Sake,  
 For I'm entirely thine.
- 5 Thy Goodness how divinely free !  
 How wond'rous is thy Grace,  
 To those who fear thy Majesty,  
 And trust thy Promises !

## P S A L M XXXI. Fourth Version. DODDRIDGE.

*The Goodness which God hath wrought and laid up for his People.*

- 1 OUR Souls with pleasing Wonder view  
 The Bounties of thy Grace ;  
 How much bestow'd ; how much reserv'd  
 For those who seek thy Face ?
- 2 Thy lib'ral Hand with worldly Bliss  
 Oft makes their Cup run o'er ;  
 And in the Cov'nant of thy Love  
 They find diviner Store.

3 But

But O ! what Treasures yet unknown  
 Are lodg'd in Worlds to come !  
 If these th' Enjoyments of the Way,  
 How happy is their Home ?  
 And what shall mortal Worms reply ?  
 Or how such Goodness own ?  
 But 'tis our Joy that, Lord, to thee,  
 Thy Servants Hearts are known.  
 Thine Eyes shall read those grateful Thoughts  
 No Language can express :  
 Yet, when our liveliest Thanks we pay,  
 Our Debts do most increase.  
 Since Time's too short, all-gracious God,  
 To utter half thy Praise,  
 Loud to the Honor of thy Name  
 Eternal Hymns we'll raise.

## P S A L M XXXI. Fifth Version. STEELE.

*Confidence in God.*

**L**ORD, in thy great, thy glorious Name  
 I place my Hope, my only Trust ;  
 Save me from Sorrow, Guilt and Shame,  
 Thou ever-gracious, ever-just.  
 Thou art my Rock, thy Name alone  
 The Fortress where my Hopes retreat ;  
 O make thy Pow'r and Mercy known,  
 To Safety guide my wand'ring Feet.  
 To thy kind Hand, O gracious Lord,  
 My Soul I chearfully resign ;  
 My Saviour God, I trust thy Word,  
 For Truth, immortal Truth, is thine.  
 I hate their Works, I hate their Ways,  
 Who follow Vanity and Lies ;  
 But to the Lord my Hopes I raise,  
 And trust his Pow'r who built the Skies.  
 What endless Bliss, O bounteous Lord,  
 (Immensely great, divinely free !)  
 Hast thou reserv'd for their Reward,  
 Who fear thy Name, and trust in thee ?

- 6 Blest be the Lord, for ever blest,  
 Whose Mercy bids my Fears remove;  
 The sacred Walls which guard my Rest,  
 Are his almighty Pow'r and Love.
- 7 Ye humble Souls, who seek his Face,  
 Let sacred Courage fill your Heart;  
 Hope in the Lord, and trust his Grace,  
 And he shall heav'nly Strength impart.

PSALM XXXII. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*The Happiness of those whose Sins are forgiven.*

- 1 **H**OW blest the Man, whose conscious Grief  
 From Thee, great God, has found Relief;  
 Whose Guilt thy boundless Love has veil'd,  
 His Fears compos'd, his Weakness heal'd;
- 2 To whom th' Offences of his Hand  
 No longer now imputed stand,  
 Who learns thy Precepts to revere,  
 Whose Heart is pure, whose Tongue sincere.
- 3 My humbled Soul its Sins shall own:—  
 Behold me bow before thy Throne,  
 To thee my inmost Guilt disclose,  
 And in thy Bosom pour my Woes.
- 4 But lo! while yet my Hands I rear,  
 The Voice of Mercy to my Ear  
 Descends, and whisp'ring Peace within  
 Confirms the Pardon of my Sin.
- 5 For this shall all who thee adore,  
 E'er yet the Day of Grace be o'er,  
 To thee with steadfast Hope repair,  
 To Thee prefer th' unwearied Pray'r:
- 6 So, when Affliction's Tempests rise,  
 And heave the Billows to the Skies,  
 They, safe in thee, the Storm shall brave,  
 And distant view the madding Wave.
- 7 When various Griefs my Soul surround,  
 In thee my sure Retreat is found;  
 Thy wish'd Salvation meets my Eyes,  
 And Songs of Triumph round me rise.

PSALM

## PSALM XXXII. First Version. Second Part.

*Peace and Joy the natural Consequence of a rational manly Conduct.*

- 1 **C**OME from thy God, Instruction learn;  
While, prompt from Error's Path to turn  
Thy Feet, thy ev'ry Step he scan,  
Let Reason's Use bespeak thee Man;
- 2 Nor imitate the Steed and Mule,  
Whose brutal Mouth, averse to rule,  
To guard thee from their Rage, must feel  
The forceful Rein, and curbing Steel.
- 3 What Pangs the impious Tribe await,  
While Hope and Joy his Heart dilate,  
Who trusts in thee, O King of Kings,  
And Mercy round him spreads her Wings!
- 4 Ye Saints, exulting lift your Voice,  
Ye pure of Mind, in him rejoice,  
Whose Presence on the Soul impress'd  
With heav'nly Transport fills the Breast.

## PSALM XXXII. Second Version. TATE.

*The Blessedness of true Penitents.*

- 1 **H**E's blest, whose Sins have Pardon gain'd  
No more in Judgment to appear;  
Whose Guilt Remission has obtain'd,  
And whose Repentance is sincere.
- 2 True Penitents with God succeed,  
Who seek him while he may be found,  
His sov'reign Grace in Time of Need  
Shall them encompass all around
- 3 In his Instruction then confide,  
You who would Truth's safe Path descry;  
Your Progress he'll securely guide,  
And keep you in his watchful Bye.
- 4 Submit yourselves to Wisdom's Rule,  
Like Men who Reason have attain'd:  
Not like th' ungovern'd Horse and Mule,  
Whose Fury must be curb'd and rein'd.

5 Sorrows



- 5 Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd,  
The harden'd Sinner shall confound,  
But those who in God's Truth confide,  
The choicest Blessings shall surround.
- 6 His Saints who have perform'd his Laws,  
Their Life in Triumphs shall employ :  
Let them (as they alone have Cause)  
In grateful Raptures shout for Joy.

## PSALM XXXII. Third Version. First Part. WA

- 1 **B**LEST is the Man, for ever blest,  
Whose Guilt is pardon'd by his God,  
Whose Sins with Sorrow are confess'd,  
Who firmly walks the heav'nly Road.
- 2 Blest is the Man to whom the Lord  
Imputes not his Iniquities,  
He pleads no Merit of Reward,  
His lowly Soul on Grace relies.
- 3 From Guile his Heart and Lips are free,  
His humble Joy, his holy Fear  
With deep Repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his Faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that boundless Grace  
Which freely pardons all his Sin !  
While the bright Beams of Holiness  
Thro' his whole Life appear and shine.

## PSALM XXXII. Third Version. Second Part

- 1 **W**HILE I keep Silence and conceal  
My heavy Guilt within my Heart,  
What Torments doth my Conscience feel !  
What Agonies of inward Smart !
- 2 I spread my Sins before the Lord,  
And all my secret Faults confess  
Thy Gospel speaks a pard'ning Word,  
Thine holy Spirit seals the Grace.

r this shall ev'ry humble Soul  
 take swift Addresses to thy Seat;  
 hen Floods of huge Temptations roll,  
 ere shall they find a blest Retreat.  
 ow safe beneath thy Wings I lie,  
 hen Days grow dark, and Storms appear;  
 id when I walk, thy watchful Eye  
 all guide me safe from ev'ry Snare.

## P S A L M XXXII. Fourth Version.

**I** A P P Y the Man to whom his God  
 No more imputes his Sin,  
 hose Hope is built upon his Word,  
 Who Peace enjoys within.

appy beyond Expression he,  
 Whose Debts are all discharg'd;  
 id from the guilty Bondage free  
 He feels his Soul enlarg'd.

s Spirit hates Deceit and Lies,  
 His Words are all sincere;  
 : guards his Heart, he guards his Eyes,  
 To keep his Conscience clear.

hile I my inward Guilt suppress,  
 No Quiet could I find;  
 erce Fire lay burning in my Breast,  
 Sharp Arrows pierc'd my Mind.

en I confess'd my troubled Thoughts,  
 My secret Sins reveal'd;  
 y'pard'ning Grace forgave my Faults,  
 Thy Grace my Pardon seal'd.

is shall invite thy Saints to pray;  
 When like a raging Flood  
 mptations rise, our Strength and Stay  
 s a forgiving God.

## P S A L M XXXII. Fifth Version. WATTS.

**O** Blessed Souls are they  
 Whose Sins are cover'd o'er!  
 vinely blest, to whom the Lord  
 imputes their Guilt no more!

- 2 They mourn their Follies past,  
And keep their Hearts with Care;  
Their Lips and Lives without Deceit  
Shall prove their Faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my Guilt,  
I felt the fest'ring Wound,  
Till I confes'd my Sins to thee,  
And ready Pardon found.
- 4 Let Sinners learn to pray,  
Let Saints keep near the Throne;  
Our Help in Times of deep Distress  
Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXIII. First Version. First Part. MERR:  
*Creation and Providence.*

- 1 **Y**E Saints (to you the Task belongs,  
And Praise fits comely on your Tongues;)   
O sing, in Accents loud and strong,  
To God, some new-invented Song.
- 2 His Words eternal Truth has seal'd;  
His Promises in Act fulfill'd  
Shall bid the Earth's wide Confines know  
The Gifts that from his Bounty flow.
- 3 His Word yon azure Vault outspread,  
E'er Time the Seasons onward led;  
Form'd by his Breath the starry Host  
Their unextinguish'd Lustre boast.
- 4 Thy Maker's Name, O Earth, revere;  
And let thy Sons with holy Fear  
To him in low Prostration bend,  
And duteous his Decrees attend.
- 5 Thy Counsel, from Controul secure,  
Thy Counsel only shall endure;  
Thy Thoughts to Time's remotest Bound,  
With sure Effect, great God, be crown'd.
- 6 How blest the People who have known  
Thee, Lord, their God, and thee alone;  
The Flock thy Heritage declar'd,  
And Objects of thy fix'd Regard!

## PSALM XXXIII. First Version. Second Part.

*Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.*

**W**IDE o'er the Sons of Earth his Eye,  
The Pow'r eternal from on high  
Extends through Life, their Steps pursues,  
Each Act, each Thought, attentive views.

**I**n vain with conscious Pride the Steed  
Vaunts in the Fight his Strength and Speed;  
In vain the Warrior bold and young  
His Arm with active Vigor strung:

**N**or this shall promise from the Sword  
Himself to save, nor that his Lord.  
Think not ye Kings, his Aid resign'd,  
In well-arm'd Hosts your Help to find.

**H**ail, sure Protector of the Just!  
Of him who builds on thee his Trust;  
Thy Hand with Food his Life sustains,  
When Drought infests the blasted Plains.

**O**ur Souls by thee, their Help and Shield,  
With patient Hope have stood upheld;  
Thy sacred Name our Trust, each Mind  
From thee shall Joy perpetual find.

**T**hat Joy to our desiring Heart  
O let thy Mercy e'er impart;  
And give thy Servants, Lord, to see  
How just the Hope that rests on thee.

## P S A L M XXXIII. Second Version. TATE.

*The Works of Creation and Providence.*

**L**ET all the Just to God with Joy,  
Their chearful Voices raise,  
For well the Righteous it becomes  
To sing glad Songs of Praise.

**L**et all your sacred Passions, mov'd,  
In joyful Comfort meet;  
And chearful Songs of loud Applause  
The Harmony compleat.

- 3 For faithful is the Word of God,  
His Works with Truth abound;  
He Justice loves, and all the Earth  
Is with his Goodness crown'd.
- 4 By his almighty Word at first  
The heav'nly Arch was rear'd;  
And all the beauteous Hosts of Light  
At his Command appear'd.
- 5 The swelling Floods together roll'd,  
He makes in Heaps to lie;  
And lays, as in a Storehouse safe,  
The wat'ry Treasures by.
- 6 Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,  
Before him trembling stand:  
For when he spoke the Word, 'twas made,  
'Twas fix'd at his Command.
- 7 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,  
Shall stand for ever sure:  
The settled Purpose of his Heart,  
To Ages shall endure.
- 8 The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,  
Do thou to us extend,  
Since we, for all we want or wish,  
On thee alone depend.

## PSALM XXXIII. Third Version. First Part. WA.

*The Works of Creation and Providence.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye Righteous, in the Lord,  
This Work belongs to you:  
Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word,  
How holy, just, and true!
- 2 His Mercy and his Righteousness  
Let Heav'n and Earth proclaim;  
His Works of Nature and of Grace  
Reveal his wond'rous Name.
- 3 His Wisdom and almighty Word  
The heav'nly Arches spread;  
And by the Spirit of the Lord  
Their shining Hosts were made.

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He bid the Liquid Waters flow  
To their appointed Deep;  
The flowing Seas their Limits know,  
And their own Station keep.  
Ye Tenants of the spacious Earth,  
With Fear before him stand;  
He spoke; and Nature took its Birth,  
And rests on his Command.  
He scorns the haughty Sinner's Rage,  
And breaks his vain Designs;  
His Counsel stands thro' every Age,  
And in full Glory shines.

PSALM XXXIII. Third Version. Second Part.

*Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.*

**B**LEST is the Nation where the Lord  
Hath fixt his gracious Throne;  
Where he reveals his heav'nly Word,  
And calls their Tribes his own.  
His Eye with infinite Survey  
Does the whole World behold;  
He form'd us all of equal Clay,  
And knows our feeble Mould.  
Kings are not rescu'd by the Force  
Of Armies from the Grave;  
Nor Speed nor Courage of an Horse  
Can the bold Rider save.  
Vain is the Strength of Beasts or Men  
To hope for Safety thence;  
But holy Souls from God obtain  
A strong and sure Defence.  
God is their Fear, and God their Trust;  
When Plagues or Famine spread,  
His watchful Eye secures the Just  
Among ten thousand Dead.  
Lord, let our Hearts in thee rejoice,  
And bless us from thy Throne;  
For we have made thy Word our Choice,  
And trust thy Grace alone.

## PSALM XXXIII. Fourth Version. First Part. WAT

*Works of Creation and Providence.*

- 1 **Y**E humble Souls, in God rejoice,  
Your Maker's Praise becomes your Voice ;  
Great is your Theme, your Songs be new :  
Sing of his Name, his Word, his Ways,  
His Works of Nature and of Grace,  
How wise and holy, just and true !
- 2 Justice and Truth he ever loves,  
And the whole Earth his Goodness proves,  
His Word the heav'nly Arches spread ;  
How wide they shine from North to South !  
And by the Spirit of his Mouth  
Were all the Starry Armies made.
- 3 He gathers the wide flowing Seas,  
Those watry Treasures know their Place  
In the vast Storehouse of the Deep.  
He spoke, and gave all Nature Birth ;  
And Fires, and Seas, and Heav'n, and Earth  
His everlasting Orders keep.
- 4 Mortals, be humble, and adore  
A God of such resistless Pow'r,  
Nor dare indulge your feeble Rage :  
Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your Hands ;  
But his eternal Counsel stands,  
And rules the World from Age to Age.

## PSALM XXXIII. Fourth Version. Second Part

*Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.*

- 1 **O** Happy Nation, where the Lord  
Reveals the Treasure of his Word,  
And builds his Church, his earthly Throne !  
His Eye the Heathen World surveys,  
He form'd their Hearts, he knows their Ways,  
But God their Maker is unknown.
- 2 Let Kings rely upon their Host,  
And of his Strength the Champion boast ;  
In vain they boast, in vain rely ;

- In vain they trust the brutal Force,  
 Or Speed, or Courage of a Horse,  
 To guard his Rider, or to fly.
- 3 The Eye of thy Compassion, Lord,  
 Doth more secure Defence afford  
 When Deaths or Dangers threat'ning stand :  
 Thy watchful Eye preserves the Just,  
 Who make thy Name their Fear and Trust,  
 When Wars or Famine waste the Land.
- 4 In Sicknes or the bloody Field,  
 Thou our Physician, thou our Shield,  
 Send us Salvation from thy Throne ;  
 We wait to see thy Goodness shine ;  
 Let us rejoice in Help divine,  
 For all our Hope is God alone..

P S A L M XXXIV. First Version. MERRICK.

*God's Care of the Righteous.*

- 1 **T** HEE, Lord, I'll thank, and Day by Day  
 Form to thy Praise the joyful Lay ;  
 From Morn to Eve the Song extend,  
 Thee boast my Father, thee my Friend.
- 2 To God my Soul disclos'd its Care ;  
 He heard, and present to my Pray'r  
 His faithful Buckler o'er me held,  
 Each Terror from my Breast dispell'd.
- 3 The Souls, that his Decree regard,  
 Like me his chearing Light have shar'd,  
 And fearless of Repulse or Shame  
 The Promise of his Mercy claim.
- 4 His Angel, nigh the just Man's Tent,  
 Encamp'd, each Danger to prevent,  
 His sure Protection round him throws,  
 Though harness'd Hosts his Peace oppose.
- 5 Hail, Saviour of the human Race !  
 Hail, Fountain of exhaustless Grace !  
 Thrice happy, who on thee recline,  
 Nor own, nor ask a Help but thine.



- 6 [The strengthful Lion's tawny Brood  
With Thirst and Penury of Food  
Are stung; but who in God confide  
Shall find their ev'ry With supply'd.]
- 7 His Fear preserve, ye Just and Pure,  
And live from Dread of Want secure:  
All upright Souls shall taste and prove  
The Blessings of his boundless Love.

PSALM XXXIV. First Version. Second Part.

*An Exhortation to Peace and Holiness, and God's Regard  
to the Righteous.*

- 1 **Y**E Children, come; my Precepts hear,  
And learn your God to love and fear:  
O come; if long Extent of Days,  
With Blessings crown'd, your Hope can raise.
- 2 Averse from each injurious Art,  
Let Falsehood from your Lips depart;  
Be good your Choice; from Evil cease;  
And plight the ready Hand to Peace.
- 3 Him serve, whose fav'ring Eyes survey  
The Hearts that his Commands obey;  
Him serve, whose ever open Ear  
With just Regard their Pray'r shall hear.
- 4 With suppliant Voice, in each Distress,  
His sole Support, his sole Redress,  
From God the Man of faithful Mind  
Shall seek, and what he seeks shall find.
- 5 What, though the Just, by his Decree,  
Awhile a Man of Grievs we see?  
His Love shall soon its Aid bestow,  
And deep Oblivion of his Woe.
- 6 But Ill on all who Ill intend  
In full Proportion shall descend:  
Who tow'rd the Just in Hatred join,  
Shall feel the Weight of Pow'r divine.
- 7 'Tis thine thy Saints from Woes to free;  
Nor Time throughout its Course shall see  
The Soul, whose Hope on thee is staid,  
Neglected mourn thy absent Aid.

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- Ye humble Souls, that us'd to pray,  
Come, help my Lips to praise.
- 2 O Sinners, come and taste his Love,  
Come, learn his pleasant Ways,  
And let your own Experience prove  
The Sweetness of his Grace.
- 3 O love the Lord, ye Saints of his;  
His Eye regards the Just;  
How richly blest their Portion is  
Who make the Lord their Trust: }

## P S A L M XXXIV. Fourth Version. Second Part.

*Exhortations to Peace and Holiness.*

- 1 COME, Children, learn to fear the Lord,  
And that your Days be long,  
Let not a false or spiteful Word  
Be found upon your Tongue.
- 2 Depart from Mischief, practise Love,  
Pursue the Works of Peace;  
So shall the Lord your Ways approve,  
And set your Souls at Ease.
- 3 His Eyes awake to guard the Just,  
His Ears attend their Cry;  
When broken Spirits dwell in Dust,  
The God of Grace is nigh.
- 4 What tho' the Sorrows here they taste,  
Are sharp and tedious too,  
The Lord, who saves them all at last,  
Is their Supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the Wicked dead;  
But God secures his own,  
Prevents the Mischief when they slide,  
Or heals the broken Bone.
- 6 When Desolation like a Flood  
O'er the proud Sinner rolls,  
Saints find a Refuge in their God,  
For he redeem'd their Souls.

## P S A L M XXXIV. Fifth Version. DODDRIDGE.

*Divine Goodness celebrated.*

- 1 **T**RUMPHANT, Lord, thy Goodness reigns:  
Thro' all the wide celestial Plains;  
And its full Streams redundant flow  
Down to th' Abodes of Men below.
- 2 Thro' Nature's Works its Glories shine:  
The Cares of Providence are thine:  
And Grace erects our feeble Frame  
A fairer Temple to thy Name.
- 3 O give to ev'ry human Heart  
To taste and feel how good thou art:  
With grateful Love, and rev'rend Fear,  
To know, how blest thy Children are.
- 4 Let Nature burst into a Song:  
Ye echoing Hills, the Notes prolong:  
Earth, Seas, and Stars your Anthems raise,  
All vocal with your Maker's Praise.
- 5 Ye Saints, with Joy the Theme pursue;  
Its sweetest Notes belong to you;  
Chose by this condescending King  
For ever round his Throne to sing.

## PSALM XXXV. First Version. First Part. DODDRIDGE.

*God speaking Salvation to the humble and penitent Soul.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O melodious Sound  
To frail and dying Men!  
Salvation, which from God proceeds,  
And leads to God again!
- 2 Rescu'd from Death's eternal Gloom,  
And Sin's most hateful Chains:  
Rais'd to a Paradise of Bliss,  
Where Love and Glory reigns!
- 3 But O! may a degen'rate Soul,  
Sinful and weak as mine,

Presume

Presume to raise a trembling Eye  
To Blessings so divine ?

4 The Lustre of so bright a Bliss.  
My feeble Heart o'erbears ;  
And Unbelief almost perverts  
The Promise into Tears.

5 O Lord, my God, no Voice but thine  
These languid Hopes can raise :  
Speak thy Salvation to my Soul,  
And turn its Doubts to Praise.

6 O Lord, my God, this broken Voice  
Transported shall proclaim,  
And call on all th' angelic Harps  
To sound thy gracious Name.

P S A L M XXXV. First Version. Second Part.

*God's Complacency in the Prosperity of his Servants.*

1 **T**HE Lord with Pleasure views his Saints,  
And calls them all his own ;  
And low he bows to their Complaints,  
And pities ev'ry Groan.

2 In all the Joys they here possess  
He takes a tender Part ;  
And, when they rise to heav'nly Bliss,  
Complacence fills his Heart.

3 My God, are all my Pleasures thine,  
My Comforts thy Delight ?  
O be thy Happiness divine  
Most precious in my Sight.

4 They most in all thy Bliss shall share,  
Whose Hearts can love thee most ;  
O could I vie in Ardor here  
With all th' angelic Host.

P S A L M XXXVI. First Version. MERRICK.

*The Perfections and Providence of God.*

1 **T**HY Mercy, Lord, to Heav'n extends,  
Thy Truth the lofty Clouds transcends ;  
Fix'd as the Mountain's solid Base  
Thy Justice stands ; who seeks to trace

The

- The Counfels of the Will divine  
 By Reason's Aid, with scanty Line,  
 Prepost'rous, would the Deep explore,  
 And meafure with his Span its Shore.
- 2 Nor reft thy Cares alone confin'd  
 To us, the Sons of human Kind;  
 Thy Hand th' unconfcious Brute fufains,  
 And fpreads his Pasture on the Plains;  
 But we, with pious Truft, who know  
 What Gifts we to thy Mercy owe,  
 (O, what that Mercy can excel!)  
 Beneath thy foft'ring Wings fhall dwell.
- 3 To each who feeks thy Name, behold  
 Thy Houfe its richeft Stores unfold,  
 And Blifs unintermix'd with Woe  
 In full'eft Streams their Breaft o'erflow:  
 From out thy Seat, immortal King,  
 Forth iffues Life's perennial Spring;  
 Thy Light with unextinguish'd Rays  
 Shall o'er our Heads auspicious blaze.
- 4 Still may the Souls who thee have known  
 The Bleffings of thy Mercy own,  
 And each who bears a fpotlefs Mind  
 His Refuge in thy Juftice find:  
 Me let thy Care, almighty Friend,  
 From Guilt and Injury defend;  
 Then joyful each revolving Day  
 I fhall thy Goodnefs, Lord, difplay.

## P S A L M XXXVI. Second Verſion. TATE.

1. **T**H Y Mercy, Lord, my only Hope,  
 Above the heav'nly Orbs aſcends;  
 Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Scope  
 Beyond the ſpreading Sky extends.
- 2 Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains,  
 Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;  
 Thy Providence the World ſufains,  
 The whole Creation is thy Care.

Since of thy Goodness all partake,  
 With what Assurance should the Just  
 Thy shelt'ring Wings their Refuge make  
 And Saints to thy Protection trust!

Such Guests shall to thy Courts be led,  
 And there enjoy a rich Repast,  
 There drink as from a Fountain's Head,  
 Of Joys which shall for ever last.

With thee the Springs of Life remain,  
 Thy Presence is eternal Day:  
 O! let thy Saints thy Favor gain  
 To upright Hearts thy Truth display.

P S A L M XXXVI. Third Version. WATTS.

**H**IGH in the Heav'ns, eternal God,  
 Thy Goodness in full Glory shines;  
 Thy Truth shall break thro' ev'ry Cloud  
 That veils and darkens thy Designs.

For ever firm thy Justice stands,  
 As Mountains their Foundations keep;  
 Wise are the Wonders of thy Hands;  
 Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

Thy Providence is kind and large,  
 Both Man and Beast thy Bounty share;  
 The whole Creation is thy Charge,  
 But Saints are thy peculiar Care.

My God! how excellent thy Grace;  
 Whence all our Hope and Comfort springs!  
 The Sons of *Adam* in Distress  
 Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

From the Provisions of thy House  
 We shall be fed with sweet Repast;  
 There Mercy, like a River flows,  
 And brings Salvation to our Taste.

Life like a Fountain rich and free  
 Springs from the Presence of my Lord;  
 And in thy Light our Souls shall see  
 The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

P S A L M

PSALM XXXVI. Fourth Version. WATTS.

1. **W**HILE Men grow bold in wicked Ways,  
And yet a God they own,  
My Heart within me often says,  
“ Their Thoughts believe there's none.”
- 2 Their Thoughts and Ways at once declare,  
Whate'er their Lips profess,  
God hath no Pow'r for them to fear,  
Nor will they seek his Grace.
- 3 What strange Self-Flatt'ry blinds their Eyes!  
But there's a hast'ning Hour  
When they shall see with sore Surprise  
The Terrors of thy Pow'r.
- 4 Thy Justice shall maintain its Throne,  
Tho' Mountains melt away;  
Thy Judgments are a World unknown,  
A deep unfathom'd Sea.
- 5 Above these Heav'ns created Rounds  
Thy Mercies, Lord, extend;  
Thy Truth out-lives the narrow Bounds  
Where Time and Nature end.
- 6 Safety to Man thy Goodness brings,  
Nor overlooks the Beast;  
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings  
Thy Children chuse to rest.
- 7 From thee, when Creature-Streams run low,  
And mortal Comforts die,  
Perpetual Springs of Life shall flow,  
And raise our Pleasures high.
- 8 Tho' all created Light decay,  
And Death close up our Eyes,  
Thy Presence makes eternal Day  
Where Clouds can never rise.

PSALM XXXVII. First Version. First Part. MERRICK  
*No Reason to envy Sinners.*

1. **L**ET not the Sinner's Wealth or Might  
The Envy of thy Soul excite:

An

Anon thine Eye shall see him fade  
Quick as the Flow'r, or vernal Blade.

But thou thy Will to Heav'n's high Lord,  
His Faith thy Trust, thy Rule his Word,  
Submit, and nourish'd by his Hand  
Inherit from his Gift the Land.

3 In him delight, on him depend,  
Him chuse thy Guide, thy Way, thy End;  
So shall his Love thy Wishes grant,  
His Care anticipate thy Want.

4 He'll bid thy Acts, in Light serene,  
Fair as the rising Morn be seen;  
Thy Justice as the Noon of Day  
Diffusive pour its cloudless Ray.

5 With patient Hope await his Will,  
Nor let the Sight of prosp'rous Ill  
Impel thee with Disquiet vain  
His wise Disposals to arraign:

6 But see the meek and pious Band,  
Advanc'd by God's almighty Hand,  
That Hand shall bless them from above  
And crown them with eternal Love.

PSALM XXXVII. First Version. Second Part.

*The happy State and charitable Disposition of the Righteous.*

1 **E**XCHANGE not ye your scanty Store  
For Heaps of guilt-polluted Ore:  
That God, ye Saints, whose Love ye seek,  
The Arm of lawless Pow'r shall break.

2 He'll bid the Just protected stand  
Beneath the Shadow of his Hand:  
But wait a while; then look around;  
No more the impious Race are found.

3 By him your Years determin'd flow;  
The Lot, which his Decrees bestow,  
From Sire to Son, till Time shall end,  
In sure Succession shall descend.

4 His



- 4 His plenteous Alms the Just can give,  
And pleas'd a Brother's Wants relieve;  
While faithless Men th' intrusted Loan  
With base Ingratitude disown.
- 5 Earth's Goods thy Blessing to the Pure  
Shall grant, and what it grants insure;  
While guilty Souls the Hand divine  
To full Excision shall consign.
- 6 The Just, blest Object of thy Love,  
Thou, Lord, wilt lead, his Path approve,  
Thy faithful Hands his Steps sustain,  
Nor falls he, but to rise again.
- 7 His Heart with gen'rous Pity glows;  
Inrich'd by what his Hand bestows  
He lives, and for his distant Heirs  
Prosperity and Peace prepares.

## P S A L M XXXVII. First Version. Third

*The different End of the Righteous and Wicked.*

- 1 **D**ELIGHTED whom his Laws delight  
Th' Almighty views; nor Day nor Night  
The Soul that bows to his Decree  
Abandon'd from his Love shall see.
- 2 Behold, ye Just, th' eternal Doom  
The Sinner's short-liv'd Race consume,  
While happier ye to yours assign'd  
A Heritage perpetual find.
- 3 The prosp'ring Sinner once I view'd;  
Strong as the healthful Tree he stood:  
I went, I came, and look'd again;  
I look'd, but sought his Place in vain.
- 4 To God the Just his Safety owes,  
Him owns his Strength amidst his Woes,  
Assur'd that he shall each defend  
Whose constant Hopes on him depend.
- 5 Behold the Just, and mark his End:  
See Peace his Eye of Life attend,

While on the Sinner's latest Hour  
The Storms of heaviest Judgments low'r.

- 6 God's Law, the ever faithful Guide  
To Sin forbids our Feet to slide;  
Recede from Ill, to Good incline  
Thy Thought; and endless Life be thine.

P S A L M XXXVII. Second Version. TATE.

*Prosperous Vice to be neither envied nor feared.*

- 1 **T**HO' wicked Men grow rich or great,  
Yet let not their successful State  
Thy Anger or thy Envy raise:  
For they cut down like tender Grass,  
Or like young Flow'rs away shall pass,  
Whose blooming Beauty soon decays.
- 2 Depend on God, and him obey,  
So thou within the Land shalt stay,  
Secure from Danger and from Want:  
Make his Commands thy chief Delight,  
And he, thy Duty to requite,  
Shall all thy earnest Wishes grant.
- 3 In all thy Ways trust thou the Lord,  
And he will needful Help afford  
To perfect ev'ry just Design;  
And make, like Light serene and clear,  
Thy clouded Innocence appear,  
And as a mid-day Sun to shine.
- 4 With quiet Mind on God depend,  
And patiently for him attend,  
Nor let thine Anger weakly rise;  
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,  
And with Success the Plots are crown'd,  
Which they maliciously devise.
- 5 God to the Just will Aid afford,  
Their only Safeguard is the Lord,  
Their Strength, in Time of Need, is He:  
Because on him they still depend,  
The Lord will timely Succour send,  
And from the Wicked set him free.

P S A L M

PSALM XXXVII. Third Version. First Part. WA1

*The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief.*

- † 1 **W**HY should I vex my Soul, and fret  
To see the Wicked rise ?  
Or envy Sinners waxing great  
By Violence and Lies ?
- 2 As flow'ry Grafs cut down at Noon,  
Before the Ev'ning fades;  
So shall their Glories vanish soon  
In everlasting Shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my Trust,  
And practise all that's Good ;  
So shall I dwell among the Just,  
And he'll provide me Food.
- 4 I to my God my Ways commit,  
And chearful wait his Will ;  
Thy Hand, which guides my doubtful Feet,  
Shall my Desires fulfil.
- 5 Mine Innocence shalt thou display,  
And make thy Judgments known,  
Fair as the Light of dawning Day,  
And glorious as the Noon.
- 6 The Meek shall still thy Love possess,  
Such are the Heirs of Heav'n ;  
True Riches with abundant Peace  
To humble Souls are giv'n.

PSALM XXXVII. Third Version. Second Part

*Religion in Words and Deeds.*

- 1 **W**HY do the wealthy Wicked boast,  
And grow profanely bold ?  
The meanest Portion of the Just  
Excels the Sinner's Gold.
- 2 The Wicked borrows of his Friends  
But ne'er designs to pay ;  
The Saint is merciful and lends,  
Nor turns the Poor away.
- 3 His Alms with lib'ral Heart he gives  
Among the Sons of Need ;  
His Mem'ry to long Ages lives,  
And blessed is his Seed.

- † His Lips abhor to talk profane,  
To slander or defraud;  
His ready Tongue declares to Men  
What he has learnt of God.
- 5 The Law and Gospel of the Lord  
Deep in his Heart abide;  
Led by the Spirit and the Word  
His Feet shall never slide.
- 6 When Sinners fall the Righteous stand,  
Preserv'd from ev'ry Snare;  
They shall possess the promis'd Land,  
And dwell for ever there.

## P S A L M XXXVII. Third Version. Third Part.

*The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the Steps of pious Men  
Are order'd by thy Will;  
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,  
Thy Hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their Ways,  
Their Virtue he approves;  
He'll ne'er deprive them of his Grace,  
Nor leave the Men he loves.
- 3 The heav'nly Heritage is theirs,  
Their Portion and their Home;  
He feeds them now, and makes them Heirs  
Of Blessings long to come.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye Sons of Men,  
Nor fear when Tyrants frown;  
Ye shall confess their Pride was vain  
When Justice casts them down.
- 5 The haughty Sinner have I seen  
Nor fearing Man nor God,  
Like a tall Bay-Tree fair and green,  
Spreading his Arms abroad.
- 6 And lo, he vanish'd from the Ground,  
Destroy'd by Hands unseen;  
Nor Root, nor Branch, nor Leaf was found  
Where all that Pride had been.

7 But

- 7 But mark the Man of Righteousness,  
His sev'ral Steps attend ;  
True Pleasure runs thro' all his Ways,  
And peaceful is his End.

## P S A L M XXXVII. Fourth Version. DODDRIDGE.

*The Days of the Upright known to God.*

- 1 **T**O Thee, my God, my Days are known ;  
My Soul enjoys the Thought ;  
My Actions all before thy Face,  
Nor are my Faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret Breath Devotion vents  
Is vocal to thine Ear ;  
And all my Walks of daily Life  
Before thine Eye appear.
- 3 The vacant Hour, the active Scene,  
Thy Mercy shall approve ;  
And ev'ry Pang of Sympathy,  
And ev'ry Care of Love.
- 4 Each golden Hour of beaming Light,  
Is guided by thy Rays ;  
And dark Affliction's Midnight Gloom  
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy View thro' Life I pass,  
And in thy View I die ;  
And, when each mortal Bond is broke,  
Shall find my God is nigh.
- 6 Strip'd of my little earthly All,  
I then in Smiles shall go ;  
And in an heav'nly Heritage  
My Father's Bounty know.

## P S A L M XXXVII. Fifth Version. MASTERS.

*The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.*

- 1 **F**RET not thyself when wicked Men prevail,  
And bold Iniquity bears down the Scale ;  
They and their Glory quickly shall decay,  
Swept by the Hand of Providence away,  
As verdant Grass, cut from its vital Root,  
That with'ring dies beneath the heedless Foot.

In Piety resolv'd, on God depend ;  
 His Hand shall feed thee, and his Arm defend ;  
 Delight in him who hath the Pow'r to bless,  
 And what thy Soul desires, thou shalt possess ;  
 In all thy Ways on Providence recline,  
 So shall he vindicate each just Design :

Thy Virtue in full Prospect shall be shewn,  
 Clear as the Morn, bright as the Mid-Day Sun :  
 In humble Silence ever patient be,  
 Wait the Event of his divine Decree ;  
 Though guilty Policy her Schemes fulfil,  
 Fret not thyself, nor imitate the Ill.

† Sudden the Sons of Vice shall be destroy'd,  
 And desolate the Place they once enjoy'd ;  
 But he that's humble, merciful, and just,  
 And in his God reposes all his Trust,  
 Shall see his Days protracted, void of Cares,  
 And pass with Pleasure his remaining Years.

## P A U S E.

- 5 The humble Pittance, by the Good enjoy'd,  
 With Labor gain'd, with Probity employ'd,  
 Is better far, and more to be desir'd,  
 Than wealthy Stores by wicked Men acquir'd ;  
 Whose Arms shall fail, whose Strength shall Weakness prove,  
 But the just Man no Pow'r on Earth shall move.
- 6 When heavy Judgments sweep o'er guilty Lands,  
 Secure in conscious Innocence he stands ;  
 Should Fountains fail, and Earth deny her Grain,  
 Should pinching Want, and meagre Famine reign,  
 His Soul confiding in *Jehovah's* Care  
 Nor dire Alarms, nor pinching Want shall fear.
- 7 What splendid Virtues grace the pious Mind !  
 Here Mercy is with chearing Bounty join'd,  
 Here open-handed Charity is seen,  
 And soft Compassion with a gentle Mien ;  
 Such form the Man, who now Heav'n's Favor shares,  
 And leaves at last a Blessing to his Heirs.
- 8 A good Man's Steps are all with Caution trod,  
 At once the Charge and Fav'rite of his God :  
 And if he slips (as sure the best may err)  
 He's still supported by almighty Care ;

To

To Heav'n he looks, expecting to obtain  
Sufficient Grace, and never looks in vain.

## P A U S E.

Observe what's right, let Sin be e'er abhorr'd,  
Immortal Life shall be the great Reward;  
For Truth and Virtue are by Heav'n approv'd,  
And the just Man shall be by Heav'n belov'd;  
Protected by his God, he knows no Fear,  
For ever safe beneath his Guardian's Care.

o That Friend of Saints will lengthen out their Days,  
When sudden Death cuts off the wicked Race;  
The Man whose Life is regular and pure,  
Shall make his Name to latest Times endure;  
Nor through unnumber'd Ages shall decline,  
The patrimonial Honors of his Line.

i To the just Man Prosperity is giv'n,  
And his Redeemer is the Lord of Heav'n:  
What Wisdom dictates, he with Pleasure tells,  
While his glad Tongue on sweet Instruction dwells;  
Within his Heart his Maker's Law presides,  
And firm he treads whom true Religion guides.

z Behold the Man, whose Life's unblemish'd Round,  
Is with fair Truth and bright Perfection crown'd;  
With what Composure he resigns his Breath,  
Serenely smiling in the Arms of Death!  
His God is his Support, his Joy, his Rest,  
And to Eternity he shall be blest.

P S A L M XXXVIII. First Version. DODDRIDGE.

*Our Desire before God in extreme Distress.*

**M**Y Soul, the awful Hour will come,  
Apace it passeth on,  
To bear this Body to the Tomb,  
And thee to Scenes unknown.

My Heart, long lab'ring with its Woes,  
Shall pant and sink away;  
And you, my Eye-Lids, soon shall close  
On the last glimm'ring Ray.

ce in that Hour shall I receive  
 Cordial for my Pain,  
 , if Earth's Monarchs were my Friends,  
 ose Friends would weep in vain?

King of Nature, and of Grace,  
 thee my Spirit flies,  
 opens all its deep Distress.  
 ore thy pitying Eyes.

s Desires to thee are known,  
 d ev'ry secret Fear,  
 Meaning of each broken Groan  
 ll-notic'd by thine Ear.

me by that mighty Pow'r,  
 ick to such Love belongs,  
 e Darkness veils the Eyes no more,  
 d Sighs are chang'd to Songs.

A L M XXXIX. First Version. MERRICK.

*The Vanity and Frailty of human Life.*

UTOR'D by Wisdom, I would learn  
 How soon my Fabric shall return  
 arth, and in the silent Tomb  
 at of lasting Rest assume.

Life's advancing to its Close,  
 e scarce its earliest Dawn it knows,  
 through an empty Shade we run,  
 Vanity and Man are one.

ow thy Chastisements impair  
 uman Form, however fair!  
 frail the strongest Frame we see,  
 thou, O God, our Death decree!

en the fretting Moths consume  
 Labor of the curious Loom,  
 Texture fails, the Dyes decay,  
 ll its Lustre fades away.

of my Fathers! Here, as they,  
 the Pilgrim of a Day;



A transient Guest, thy Works admire,  
And instant to my Home retire.

- 6 O spare me, Lord, awhile, O spare,  
+ { Thy Servant would for Heav'n prepare,  
Ere Life's short Circuit wander'd o'er,  
I die, and here am seen no more.

PSALM XXXIX. Second Version. TATE.

*The Reasonableness of making God our only Confidence.*

- 1 **R**ESOLV'D to watch o'er all my Ways,  
I keep my Tongue in Awe;  
I curb'd my hasty Words when I  
The Wicked prosp'rous saw.
- 2 Like one that's dumb I silent stood,  
And did my Tongue refrain  
From good Discourse, but that Restraint  
Increas'd my inward Pain.
- 3 My Heart did glow with working Thoughts,  
And no Repose could take,  
Till strong Reflection fann'd the Fire  
And thus at length I spake.
- 4 Lord, let me know my Term of Days,  
How soon my Life will end;  
The num'rous Train of Ills disclose,  
Which this frail State attend.
- 5 My Life, thou know'st, is but a Span,  
A Cypher sums my Years;  
And ev'ry Man in best Estate  
But Vanity appears.
- 6 Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks;  
With fruitless Cares oppress'd;  
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell  
By whom 'twill be possess'd.
- 7 Why then should I on worthless Toys  
With anxious Care attend?  
On thee alone, my steadfast Hope  
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

PSALM

PSALM XXXIX. Third Version, First Part. WATTS.

*Watchfulness over the Tongue.*

- 1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord,  
 " Now will I watch my Tongue,  
 " Left I let slip one sinful Word,  
 " Or do my Neighbour wrong.
- 2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay  
 With Men of Lives profane,  
 I'll set a double Guard that Day,  
 Nor let my Talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my Lips to speak  
 The pious Thoughts I feel,  
 Left Scoffers should th' Occasion take  
 To mock my holy Zeal.
- 4 Yet if some proper Hour appear,  
 I'll not be over-aw'd,  
 But let the scoffing Sinners hear  
 That we can speak for God.

P S A L M XXXIX. Third Version. Second Part.

*The Vanity of Man as Mortal.*

- 1 **T**EACH me the Measure of my Days,  
 Thou Maker of my Frame;  
 I would survey Life's narrow Space,  
 And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A Span is all that we can boast,  
 An Inch or two of Time;  
 Man is but Vanity and Dust  
 In all his Flow'r and Prime.
- 3 See the vain Race of Mortals move  
 Like Shadows o'er the Plain,  
 They rage and strive, desire and love,  
 But all the Noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in Honor's gaudy Show,  
 Some dig for Golden Ore,  
 They toil for Heirs they know not who,  
 And strait are seen no more.

- 5 What should I wish or wait for then  
 From Creatures, Earth and Dust?  
 They make our Expectations vain,  
 And disappoint our Trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal Hope,  
 My fond Desires recall;  
 I give my mortal Int'rest up,  
 And make my God my All.

## P S A L M XXXIX. Third Version. Third Part.

*Sick-Bed Devotion.*

- 1 **G**OD of my Life, look gently down,  
 Behold the Pains I feel;  
 But I am dumb before thy Throne,  
 Nor dare dispute thy Will.
- 2 Diseases are thy Servants, Lord,  
 They come at thy Command;  
 I'll not attempt a murm'ring Word  
 Against thy chast'ning Hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble Cries,  
 Remove thy sharp Rebukes;  
 My Strength consumes, my Spirit dies  
 Thro' thy repeated Strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a Moth beneath thy Hand  
 We moulder to the Dust;  
 Our feeble Pow'rs can ne'er withstand,  
 And all our Beauty's lost.
- 5 This mortal Life decays apace,  
 How soon the Bubble's broke!  
*Adam*, and all his num'rous Race  
 Are Vanity and Smoke.
- 6 I'm but a Sojourner below  
 As all my Fathers were,  
 May I be well prepar'd to go  
 When I the Summons hear!
- 7 But if my Life be spar'd a while  
 Before my last Remove,  
 Thy Praise shall be my Business still,  
 And I'll declare thy Love.

P S A L M XXXIX. Fourth Version. STEELE.

*The Vanity and Frailty of Human Life.*

- A**LMIGHTY Maker of my Frame,  
 Teach me the Measure of my Days,  
 Teach me to know how frail I am,  
 And spend the Remnant to thy Praise.  
 My Days are shorter than a Span,  
 A little Point my Life appears;  
 How frail at best is dying Man!  
 How vain are all his Hopes and Fears!  
 Vain his Ambition, Noise, and Show!  
 Vain are the Cares which rack his Mind!  
 He heaps up Treasures mix'd with Woe;  
 And dies, and leaves them all behind:  
 O be a nobler Portion mine:  
 My God, I bow before thy Throne,  
 Earth's fleeting Treasures I resign,  
 And fix my Hope on thee alone.  
 Save me, by thy almighty Arm,  
 From all my Sins, and cleanse my Faults;  
 Then Guilt nor Folly shall alarm  
 My Soul, or vex my peaceful Thoughts.  
 Beneath the chaf'ning of thy Hand,  
 Let not my Heart or Tongue repine;  
 But silent and submissive bend,  
 And bear the Stroke because 'tis thine.  
 But O let Mercy soon prevail,  
 Each Pain and Sorrow to remove;  
 The Stroke is just, but I am frail,  
 Thy sparing Goodness let me prove.  
 O spare me, and my Strength restore,  
 Ere my few hasty Minutes flee;  
 And when my Days on Earth are o'er,  
 Let me for ever dwell with thee.

P S A L M XL. First Version. MERRICK.

*Trust in God.*

- W**ITH patient Hope my God I fought;  
 He to his Suppliant's Want his Thought  
 G 3

In happiest Hour apply'd :  
 He from the dark and miry Pit  
 High on the Rock has rais'd my Feet ;  
 Nor fear my Steps to slide.

- 2 His Praise inspires my grateful Tongue,  
 And dictates to my Lips a Song  
 In Strains unheard before.  
 Admiring Crouds his Work shall see,  
 Their Strength on him repose with me,  
 With me his Name adore.
- 3 Blest, who in thee, great God, confide,  
 Nor madly trust the Arm of Pride,  
 And Helps that but betray.  
 Thy Mercies, Lord, all Praise surmount,  
 Nor Numbers can their Sum recount,  
 Nor Words their Worth display.

P S A L M XL. Second Version. First Part. WATTS.

*A Song of Deliverance.*

- 1 **I** Waited patient for the Lord,  
 He bow'd to hear my Cry ;  
 He saw me resting on his Word,  
 And brought Salvation nigh.
- 2 Firm on a Rock he made me stand,  
 And taught my chearful Tongue  
 To praise the Wonders of his Hand  
 In a new thankful Song.
- 3 I'll spread his Works of Grace abroad ;  
 The Saints with Joy shall hear,  
 And Sinners learn to make my God  
 Their only Hope and Fear.
- 4 How many are thy Thoughts of Love !  
 Thy Mercies, Lord, how great !  
 We have not Words nor Hours enough  
 Their Numbers to repeat.
- 5 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,  
 And Light and Peace depart,  
 My God beholds my heavy Woe,  
 And bears me on his Heart.

P S A L M

## P S A L M XL. Second Version. Second Part.

*The Mission and Death of Christ.*

**T**HUS saith the Lord, "Your Work is vain,  
 "Give your Burnt-Off'rings o'er,  
 "In dying Goats and Bullocks slain  
 "My Soul delights no more."

Then spoke the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,  
 "My God, to do thy Will;  
 "What e'er thy sacred Books declare  
 "Thy Servant shall fulfil.

"Thy Law is ever in my Sight,  
 "I keep it near my Heart;  
 "Mine Ears are open'd with Delight  
 "To what thy Lips impart."

Much he reveal'd his Father's Grace,  
 And much his Truth he shew'd,  
 And preach'd the Way of Righteousness  
 Where great Assemblies stood.

His Father's Honor touch'd his Heart,  
 He pity'd Sinners Cries,  
 And to fulfil a Saviour's Part  
 Was made a Sacrifice.

## P S A L M XL. Third Version. DODDRIDGE.

*God magnified by those who love his Salvation.*

1 **G**OD of Salvation, we adore  
 Thy saving Love, thy saving Pow'r;  
 And to our utmost Stretch of Thought  
 Hail the Redemption thou hast wrought.

2 We love the Stroke, that breaks our Chain,  
 The Sword by which our Sins are slain:  
 And, while abas'd in Dust we bow,  
 We sing the Grace, that lays us low.

3 Perish each Thought of human Pride:  
 Let God alone be magnify'd:  
 His Glory let the Heav'ns resound,  
 Shouted from Earth's remotest Bound.

- 4 Saints, who his full Salvation know,  
 Saints, who but taste it here below,  
 Join ev'ry Angel's Voice to raise  
 Continu'd, never-ending Praise.

P S A L M XLI. First Version. MERRICK.

*The charitable Man blessed.*

- 1 **B**LEST, who with gen'rous Pity glows,  
 Who learns to feel another's Woes,  
 Bows to the poor Man's Want his Ear,  
 And wipes the helpless Orphan's Tear.
- 2 In ev'ry Want, in ev'ry Woe,  
 Himself thy Pity, Lord, shall know;  
 Thy Love his Life shall guard, thy Hand  
 Give to his Lot the chosen Land.
- 3 When languid with Disease and Pain,  
 Thou, Lord, his Spirit wilt sustain,  
 Prop with thine Arm his sinking Head,  
 And turn with tend'rest Care his Bed.
- 4 O let me, Lord, thy Mercy share,  
 Thus to my God I form'd the Pray'r,  
 Health to my fainting Soul dispense,  
 That humbled owns each known Offence.
- 5 And I (for thou thy Aid shalt yield)  
 In Innocence of Heart upheld  
 Thy Courts shall ever tread, and there  
 The Fulness of thy Presence share.
- 6 O thankful bless th' Almighty Lord,  
 The God by *Jacob's* Sons ador'd;  
 To him through endless Ages raise  
 One Song of oft-repeated Praise.

P S A L M XLI. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **H**APPY the Man, whose tender Care  
 Relieves the poor Distrest:  
 When Troubles compass him around,  
 The Lord shall give him Rest.
- 2 The Lord his Life with Blessings crown'd,  
 In Safety shall prolong;

And disappoint the Will of those,  
Who seek to do him Wrong. } +

- 3 If he in languishing Estate  
Oppress'd with Sickness lie,  
The Lord will easy make his Bed,  
And inward Strength supply.
- 4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,  
I thus my Pray'r address'd;  
" Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,  
" Though I have much transgress'd."
- 5 Thy tender Care secures my Life  
From Danger and Disgrace;  
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still  
Before thy glorious Face.
- 6 Let therefore *Israel's* Lord and God  
From Age to Age be bless'd;  
And all thy People's glad Applause  
With loud Amens express'd.

## P S A L M XLI. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **B**LEST is the Man whose Bowels move,  
And melt with Pity to the Poor,  
Whose Soul by sympathizing Love  
Feels what his Fellow-Saints endure.
- 2 His Heart contrives for their Relief  
More Good than his own Hands can do;  
He in the Time of gen'ral Grief  
Shall find the Lord has Pity too.
- 3 His Soul shall live secure on Earth,  
With secret Blessings on his Head,  
When Drought, and Pestilence, and Death  
Around him multiply their Dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his Couch,  
God will pronounce his Sins forgiv'n,  
Will save him with a healing Touch,  
Or take his willing Soul to Heav'n.



## P S A L M XLII. First Version. MERRICK.

*Absence from public Worship lamented.*

- 1 **A**S pants the Heart for cooling Springs,  
So longs my Soul, O King of Kings,  
Thy Face in near Approach to see,  
Thy thirsts, great Source of Life, for thee ;  
When shall I reach thy blest Abode ?  
When meet the Prefence of my God ? .
- 2 When up fair *Sion's* high Ascent  
The Tribes in long Procession went,  
And, while thy Praise in grateful Songs  
Resounded from a thousand Tongues,  
I, rank'd amid the festive Train,  
Exulting trod thy hallow'd Fane.
- 3 Why now, my Soul, with Care oppress'd ?  
And whence the Woes that fill my Breast ?  
In all thy Cares, in all thy Woes,  
On God thy stedfast Hope repose ;  
To him my Thanks shall still be paid,  
My sure Defence, my constant Aid.
- 4 Thy Mercies, Lord, before my Eyes  
Shall yet in sweet Remembrance rise ;  
To thee my Soul ascends in Pray'r,  
And in thy Bosom pours its Care ;  
Thy Name to Rapture prompts my Tongue,  
My Joy by Day, by Night my Song.

## P S A L M XLII. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **A**S pants the Heart for cooling Streams,  
When heated in the Chace,  
So longs my Soul, O God, for thee,  
And thy refreshing Grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God  
My thirsty Soul doth pine ;  
O when shall I behold thy Face,  
Thou Majesty divine.
- 3 I sigh whene'er my musing Thoughts  
Those happy Days present,

P S A L M XLII, XLIII.

When I with Troops of pious Friends  
Thy Temple did frequent.

- 4 When I advanc'd with Songs of Praise,  
My solemn Vows to pay,  
And led the joyful, sacred Throng  
That kept the festal Day.
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul?  
Trust God, who will employ  
His Aid for thee, and change these Sighs  
To thankful Hymns of Joy.
- 6 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The Praise of him who is thy God,  
Thy Health's eternal Spring.

P S A L M XLII. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **W**ITH earnest Longings of the Mind,  
My God, to thee I look;  
So pants the hunted Hart to find  
And taste the cooling Brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy Courts of Grace,  
And meet my God again?  
The shortest Absence from thy Face:  
My Heart endures with Pain.
- 3 'Tis with a mournful Pleasure now  
I think on antient Days;  
Then to thy House did Numbers go,  
And all our Work was Praise.
- 4 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty Hand  
Thy Sorrows can remove;  
For I shall yet before him stand,  
And sing restoring Love.

P S A L M XLIII. MERRICK.

*Delight in public Worship, and Confidence in God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, let thy Light attend our Way,  
Thy Truth afford its steady Ray,  
To *Sion's* Hill direct our Feet,  
To worship in thy hallow'd Seat.

G 6.

- 2 Thy Mercies, to our Heart reveal'd,  
A Theme of endless Transport yield;  
Thy Praise, O God, our God, the Lyre  
Shall wake, thy Love its Song inspire.
- 3 In all your Cares, in all your Woes,  
On God your stedfast Hope repose;  
To him our Thanks shall still be paid,  
Our sure Defence, our constant Aid.

## P S A L M XLIV. TATE.

*In Time of War.*

- 1 **O** Lord, our Fathers oft have told'  
In our attentive Ears,  
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,  
And elder Times than theirs.
- 2 'Twas not their Courage nor their Sword  
To them Salvation gave:  
Nor Strength, that from unequal Force  
Their fainting Troops could save:
- 3 But thy right Hand and pow'rful Arm,  
Whose Succour they implor'd,  
Thy Presence with the chosen Race,  
Who thy great Name ador'd.
- 4 As thee their God our Fathers own'd,  
Thou art our Sov'reign King:  
O therefore, as thou didst to them,  
To us Deliv'rance bring.
- 5 We'll neither trust our Bow nor Sword,  
When we in Fight engage:  
But thee who canst our Foes subdue,  
And shame their causeless Rage.
- 6 To thee the Triumph we'll ascribe,  
From whom Salvation came:  
In God we will rejoice all Day,  
And ever bless his Name.

## PSALM XLVI. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*In Time of War.*

- 1 **O** N Thee, great Ruler of the Skies,  
On thee our stedfast Hope relies:

When

When hostile Pow'rs against us join,  
What Aid so present, Lord, as thine?

By thee secur'd, no Fears we own,  
Though Earth, convuls'd, beneath us groan,  
Though Tempests o'er her Surface sweep,  
And whirl her Hills into the Deep:

Though, arm'd with Rage, before our Eyes,  
That Deep in all its Horrors rise,  
While, as the Tumult spreads around,  
The Mountains tremble at the Sound.

On Heav'n's high Lord our Trust we build;  
The God of *Jacob* is our Shield:  
Behold fair *Sion*'s blest Retreat,  
Where God has fix'd his awful Seat.

No Tempests there licentious stray,  
But soft along their level Way  
The sacred Streams their Course maintain,  
And crown with Health her happy Plain.

God, ever watchful, ever nigh,  
Bids Storms around her harmless fly;  
His early Care each Foe withstands,  
And backward turns the yielding Bands.

See, rous'd by Discord's fierce Alarms,  
The headlong Nations rush to Arms;  
But God aloud asserts his Sway,  
And Earth's whole Fabric melts away.

Behold fair *Sion*'s blest Retreat,  
Where God has fix'd his awful Seat:  
On Heav'n's high Lord our Trust we build,  
The God of *Jacob* is our Shield.

P S A L M XLVI. First Version. Second Part.

*Public Peace restored.*

**O** Come, behold a Scene of Dread,  
Behold a World with Slaughter spread;  
And know 'tis God who bids each Land  
Thus feel the Terrors of his Hand.

- 2 'Tis his, again the Earth to chear,  
To break the Bow, to snap the Spear,  
To wrap in Flames the glitt'ring Car,  
And hush the Tumult of the War.
- 3 Bow then, ye Sons of Pride, and own  
That I am God, and I alone :  
Exalted o'er each Heathen Land,  
Exalted o'er the Earth I stand.
- 4 I bind all Nature to my Will,  
And bid the factious World be still :  
On Heav'n's high Lord our Trust we build ;  
The God of *Jacob* is our Shield.

## P S A L M XLVI. Second Version. TATE.

*From God proceed both Peace and War ; the former  
Mercy, the later in Judgment.*

- 1 **G**OD is our Refuge in Distress,  
A present Help when Dangers press,  
In him undaunted we'll confide :  
Tho' Earth were from her Center tost,  
And Mountains in the Ocean lost,  
Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.
- 2 A gentle Stream with Gladness still  
The City of our Lord shall fill,  
The Royal Seat of God most high :  
God dwells in *Sion*, whose fair Tow'rs  
Shall mock th' Assaults of earthly Pow'rs,  
While his almighty Aid is nigh.
- 3 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,  
And Kingdoms War against us wag'd,  
He thunder'd and dispers'd their Pow'rs :  
The Lord of Hosts conducts our Arms,  
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,  
Our Fathers Guardian God and ours.
- 4 Come, see the Wonders he hath wrought,  
On Earth what Desolation brought :  
How he has calm'd the jarring World :  
He broke the warlike Spear and Bow ;  
With them their thund'ring Chariots too  
Into devouring Flames were hurl'd.

- Submit to God's almighty Sway ;  
 For him the Heathen shall obey ;  
 And Earth her sov'reign Lord confess,  
 The God of Hosts conducts our Arms,  
 Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,  
 As to our Fathers in Distress.

## PSALM XLVI. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*The Church's Safety amidst national Desolations.*

- 1 **G**OD is the Refuge of his Saints,  
 When Storms of sharp Distress invade ;  
 E'er we can offer our Complaints,  
 Behold him present with his Aid.
- 2 Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd  
 Down to the Deep, and bury'd there ;  
 Convulsions shake the solid World,  
 Our Faith shall never yield to Fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled Ocean roar,  
 In sacred Peace our Souls abide,  
 While ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Shore,  
 Trembles and dreads the swelling Tide.
- 4 There is a Stream whose gentle Flow  
 Supplies the City of our God ;  
 Life, Love and Joy still gliding thro',  
 And wat'ring our divine Abode.
- 5 That sacred Stream, thine holy Word,  
 Supports our Hopes, our Fear controuls ;  
 Sweet Peace thy Promises afford,  
 And give new Strength to fainting Souls.
- 6 *Sion* enjoys her Monarch's Love,  
 Secure against a threat'ning Hour ;  
 Nor can her firm Foundations move,  
 Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

## PSALM XLVI. Third Version. Second Part.

*God the Protector of his Church and People.*

- 1 **L**ET *Sion* in her King rejoice,  
 Tho' Tyrants rage and Kingdoms rise ;  
 He utters his Almighty Voice,  
 The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

- 2 The Lord of old for *Jacob* fought,  
And *Jacob's* God is still our Aid;  
Behold the Works his Hand has wrought,  
What Desolations he has made.
- 3 From Sea to Sea thro' all the Shores  
He makes the Noise of Battle cease;  
When from on high his Thunder roars  
He awes the trembling World to Peace.
- 4 He breaks the Bow, he cuts the Spear,  
Chariots he burns with heav'nly Flame;  
Keep Silence all the Earth, and hear  
The Sound and Glory of his Name.
- 5 "Be still, and learn that I am God,  
"I'll be exalted o'er the Lands,  
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,  
"But still my Throne in *Sion* stands."
- 6 O Lord of Hosts, almighty King,  
While we so near thy Presence dwell,  
Our Faith shall sit secure and sing  
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

P S A L M XLVI. Fourth Version. DODDRIDGE.

*Patience under Affliction, a proper Acknowledgment of God.*

- 1 **P**EACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's Hand,  
That blasts our Joys in Death;  
Changes the Visage once so dear,  
And gathers back our Breath.
- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme  
Of all the Worlds above,  
Whose steady Counsels wisely rule,  
Nor from the Purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose Justice might demand  
Our Souls a Sacrifice;  
Yet scatters with unweary'd Hand  
A thousand rich Supplies.
- 4 Our Cov'nant-God and Father he  
In *Christ* our righteous Lord;  
Whose Grace can heal the bursting Heart  
With one reviving Word.

- Fair Garlands of immortal Bliss  
 He weaves for ev'ry Brow ;  
 And shall tumultuous Passions rise,  
 If he correct us now ?
- 6 Silent I own Jehovah's Name ;  
 I kiss thy scourging Hand ;  
 And yield my Comforts, and my Life  
 To thy supreme Command.

## P S A L M XLVI. Fifth Version. STEELE.

*Praise for national Peace.*

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of the Earth and Skies,  
 A Word of thy almighty Breath  
 Can sink the World, or bid it rise :  
 Thy Smile is Life, thy Frown is Death.
- 2 When angry Nations rush to Arms,  
 And Rage and Noise, and Tumult reign,  
 And War resounds its dire Alarms,  
 And Slaughter spreads the hostile Plain ;
- 3 Thy sov'reign Eye looks calmly down,  
 And marks their Course, and bounds their Pow'r ;  
 Thy Word the angry Nations own,  
 And Noise and War are heard no more.
- 4 Then Peace returns with balmy Wing,  
 (Sweet Peace ! with her what Blessings fled !)  
 Glad Plenty laughs, the Vallies sing,  
 Reviving Commerce lifts her Head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,  
 All move subservient to thy Will ;  
 And Peace and War await thy Word,  
 And thy sublime Decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful Songs,  
 Thy kind Protection still implore :  
 O may our Hearts, and Lives, and Tongues  
 Confess thy Goodness and adore.



## PSALM XLVII. First Version. MERRICK.

*Universal Praise due to God.*

- 1 **A**RISE, ye People, clap the Hand;  
Exulting strike the Chord:  
Let ev'ry Isle, and ev'ry Land,  
Confess th' Almighty Lord.
- 2 Sing to our God; in loudest Strain  
Perpetual Praises sing:  
O'er Earth's wide Bounds extends his Reign;  
O praise our God and King.
- 3 Prepare, prepare, with tuneful Art,  
In one assembled Throng,  
Your Shares of Harmony to part,  
And raise the Heav'n-taught Song.
- 4 His Sway the Sons of human Kind  
With humblest Homage own;  
And Sanctity with Pow'r combin'd  
Supports his lasting Throne.
- 5 Kings from afar conven'd behold,  
Whose Breasts with Zeal have glow'd,  
Among the Tribes to stand inroll'd,  
That bow to *Abraham's* God.
- 6 For he, whose Hands amid the Skies  
Th' eternal Scepter wield,  
To Earth's whole Race his Care applies,  
And o'er them spreads the Shield.

## PSALM XLVII. Second Version. TATE.

*Thanksgiving in Time of War.*

- 1 **O**All ye People clap your Hands,  
And with triumphant Voices sing;  
No Force the mighty Pow'r withstands  
Of God the universal King.
- 2 He shall opposing Nations quell,  
He shall himself our Battles fight:  
And keep us safe where now we dwell,  
The Land of *Britain* his Delight.

- 3 God reigns on high, our Lord and King,  
With Gladness shout, the Trumpet sound,  
To him repeated Praises sing,  
And let the chearful Song resound.
- 4 Your utmost Skill in Praise be shown,  
For him who all the World commands,  
Who sits upon his righteous Throne,  
And spreads his Sway o'er Seas and Lands.
- 5 Britons, who now far distant hence,  
Yet serve their God, proclaim his Fame,  
Shall find him their most sure Defence;  
How great and glorious is his Name.
- 6 O all ye People clap your Hands,  
And with triumphant Voices sing;  
No Force the mighty Pow'r withstands  
Of God the universal King.

P S A L M XLVII. Third Version. WATTS.

*A Psalm of Praise.*

- 1 **O** For a Shout of sacred Joy  
To God the sov'reign King!  
Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,  
And Hymns of Triumph sing.
- 2 While Angels shout and praise their King,  
Let Mortals learn their Strains;  
Let all the Earth his Honor sing;  
O'er all the Earth he reigns.
- 3 Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound,  
Let Knowledge lead the Song,  
Nor mock him with a solemn Sound  
Upon a thoughtless Tongue.
- 4 In *Israel* stood his ancient Throne,  
He lov'd that chosen Race,  
But now he calls the World his own,  
And Heathens taste his Grace.
- 5 The *British* Islands are the Lord's,  
There *Abraham's* God is known,  
While Pow'rs and Princes, Shields and Swords.  
Submit before his Throne.

P S A L M

P S A L M XLVII. Fourth Version.

*A Psalm of Praise.*

- 1 **C**LAP your Hands, rejoice and sing,  
Let all bless the heav'nly King;  
Lift your Voice, and shout his Praise,  
Triumph in his sov'reign Grace.
- 2 Glorious is the Lord most high,  
Terrible in Majesty,  
He his sov'reign Sway maintains,  
King o'er all the Earth he reigns.
- 3 Sons of Earth the Triumph join,  
Praise him with the Host divine,  
Emulate the heav'nly Pow'rs,  
Their all-gracious God is ours.
- 4 Happy who his Laws obey,  
Saints he rules with mildest Sway;  
Pure and holy Hearts alone  
He hath chos'n for his Throne.
- 5 Wonderful in saving Pow'r,  
Him let all our Hearts adore;  
Earth and Heav'n repeat the Cry,  
Glory be to God on high.

PSALM XLVIII. First Version. First Part. **MERRI**

*The Safety and Glory of Zion.*

- 1 **G**REAT is our God: with warmest Zeal  
O let his Name be blest,  
Within the Precincts of his Hill,  
And City of his Rest.
- 2 Fair is that Hill; how wond'rous fair!  
Imperial *Sion's* Seat;  
There centers, Earth, thy Joy, and there  
Its Measure owns compleat.

- Her Walls, while there his lov'd Recess  
 The Northern Heav'n surveys,  
 With Safety God vouchsafes to bless,  
 And pleas'd her Scepter sways.
- 4 Earth's haughty Monarchs thither came;  
 They came, they saw, they fled.  
 Amazement shook their inmost Frame,  
 And undissembled Dread.
- 5 Lord! what our Ears long since have known,  
 Our Eyes delighted trace,  
 Thy Love in long Succession shown  
 To Salem's chosen Race.
- 6 Thrice blest Abode! whose ev'ry Tow'r  
 By thee supported stands,  
 That God whose wide-extended Pow'r  
 Th' ethereal Host commands.

## P S A L M XLVIII. First Version. Second Part.

*Universal Praise due to God alone.*

- 1 **W**HEN, prostrate at thy hallow'd Shrine,  
 Thy Mercies each surveys,  
 Transported with the View, we join  
 In Wonder, Love, and Praise.
- 2 Thy Name, through Earth's wide Confines spread,  
 Eternal Honors crown;  
 Each Sentence by thy Hand decreed  
 Fair Justice stamps her own.
- 3 Let *Sion's* Heav'n-devoted Mount  
 With Shouts of Triumph ring,  
 And *Judah's* Daughters pleas'd recount  
 The Judgments of her King.
- 4 To him our thankful Hearts shall bow,  
 Nor own a God beside;  
 To Life's last Period him avow  
 The ever faithful Guide.

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## P S A L M XLVIII. Second Version. TAT

*Thanksgiving for Peace.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the only God, is great,  
And greatly to be prais'd,  
In *Sion*, on whose happy Mount  
His sacred Throne is rais'd.
- 2 God in her Palaces is known,  
His Presence is her Guard:  
Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,  
And of Success despair'd.
- 3 Nor in our Fortresses and Walls  
Did we, O God, confide,  
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,  
In which thou dost reside.
- 4 According to thy Sov'reign Name,  
Thy Praise through Earth extends,  
Thy pow'rful Arm, as Justice guides,  
Chastises or defends.
- 5 Let *Sion's* Mount with Joy resound,  
Her Daughters all be taught,  
In Songs his Judgments to extol,  
Who our Deliv'rance wrought.
- 6 Compass her Walls in solemn Pomp,  
Your Eyes quite round her cast,  
Count all her Tower's, and see if there  
You find a Stone displac'd.
- 7 Her Forts and Palaces survey,  
Observe their Order well,  
That with Assurance, to your Heirs,  
His Wonders you may tell.
- 8 This God is ours, and will be ours  
Whilst we in him confide;  
Who, as he has preserv'd us now,  
Always will be our Guide.

ALM XLVIII. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*The Church a Nation's Safety and Honour.*

**G**REAT is the Lord our God,  
 And let his Praise be great ;  
 He makes his Churches his Abode,  
 His most delightful Seat.

These Temples of his Grace,  
 How beautiful they stand !  
 The Honors of our native Place,  
 And Bulwarks of our Land.

In *Sion* God is known  
 A Refuge in Distress ;  
 How bright has his Salvation shone  
 Thro' all her Palaces !

When Kings against her join'd,  
 And saw the Lord was there,  
 In wild Confusion of the Mind  
 They fled with hasty Fear.

When Navies tall and proud  
 Attempt to spoil our Peace,  
 He sends his Tempest roaring loud,  
 And sinks them in the Seas.

Oft have our Fathers told,  
 Our Eyes have often seen,  
 How well our God secures the Fold  
 Where his own Sheep have been.

In ev'ry new Distress  
 We'll to his House repair,  
 We'll think upon his wond'rous Grace,  
 And seek Deliv'rance there.

P S A L M XLVIII. Third Version. Second Part.

*The Church's Beauty ; or, Gospel Worship and Order.*

**F**AR as thy Name is known  
 The World declares thy Praise ;  
 Thy Saints, O Lord, before thy Throne  
 Their Songs of Honor raise.

2 With

- 2 With Joy let *Judah* stand  
On *Sion's* chosen Hill,  
Proclaim the Wonders of thy Hand,  
And Counsels of thy Will.
- 3 Let Strangers walk around  
The City where we dwell,  
Compass and view thine holy Ground,  
And mark the Building well ;
- 4 The Orders of thy House,  
The Worship of thy Court,  
The cheerful Songs, the solemn Vows ;  
And make a fair Report.
- 5 How decent and how wise !  
How glorious to behold !  
Beyond the Pomp that charms the Eyes,  
And Rites adorn'd with Gold.
- 6 The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die,  
Will be our God while here below  
And ours above the Sky.

PSALM XLIX. First Version. First Part. *MER*

*Riches can save no Man from Death.*

- 1 **Y**E Nations, hear : Ye Sons of Earth,  
Of highest or obscurest Birth ;  
Ye who from Wealth's full Board are fed,  
And ye who eat with Toil your Bread ;
- 2 My Words with just Attention weigh,  
And listen to the hallow'd Lay ;  
My Lips shall Wisdom's Lessons yield,  
My Heart, with noblest Science fill'd.
- 3 Cease, Mortals, cease your Pride ; nor dream  
That Riches shall from Death redeem,  
Or from the all-disposing Hand  
A Brother's forfeit Life demand.
- 4 But, taught the Soul's just Price to know,  
At once the frantic Thought forego :  
In vain would Friendship's Zeal essay  
The full Equivalent to pay ;

In vain the flitting Breath to save,  
And plead Exemption from the Grave,  
Though envy'd *Opbir's* wealthiest Mine  
Its Treasures to the Purchase join.

P S A L M XLIX. First Version. Second Part.

*All Men mortal.*

- B**EHOLD the Man in Wisdom's School  
Long tutor'd, like the untaught Fool,  
To Death submit, and leave his Heir  
His Heaps of gather'd Wealth to share.
- Art bids him build the Dome sublime,  
Proof to the Rage of eating Time,  
While Lands subjected to his Claim  
Take from their haughty Lord a Name.
- Yet Man, with erring Pride elate,  
And high in Pow'r, in Honor great,  
Shares with the Brute an equal Doom,  
And sleeps forgotten in the Tomb.
- His Hope thus fond thus faithless found  
His Sons assume ; in endless Round  
Another and another Race  
Their Fathers' wayward Steps shall trace.
- Together now behold them laid,  
As Sheep, when Night extends her Shade,  
While Death within the vaulted Rock,  
Stern Shepherd guards the slumb'ring Flock.
- Corruption there its Work shall ply,  
And, wrapt in Darknes as they lie,  
Each Feature fair, each boasted Grace,  
With unrelenting Hand efface.
- Ye Just, exulting lift your Eyes ;  
Behold the promis'd Morn arise,  
That bids you, o'er each haughty Foe  
Exalted, endless Triumphs know.
- My Soul, amidst your happy Train,  
The wish'd Redemption shall obtain,  
By God adopted, Death shall brave,  
And mock the disappointed Grave.

H

PSALM



## P S A L M XLIX. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **L** E T all the list'ning World attend,  
And my Instruction hear ;  
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,  
With joint Consent give Ear.
- 2 Those Men who all their Hope and Trust  
In Heaps of Treasure place,  
And boast and triumph when they see  
Their ill got Wealth increase,
- 3 Are yet unable from the Grave,  
Their dearest Friends to free,  
Nor can by Force of Bribes reverse  
Th' almighty Lord's Decree.
- 4 Their vain Endeavours they must quit ;  
Their Pride is held too high,  
No Sums can purchase such a Grant,  
That Man should never die.
- 5 Not Wisdom can the Wise exempt,  
Nor Fools their Folly save ;  
But both must perish, and in Death  
Their Wealth to others leave.
- 6 For tho' they think their stately Seats  
Shall ne'er to Ruin fall ;  
But their Rememb'rance last in Lands,  
Which by their Names they call.
- 7 Yet shall their Fame be soon forgot,  
How great soe'er their State ;  
With Beasts their Mem'ry and they  
Shall share one common Fate.
- 8 For Man, how great soe'er his State,  
Unless he's truly wise,  
As like a sensual Beast he lives,  
So like a Beast he dies.

## P S A L M XLIX. Third Version. WATTS.

*Pride and Death.*

- 1 **W** H Y doth the Man of Riches grow  
To Insolence and Pride,



- To see his Wealth and Honors flow  
With ev'ry rising Tide?
- 2 Why doth he treat the Poor with Scorn  
Made of the self-same Clay,  
And boast as tho' his Flesh was born  
Of better Dust than they?
- 3 Not all his Treasures can procure  
His Soul a short Reprieve,  
Redeem from Death one guilty Hour,  
Or make his Brother live.
- 4 Life is a Blessing can't be sold,  
The Ransom is too high;  
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with Gold  
That Man may never die.
- 5 He sees the Brutish and the Wise,  
The Tim'rous and the Brave  
Quit their Possessions, close their Eyes,  
And hasten to the Grave.
- 6 Yet 'tis his inward Thought and Pride,  
" My House shall ever stand;  
" And that my Name may long abide  
" Ill give it to my Land."
- 7 Vain are his Thoughts, his Hopes are lost,  
How soon his Mem'ry dies!  
His Name is written in the Dust  
Where his own Carcass lies.

PSALM L. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*Jesus Christ appointed to judge the World.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, th' almighty Monarch, spake,  
And bade the Earth the Summons take,  
Far as his Eyes the Realms survey  
Of rising and declining Day.
- 2 " Reveal'd from *Sion's* sacred Bound,  
" The Seat with matchless Beauty crown'd,  
" My Son his Course shall downward bend,  
" Nor silent to his Work descend.

H 2

3 Devouring

- 3 " Devouring Flames shall march before,  
 " And mightiest Tempests round him roar;  
 " Heav'n from above shall hear his Call,  
 " And thou, the vast terrestrial Ball;
- 4 " While Man's whole Race their Judge shall meet,  
 " In countless Throngs before his Seat,  
 " And each receive as he has done,  
 " The Sinner Shame, the Saint a Crown.
- 5 Th' applauding Heav'ns the changeless Doom,  
 While God the Balance shall assume,  
 In full Memorial shall record,  
 And own the Justice of their Lord.

PSALM L. First Version. Second Part.

*Obedience the best Sacrifice.*

- 1 **W**ITH humblest Awe, my People hear;  
 For God, thy God, his Voice shall rear:  
 Not ritual Sacrifice withheld  
 My Theme of just Complaint shall yield:
- 2 Still let thy Stall the Steer detain,  
 Still let thy Goat untouch'd remain  
 Amid his Herd-Mates: from thy Hands  
 Nor Goat nor Steer thy Lord demands:
- 3 Mine are the Beasts that range the Wood,  
 Mine all the tame or savage Brood  
 Whose Train the Earth's wide Pasture fills,  
 And wanders o'er her thousand Hills.
- 4 Each Fowl, that from its airy Flight  
 Descends upon the Mountain's Height,  
 Each Brute that o'er the Champaign strays,  
 My all-observing Eye surveys.
- 5 Admit, I hunger; shall thy God  
 Descend from thee to ask his Food,  
 Lord of the World and all its Store  
 Thy Aid, thou Child of Earth, implore?
- 6 Shall Bulls to ease my Want be slain,  
 Or Blood of Goats my Thirst restrain?  
 Go, suppliant at my Altar bow,  
 And pay thy Thanks, and pay thy Vow:

- 7 (Be this thy Off'ring :) In thy Woes  
 On me with stedfast Hope repose :  
 So shall my Ear receive thy Pray'r,  
 And, grateful, thou my Mercy share.
- 8 Who yields the Sacrifice of Praise,  
 His best-accepted Homage pays :  
 Who forms his Steps aright shall know  
 What Joys from my Salvation flow.

P S A L M L. Second Version. First Part. WATTS.

*Jesus Christ coming to Judgment.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge before his Throne  
 Bids the whole Earth draw nigh,  
 The Nations near the rising Sun,  
 And near the Western Sky.
- 2 No more shall bold Blasphemers say,  
*" Judgment will ne'er begin ;"*  
 No more abuse his long Delay  
 To Impudence and Sin.
- 3 Thron'd on a Cloud the Judge shall come,  
 Bright Flames prepare his Way,  
 Thunder and Darknes, Fire and Storm  
 Lead on the dreadful Day.
- 4 Heav'n from above his Call shall hear,  
 Attending Angels come  
 And Earth and Hell shall know, and fear  
 His Justice, and their Doom.
- 5 " But come, ye Friends of Righteousness,  
 (Proclaims our blessed Lord,)  
 " And rise with Triumph to possess  
 " The Kingdom Love prepar'd.
- 6 " Your Faith and Works brought forth to Light  
 " Shall make the World confess  
 " The Sentence of Reward is right,  
 " And Heav'n extol the Grace.

## PSALM L. Second Version. Second Part.

*Obedience is better than Sacrifice.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "The spacious Fields  
 "And Flocks and Herds are mine,  
 "O'er all the Cattle of the Hills  
 "I claim a Right divine.
- 2 "I ask no Sheep for Sacrifice,  
 "Nor Bullocks burnt with Fire;  
 "To Hope and Love, to pray and praise  
 "Is all that I require.
- 113 3 "Call upon me when Trouble's near,  
 "My Hand shall set thee free;  
 "Then shall thy thankful Lips declare  
 "The Honor due to me.
- 4 "The Man who offers humble Praise,  
 "He glorifies me best;  
 "And those who tread my holy Ways  
 "Shall my Salvation taste."

## PSALM L. Third Version. WATTS.

*Sincerity and Hypocrisy.*

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit, just and wise,  
 He sees our inmost Mind;  
 In vain to Heav'n we raise our Cries,  
 And leave our Souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but Truth before his Throne  
 With Honor can appear;  
 The painted Hypocrites are known  
 Thro' the Disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted Eyes salute the Skies,  
 Their bending Knees the Ground;  
 But God abhors the Sacrifice,  
 Where not the Heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my Thoughts and try my Ways,  
 And make my Soul sincere;  
 T Then shall I stand before thy Face,  
 And find Acceptance there.

## P S A L M L. Fourth Version. WATTS.

*Hypocrisy exposed.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord the Judge his Churches warns  
 Let Hypocrites attend and fear  
 Who place their Hope in Rites and Forms,  
 But make not Faith nor Love their Care.
- 2 Strange that they dare rehearse his Name  
 With Lips of Falshood and Deceit ;  
 A Friend or Brother they defame,  
 And soothe and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their Neighbours wrong,  
 Yet boldly seek their Maker's Face ;  
 They take his Cov'nant on their Tongue,  
 But break his Laws, abuse his Grace.
- 4 To Heav'n they lift their Hands unclean,  
 Defil'd with Lust, defil'd with Blood ;  
 By Night they practise ev'ry Sin,  
 By Day their Mouths draw near to God.
- 5 And while his Judgments long delay,  
 They grow secure and sin the more ;  
 They think he sleeps as well as they,  
 And put far off the dreadful Hour.
- 6 O dreadful Hour ! when God draws near,  
 And sets their Crimes before their Eyes !  
 Anguish their guilty Souls shall tear,  
 And no Deliv'rer dare to rise.

## P S A L M L. Fifth Version. WATTS.

*God judging the World by Jesus Christ.*

- 1 **T**H' exalted Saviour sends his Summons forth,  
 Calls the South Nations, and awakes the Nort  
 From East to West the sov'reign Orders spread,  
 Thro' distant Worlds and Regions of the Dead.  
*The Trumpet sounds ; Hell trembles ; Heav'n rejoices ;  
 Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.*

- 2 No more shall Sinners mock his long Delay ;  
 His Justice sleeps no more ; Behold the Day :  
 Behold the Judge descends ; his Guards are nigh ;  
 Tempest and Fire attend him down the Sky.

*Judgment begins ; Hell trembles ; Heav'n rejoices ;  
 Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.*

- 3 "Heav'n, Earth, and Hell draw near ; let all Things come  
 "To hear my Justice and the Sinners Doom ;  
 "But gather first, my Saints ; (the Judge commands)  
 "Bring them, ye Angels, from their distant Lands."

*When Christ returns, wake ev'ry chearful Passion,  
 And shout, ye Saints ; He comes for your Salvation.*

- 4 "Here (saith the Lord) ye Angels, spread their Thrones,  
 "And near me seat my Father's fav'rite Sons,  
 "Come, my Redeem'd, possess the Joys prepar'd  
 "Ere Time began ; 'tis your divine Reward."

*Judgment proceeds, ye Saints, join all your Voices ;  
 Raise your triumphant Songs, for Heav'n rejoices.*

- 5 "Ye Hypocrites, ye Wicked and Profane,  
 "Receive your Doom, nor call my Threat'nings vain :  
 "No longer lodge the impious Thought within,  
 "That the All-holy will indulge your Sin ;"  
 "God is the Judge of Hearts, no fair Disguises  
 "Can screen the Guilty when his Vengeance rises."

- 6 "Silent he waited, with long-suff'ring Love ;  
 "You vainly hop'd that he would ne'er reprove ;  
 "But see his Justice wakes, his Thunder rolls ;  
 "And conscious Guilt condemns your wretched Souls ;"

*Judgment concludes, Hell trembles, Heav'n rejoices,  
 Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.*

## P S A L M L. Sixth Version.

*Devotion vain without Virtue.*

- 1 **T**H' uplifted Eye and bended Knee  
Are but vain Homage, Lord, to thee;  
In vain our Lips thy Praise prolong,  
The Heart a Stranger to the Song.
- 2 Can Rites, and Forms, and flaming Zeal,  
The Breaches of thy Precept heal?  
Or Fast and Penance reconcile  
Thy Justice, and obtain thy Smile?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite Mind, }  
Thankful, and to thy Will resign'd, } + **B**  
To thee a nobler Off'ring yields  
Than *Sheba's* Groves or *Sharon's* Fields;
- 4 Than Floods of Oil or Floods of Wine }  
Ten Thousand rolling to thy Shrine, }  
Or than if, to thine Altar led,  
A first-born Son the Victim bled.
- 5 "Be just and kind," that great Command.  
Doth on eternal Pillars stand:  
This did thine ancient Prophets teach,  
And this thy Well-beloved preach.

## P S A L M LI. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*A Prayer for the Pardon of Sin.*

- 1 **L**ORD, let thy Clemency divine  
Conspicuous in my Pardon shine;  
O let the Fulness of thy Grace  
Each Error of my Life efface.
- 2 O turn, great Ruler of the Skies,  
Turn from my Sin thy searching Eyes,  
Nor let th' Offences of my Hand  
Within thy Book recorded stand.
- 3 Give me a Will to thine subdu'd,  
A Conscience pure, a Soul renew'd,  
Nor let me, wrapt in endless Gloom,  
An Outcast from thy Presence roam.

H 5.

4. Thy.



- 4 Thy just Decrees, almighty Sire,  
Integrity and Truth require ;  
Thy Hand, corrective of my Will,  
Shall Wisdom in my Breast infill ;
- 5 With hallow'd Hyssop sprinkled o'er,  
My Soul its Spots shall mourn no more,  
But, cleans'd by thee, the Whiteness know,  
That clothes the new-descended Snow.
- 6 How shall my Ear thy pard'ning Voice  
Transported welcome ! How rejoice  
My Tongue ! and through my future Days  
Proclaim thy Love, and found thy Praise.

## P S A L M    LI.    First Version.    Second Part.

*True Repentance the Sinner's best Sacrifice.*

- 1 **L**ORD, let thy Spirit to my Heart  
Once more his quick'ning Aid impart,  
My Mind from ev'ry Fear release,  
And soothe my troubled Thoughts to Peace.
- 2 So shall the Souls, whom Error's Sway  
Has urg'd from thee, blest Lord, to stray,  
From me thy heav'nly Precepts learn,  
And humbled to their God return.
- 3 O would thy Grace my Guilt remove,  
If thou again display thy Love,  
How should my Tongue in sacred Lays,  
The God of my Salvation praise.
- 4 Not Victims, Lord, in solemn Rite  
Presented, thy Desire excite ;  
A Spirit griev'd is Sacrifice  
Alone delightful in thine Eyes.
- 5 The Heart, that, taught its Guilt to know,  
Repentant heaves with inward Woe,  
Shall find its Pray'r, its Groans, its Sighs,  
To thee in full Acceptance rise.

P S A L M

## PSALM LI. Second Version. First Part. WATTS.

*A Penitent pleading for Pardon.*

- 1 **S**HEW Pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,  
Let a repenting Rebel live :  
Are not thy Mercies large and free ?  
May not a Sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My Sins are great, but not surpafs  
The Pow'r and Glory of thy Grace :  
Great God, thy Nature hath no Bound,  
So let thy pard'ning Love be found.
- 3 O wash my Soul from ev'ry Sin,  
And make my guilty Conscience clean ;  
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,  
And past Offences pain my Eyes.
- 4 My Lips with Shame my Sins confess  
Against thy Law, against thy Grace :  
Lord, should thy Judgment grow severe,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should mortal Sicknefs seize my Breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in Death ;  
And if my Soul were sent to Hell,  
Thy righteous Law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling Sinner, Lord,  
Whose Hope still hov'ring round thy Word  
Would light on some kind Promise there,  
Some sure Support against Despair.

## P S A L M LI. Second Version. Second Part.

*The Backslider restored.*

- 1 **O** Thou who hear'st when Sinners cry,  
Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry Look,  
But blot their Mem'ry from thy Book.
- 2 Create my Nature pure within,  
And form my Soul averse to Sin :  
Let thy Good Spirit ne'er depart ;  
Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

- 2 Now bid thy Truth and Mercy shed  
Their kindest Influence on my Head ;  
Let me, my Hope on thee reclin'd,  
Beneath thy Wings a Refuge find.
- 3 My Heart is fix'd, almighty Sire,  
My Heart is fix'd : To thee aspire  
My Thoughts, and dictate to my Lays  
An Argument of endless Praise.
- 4 Awake (thou Glory of my Frame)  
Awake, my Tongue, to loud acclaim ;  
Lo ! to the Clouds thy Truth extends,  
Thy Mercy Heav'n's vast Height transcends.
- 5 Inthron'd thyself above the Skies,  
O bid thy fullest Glory rise,  
And to the Earth with cloudless Ray  
The Wonders of thy Pow'r display.

## P S A L M LVII. Second Version. TATE.

*Trust and Hope in divine Providence.*

- 1 **T**H Y Mercy, Lord, to me extend,  
On thy Protection I depend ;  
And to thy Wing for Shelter haste,  
Till each outrageous Storm be past.
- 1 To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,  
Thou sov'reign Judge, and God most high,  
Who Wonders hast for me begun,  
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.
- 3 Be thou, O God, exalted high !  
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,  
So let it be on Earth display'd,  
Till thou art here as there obey'd.
- 4 O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent ;  
Its thankful Tribute to present ;  
And with my Heart my Voice I'll raise  
To thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.
- 5 Awake, my Glory, Harp and Lute,  
No longer let your Strings be mute ;  
And I, my tuneful Part to take  
Will with the early Dawn awake.

hy Praises, Lord, I will resound,  
 o all the list'ning Nations round ;  
 hy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends,  
 hy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.

## P S A L M LVII. Third Version. WATTS.

*Praise to God.*

**B**E thou exalted, O my God,  
 Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell ;  
 Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,  
 and Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

Thy Heart is fixt ; my Song shall raise  
 immortal Honors to thy Name ;  
 awake my Tongue, to sound his Praise,  
 Thy Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

On thee, my God, are all the Springs  
 Of boundless Love and Grace unknown ;  
 All the rich Gifts that Nature brings,  
 Are Gifts descending from thy Throne.

High o'er the Earth thy Goodness reigns,  
 And reaches to the utmost Sky ;  
 Thy Truth to endless Years remains  
 When lower Worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God,  
 Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell ;  
 Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,  
 And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

## P S A L M LX. First Version. MERRICK.

*In a Time of unsuccessful War.*

**R**EPULS'D, dispers'd, chastis'd by thee,  
 O grant us, Lord, thy Face to see,  
 And let the People, once thy Care,  
 Again thy fav'ring Presence share.  
 How trembles this divided Land  
 Beneath the Terrors of thy Hand !  
 O Thou, the God whom we adore,  
 Its Breaches heal, its Peace restore.

3 Behold

- 4 Thou givest me the Lot  
Of those who fear thy Name ;  
If endless Life be their Reward,  
I shall possess the same.

P S A L M LXII. First Version. MERRICK

*Confidence in God, not in Wealth or Fraud.*

- 1 **L**O, thou, my Soul, on God reclin'd,  
In him thy wish'd-for Rest shalt find ;  
His Love shall sure Deliv'rance yield ;  
By him through Life I walk upheld ;
- 2 And safe from Lapse my Course maintain,  
Or falling, instant rise again ;  
Thee, Lord, my Glory, thee alone  
My Rock, my Health, my Strength, I own.
- 3 Ye Tribes, in God your Help behold,  
To him, with me, your Hearts unfold ;  
Each Want confess, each Grief reveal ;  
For who, O who like him can heal ?
- 4 O Vanity, thy Name is Man :  
Intent the human Mind to scan,  
Come, try, if aught of Weight there seem ;  
Suspend the Balance, fix the Beam :
- 5 In vain.—With equal Ease were weigh'd  
The flitting Air, or empty Shade ;  
Trust not in Wrong and Fraud ; no more  
On Hope's light Wing presumptuous soar ;
- 6 Let gather'd Wealth before thee lie  
Beheld with unretorted Eye,  
Nor let the glitt'ring Heap impart  
One Wish to thy deluded Heart.
- 7 Once from his Throne th' Almighty spake,  
And forth again the Accents brake :  
" I claim the universal Sway,  
" I mark if Man my Will obey ;
- 8 " And, where my Fear the Mind impels,  
" (For Pow'r in me with Mercy dwells)  
" Each Act observe with kind Regard,  
" And pleas'd confer the just Reward."

## P S A L M LXII. Second Version. TATE.

Does his saving Health dispense,  
 And flowing Blessings daily send ;  
 Fortress and Defence,  
 Our Souls shall still depend.

O ye People, always trust,  
 His Throne pour out your Hearts ;  
 O the Merciful and Just,  
 His Aid to us imparts.

Men are fickle and frail,  
 That dissemble and betray ;  
 And in Truth's impartial Scale,  
 Their Things will both outweigh.

But not in oppressive Ways,  
 And Rapine grow not vain ;  
 Your Hearts, if Wealth increase,  
 No much upon your Gain.

God has oft his Will express'd,  
 This Truth have fully known :  
 Of boundless Pow'r possess'd  
 Of Right to God alone.

Mercy is his darling Grace,  
 In he chiefly takes Delight,  
 He all the human Race  
 To their Works requite.

## P S A L M LXII. Third Version. WATTS.

My Spirit looks to God alone ;  
 My Rock and Refuge is his Throne ;  
 My Fears, in all my Straits,  
 On his Salvation waits.

Pray, ye Saints, in all your Ways,  
 Put your Hearts before his Face :  
 Helpers fail and Foes invade,  
 Our all-sufficient Aid.

See the Men of high Degree,  
 Their canker Sort are Vanity ;  
 The Ballance both appear  
 As a Puff of empty Air.

- 6 Thus till my last expiring Day  
 I'll bless my God and King;  
 Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,  
 And tune my Lips to sing.

P S A L M LXIII. Third Version. Second Part.

*Midnight Thoughts recollected.*

- 1 **T** WAS in the Watches of the Night  
 I thought upon thy Pow'r,  
 I kept thy Promises in Sight  
 Amid the darkeſt Hour.
- 2 My Fleſh lay reſting on my Bed,  
 My Soul aroſe on high;  
 "My God, my Life, my Hope, I ſaid,  
 "Bring thy Salvation nigh."
- 3 My Spirit labors up thy Hill,  
 And climbs the heav'nly Road;  
 But thy Right Hand upholds me ſtill,  
 While I purſue my God.
- 4 Thy Mercy ſtretches o'er my Head  
 The Shadow of thy Wings;  
 My Heart rejoices in thine Aid,  
 My Tongue awakes and ſings.

P S A L M LXIII. Fourth Version. WATTS.

*Seeking after God.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble Claim,  
 Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt;  
 The Glories that compoſe thy Name  
 Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,  
 Thou art my Father and my God;  
 And I am thine by ſacred Ties;  
 Thy Son, thy Servant bought with Blood.
- 3 With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands  
 For thee I long, to thee I look,  
 As Travellers in thirſty Lands  
 Pant for the cooling Water Brook.

- 4 With early Feet I love t' appear  
Among thy Saints and seek thy Face;  
Oft have I seen thy Glory there,  
And felt the Pow'r of sov'reign Grace.
- 5 [Amidst the wakeful Hours of Night,  
When busy Cares afflict my Head,  
One Thought of thee gives new Delight,  
And adds Refreshment to my Bed.]
- 6 I'll lift my Hands, I'll raise my Voice,  
While I have Breath to pray or praise;  
This Work shall make my Heart rejoice,  
And spend the Remnant of my Days.

P S A L M LXIII. Fifth Version. WATTS.

*Delight in God's Worship.*

1 **M**Y God, permit my Tongue  
This Joy, to call thee mine,  
And let my early Cries prevail  
To taste thy Love divine.

2 For Life without thy Love  
No Relish can afford;  
No Joy can be compar'd to this  
To serve and please the Lord.

3 To Thee I'll lift my Hands,  
And praise thee while I live;  
Not the rich Dainties of a Feast  
Such Food or Pleasure give.

4 In wakeful Hours at Night  
I call my God to mind;  
I think how wise thy Counsels are,  
And all thy Dealings kind.

5 Since thou hast been my Help,  
To thee my Spirit flies,  
And on thy watchful Providence  
My cheerful Hope relies.



- 6! The Shadow of thy Wings  
 My Soul in Safety keeps;  
 I follow where my Father leads,  
 And he supports my Steps.

PSALM LXIII. Sixth Version. ROWE.

*The supreme Good.*

- 1 **O** God, my first, my last, my steadfast Choice,  
 My boundless Bliss, the Spring of all my Joys!  
 I'll worship thee before the silver Moon  
 With silent Pace, has reach'd her cloudy Noon;  
 Before the Stars the Midnight Skies adorn,  
 Long, long before the slow Approach of Morn.
- 2 Thee I'll invoke, to thee glad Anthems sing,  
 And with my Voice join each harmonious String:  
 The Midnight Echoes at thy Name shall wake,  
 And on their Wings the joyful Burthen take;  
 While one bright Smile from thee, one pleasing Ray,  
 Through the still Shades shall dart celestial Day.
- 3 Life, the most valu'd Good that Mortals prize,  
 Compar'd to which, we all Things else despise;  
 Life, in its vig'rous Pride, with all that's stor'd  
 In the Extent of that important Word;  
 Ev'n Life itself, my God, without thy Love,  
 A tedious Round of Vanity would prove.
- 4 Grant me thy Love, be that my glorious Lot,  
 Swallow'd in that, be all Things else forgot!  
 And while the Breath of Life my Breast inspire,  
 I'll joy in thee, and touch the tuneful Lyre;  
 With all the Eloquence of grateful Lays,  
 I'll sing thy Goodness, and recite thy Praise.
- 5 The charming Theme shall fill my Soul employ,  
 And give me Foretastes of immortal Joy;  
 With silent Rapture, not to be express'd,  
 My eager Wishes here shall richly feast,  
 My darkest Hours shall consecrated be,  
 Through lift'ning Shades my Vows shall rise to thee.

PSALM LXIII. Seventh Version. DODDRIDGE.

*Meditations in the Night Season.*

**W**HAT tho' downy Slumbers flee,  
Strangers to my Couch and me?  
Sleepless well I know to rest,  
Lodg'd within my Father's Breast,

While the Empress of the Night  
Scatters mild her Silver Light;  
While the vivid Planets stray  
Various thro' their mystic Way;

While the Stars unnumber'd roll  
Round the ever-constant Pole;  
Far above these spangled Skies  
All my Soul to God shall rise;

'Midst the Silence of the Night  
Mingling with those Angels bright,  
Whose harmonious Voices raise  
Ceaseless Love and ceaseless Praise:

Thro' the Throng his gentle Ear  
Shall my tuneful Accents hear:  
From on high doth he impart  
Secret Comfort to my Heart.

He in these serene Hours  
Guides my intellectual Pow'rs,  
And his Spirit doth diffuse,  
Sweeter far than Midnight Dews;

Lifting all my Thoughts above  
On the Wings of Faith and Love.  
Blest Alternative to me,  
Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee!

PSALM LXV. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*God the Confidence of all, and the Happiness of those who  
worship him.*

**O** Thou, the Hope of human Race,  
Of all whom Earth's wide Arms embrace,  
Of all who tost by Tempests sweep  
The Surface of the pathless Deep.

- 2 In thee they trust, who girt with Pow'r  
Hast bid the Mountains heav'nward tow'r,  
And, fix'd on strongest Base, defy  
The warring Blasts that round them fly :
- 3 In thee—Who know'st at Will to rein  
The Insults of the foaming Main,  
Check the brute Waves that roar aloud,  
And still the Madness of the Croud.
- 4 Thee *Sion's* Praise, O Lord, attends,  
To thee the frequent Vow ascends ;  
Blest, who by sweet Experience knows,  
What Joys thy Presence, Lord, bestows.
- 5 To thee, whose ready Ear the Pray'r  
Prevents, shall Man's whole Race repair :  
Amidst them at thy Footstool I,  
With humble Hope for Grace apply.
- 6 How blest, who, privileg'd by thee,  
Thy Face in near Approach shall see,  
Behold thy Beams effulgent play, :  
And in thy Dwelling, fix his Stay.

P S A L M LXV. First Version. Second Part.

*The Fertility of the Earth owing to divine Providence.*

- 1 **T**HE Morn and Eve thy Praise resound,  
I ord, as they walk th' ethereal Round ;  
Thy Visits teach the grateful Soil  
To recompense the Tiller's Toil.
- 2 By unexhausted Springs supply'd  
Thy River pours its copious Tide,  
And bids the strength-infusing Grain  
Earth's countless Family sustain.
- 3 The Clouds, in frequent Show'rs distill'd,  
Drop Fatness on the pregnant Field,  
Break the tough Glebe, the Furrows chear,  
And crown with Good the gliding Year.
- 4 The Pastures of th' extended Waste  
Thy Gifts in rich Profusion taste ;  
The Hills around exulting stand,  
And own the Bounty of thy Hand.

5 Nurs'd

Nurs'd by thy Care the fleecy Train  
Invests with White the rural Plain,  
Sustain'd by thee the frisking Lamb  
And larger Cattle speak thy Name.

While, as beneath the fav'ring Skies,  
In crouded Ranks the Harvests rise,  
The laughing Vale assumes a Tongue,  
And bursts triumphant into Song.

PSALM LXV. Second Version. TATE.

*The Blessing of Rain.*

1 FROM out thy unexhausted Store  
Thy Rain relieves the thirsty Ground;  
Makes Lands, that barren were before,  
With Corn and useful Fruits abound.

2 On rising Ridges down it pours,  
And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills;  
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle Show'rs,  
In which a blest Increase distils.

3 Thy Goodness does the circling Year  
With fresh Returns of Plenty crown:  
And where thy glorious Pacts appear,  
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down.

4 They drop on barren Forests, chang'd  
By them to Pastures fresh and green;  
The Hills about, in Order rang'd,  
In beauteous Robes of Joy are seen.

5 Large Flocks, with fleecy Wool, adorn  
The chearful Downs; the Valleys bring  
A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,  
And seem for Joy to shout and sing.

PSALM LXV. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*Public Prayer and Praise.*

1 THE Praise of *Sion* waits for thee,  
My God; and Praise becomes thy House;  
There shall thy Saints thy Glory see,  
And there perform their public Vows.

- 2 O thou, whose Mercy bends the Skies  
To save thy People when they pray,  
All Lands to thee shall lift their Eyes,  
And Islands of the *Northern-Sea*.
- 3 Blest is the Man whom thou shalt chuse  
And give him kind Access to thee,  
Give him a Place within thy House,  
To taste thy Love divinely free.

## P S A L M LXV. Third Version. Second Part.

*Divine Governance over Air, Earth, and Sea.*

- 1 **T**HE God of our Salvation hears  
The Pray'rs of *Sion* mix'd with Tears;  
And when he comes with kind Designs,  
Thro' all the Way his Mercy shines.
- 2 On him the Race of Man depends,  
Far as the Earth's remotest Ends,  
Where the Creator's Name is known:  
By Nature's feeble Light alone.
- 3 Sailors who travel o'er the Flood  
Address their frighted Souls to God;  
When Tempests rage and Billows roar  
At dreadful Distance from the Shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy Tempest cease;  
He calms the raging Croud to Peace;  
When a tumultuous Nation raves  
Wild as the Winds, and loud as Waves.
- 5 Whole Kingdoms shaken by the Storm  
He settles in a peaceful Form;  
Mountains establish'd by his Hand  
Firm on their old Foundations stand.

## P S A L M LXV. Third Version. Third Part.

*The Bounty of Providence.*

- 1 **A**T God's Command the Morning-Ray  
Smiles in the *East*, and leads the Day;  
He guides the Sun's declining Wheels  
Over the Tops of *Western Hills*.



Seasons and Times obey his Voice ;  
 The Ev'ning and the Morn rejoice  
 To see the Earth made soft with Show'rs,  
 Laden with Fruit and drest in Flow'rs.

'Tis from his wat'ry Stores on high  
 He gives the thirsty Ground Supply ;  
 He walks upon the Clouds, and thence  
 Doth his enriching Drops dispense.

The Desart grows a fruitful Field,  
 Abundant Food the Valleys yield ;  
 The Valleys shout with chearful Voice,  
 And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

The Pastures smile in green Array ;  
 There Lambs and larger Cattle play ;  
 The larger Cattle and the Lamb,  
 Each in his Language speaks thy Name.

Thy Works pronounce thy Pow'r divine ;  
 O'er ev'ry Field thy Glories shine,  
 Thro' ev'ry Month thy Gifts appear ;  
 Great God, thy Goodness crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. Fourth Version. First Part. WATTS.

*A Prayer-bearing God, or the Gentiles called.*

1. PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;  
 There shall our Vows be paid :  
 Thou hast an Ear when Sinners pray,  
 All Flesh shall seek thine Aid.

2 Lord, our Iniquities prevail,  
 But pard'ning Grace is thine,  
 And thou wilt grant us Pow'r and Skill  
 To conquer ev'ry Sin.

3 Bless'd are the Men whom thou wilt chuse  
 To bring them near thy Face,  
 Give them a Dwelling in thine House,  
 To feast upon thy Grace.

4 In answ'ring what thy Church requests  
 Thy Truth and Mercy shine,  
 And Works of awful Righteousness  
 Fulfil thy kind Design.

- 5 Thus shall the wond'ring Nations see  
 The Lord is good and just;  
 And distant Islands fly to thee,  
 And make thy Name their Trust.

PSALM LXV. Fourth Version. Second Part.

*The Providence of God in Air, Earth, and Sea.*

- 1 'TIS by thy Strength the Mountains stand,  
 God of eternal Pow'r;  
 The Sea grows calm at thy Command,  
 And Tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy Morning Light and Ev'ning Shade  
 Successive Comforts bring;  
 Thy plenteous Fruits make Harvests glad,  
 Thy Flow'rs adorn the Spring.
- 3 Seasons and Times, and Moons and Hours,  
 Heav'n, Earth, and Air are thine;  
 When Clouds distil in fruitful Show'rs,  
 The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wand'ring Cisterns in the Sky  
 Born by the Winds around,  
 With wat'ry Treasures well supply  
 The Furrows of the Ground.
- 5 The thirsty Ridges drink their Fill,  
 And Ranks of Corn appear:  
 Thy Ways abound with Blessings still,  
 Thy Goodness crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. Fourth Version. Third Part.

*The Blessings of Providence.*

- 1 GOOD is the Lord, the Heav'nly King,  
 Who makes the Earth his Care,  
 Visits the Pastures ev'ry Spring,  
 And bids the Grass appear.
- 2 The Clouds like Rivers rais'd on high  
 Pour out at thy Command  
 Their wat'ry Blessings from the Sky,  
 To cheer the thirsty Land,

- 3 The soften'd Ridges of the Field  
Permit the Corn to spring;  
The Valleys rich Provision yield,  
And the poor Lab'ers sing.
- 4 The thirsty Hills on ev'ry Side  
Rejoice at falling Show'rs:  
The Meadows dress'd in all their Pride  
Perfume the Air with Flow'rs,
- 5 The barren Clods refresh'd with Rain  
Promise a joyful Crop;  
The parching Grounds look green again,  
And raise the Reapers Hope.
- 6 The various Months thy Goodness crowns;  
How bounteous are thy Ways?  
The bleating Flocks spread o'er the Downs,  
And Shepherds shout thy Praise.

PSALM LXV. Fifth Version. DODDRIDGE.

*The Providence of God in the Seasons of the Year.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy!  
Well may thy Praise our Lips employ,  
While in thy Temple we appear,  
Whose Goodness crowns the circling Year.
- 2 While as the Wheels of Nature roll,  
Thy Hand supports the steady Pole:  
The Sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And Darkness when to veil the Skies.
- 3 The flow'ry Spring at thy Command  
Embalms the Air, and paints the Land;  
The Summer Rays with Vigor shine  
To raise the Corn, and cheer the Vine.
- 4 Thy Hand in Autumn richly pours  
Thro' all our Coasts redundant Stores;  
And Winters, soften'd by thy Care,  
No more a Face of Horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and Months, and Weeks, and Days  
Demand successive Songs of Praise;  
Still be the chearful Homage paid  
With op'ning Light and Ev'ning Shade.



- 6 Here in thy House shall Incense rise,  
 As circling Sabbaths blest our Eyes;  
 Still will we make thy Mercies known,  
 Thy wond'rous Works of Kindness own.
- 7 Until our more harmonious Tongues  
 In loftier Worlds pursue the Songs  
 And in those brighter Courts adore,  
 Where Days and Years revolve no more.

## P S A L M LXV. Sixth Version. STEELE.

*The God of Nature and Grace.*

- 1 **B**EFORE thy Throne, O God of Grace,  
 Thy *Sion* would her Vows perform;  
 Her ardent Vows in deep Distress—  
 O be her grateful Praise as warm.
- 2 O thou who hear'st our humble Cry,  
 Our God, our Refuge, and our Stay;  
 To thee shall mourning Sinners fly,  
 To thee, shall ev'ry Nation pray.
- 3 Tho' Sin prevails with dreadful Sway,  
 And Hope almost expiring lies,  
 Thy Grace shall purge our Sins away,  
 And bid our dying Hopes arise.
- 4 Happy the Man approv'd by thee,  
 Near to his God, thy chosen Care;  
 Thy constant Goodness he shall see,  
 The Bounties of thy Table share.
- 5 Whene'er thy injur'd Peoples Cries  
 Ascend before thy awful Throne,  
 All dreadful bright thy Terrors rise,  
 And make thy Grace and Justice known.
- 6 Thou art the Confidence and Stay  
 Of the wide Earth's remotest Ends;  
 And those who try the dang'rous Sea,  
 On thee their Hope, their All depends.
- 7 Thy awful Word, with potent Sound  
 Firm bade the solid Mountains stand;  
 Thy Pow'r encircles Nature round;  
 All Nature rests upon thy Hand.

- 8 That Word which fills the raging Seas,  
When the loud Waves tempestuous roar,  
Commands the warring World to Peace;  
And Noise and Tumult are no more.
- 9 Thy dreadful Signs display'd abroad,  
Fill trembling Nations with Surprize;  
The trembling Nations own the God,  
And lift their supplicating Eyes.

## P A U S E.

- 10 The rising Morn, the closing Day,  
Repeat thy Praise with grateful Voice;  
Each in their Turns thy Pow'r display,  
And laden with thy Gifts rejoice.
- 11 Earth's wide-extended varying Scenes,  
All smiling round thy Bounty show;  
From Seas or Clouds, full Magazines,  
Thy rich diffusive Blessings flow.
- 12 Now Earth receives the precious Seed,  
Which thy indulgent Hand prepares;  
And nourishes the future Bread,  
And answers all the Sower's Cares.
- 13 Thy sweet refreshing Show'rs attend,  
And thro' the Ridges gently flow,  
Soft on the springing Corn descend;  
And thy kind Blessing makes it grow.
- 14 Thy Goodness crowns the circling Year,  
Thy Paths drop Fatness all around;  
Ev'n barren Wilds thy Praise declare,  
And echoing Hills return the Sound.
- 15 Here spreading Flocks adorn the Plain,  
There Plenty ev'ry Charm displays;  
Thy Bounty clothes each lovely Scene,  
And joyful Nature shouts thy Praise.

## P S A L M LXV. Seventh Version.

*The Providence of God in the Seasons of the Year.*

- 1 **L**ET thanks to thee, all sov'reign Pow'r, arise,  
Who fix'd the Mountains, and who spread the Skies;  
From the glad Climes, whence Morn in Beauty drest,  
Forth goes rejoicing to the farthest West.

- 2 On thee alone our whole Dependence lies,  
And thy rich Mercy ev'ry Want supplies :  
O thou great Author of the extended Whole !  
Revolving Seasons praise thee as they roll.
- 3 By thee, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, rise,  
Thou giv'st the frowning, thou the smiling Skies ;  
By thy Command the soft'ning Shower distils,  
Till genial Warmth the teeming Furrow fills.
- 4 Then sav'ring Sun-shine o'er the Clime extends,  
And blest by thee the verdant Blade ascends ;  
Next Spring's gay Products cloath the flow'ry Hills,  
And Joy the Wood, and Joy the Valley fills,
- 5 Then soon thy Bounty swells the golden Ear,  
And bids the Harvest crown the fruitful Year ;  
Thus all thy Works conspicuous Worship raise,  
And Nature's Face proclaims her Maker's Praise.

P S A L M LXVI. First Version. MERRICK.

*A general Invitation to praise God.*

- 1 **Y**E Sons of Men, in God rejoice ;  
Lift in one Choir your thankful Voice,  
And spread through Earth's extended Frame  
The Honor of your Maker's Name.
- 2 Each Tribe of human Race to thee  
Shall suppliant bend the humble Knee,  
Each Tongue in Hymns of Praise shall join,  
And joyful bless the Name divine.
- 3 O come, and view with rev'rent Thought  
The Acts by Heav'n's high Monarch wrought,  
His Wonders shown since Time began,  
And friend-like Intercourse with Man.
- 4 His Word the Deep's vast Channel dry'd,  
And backward roll'd th' obedient Tide :  
*Israel* in grateful Transport stand,  
And Shouts of Triumph shake the Strand.
- 5 Time's latest Period long o'erpast,  
His Pow'r shall self-supported last ;  
Each Realm to his observing Eyes,  
From Pole to Pole subjected lies.

- 6 Ye Nations all of various Tongue,  
To *Jacob's* God exalt the Song;  
Sing, sing aloud, that Nature's Ear  
His Praise through all her Bounds may hear.

PSALM LXVI. Second Version. First Part. TATE.

*God's sovereign Dominion.*

- 1 **L**ET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy  
To God their Voices raise;  
Sing Psalms in Honor of his Name,  
And spread his glorious Praise.
- 2 And let them say, how awful, Lord,  
In all thy Works art thou!  
To thy great Pow'r, Earth's proudest Sons  
Shall all be forc'd to bow.
- 3 Thro' all the Earth the Nations round  
Shall thee their God confess:  
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread  
Of thy great Name express.
- 4 O come, behold the Works of God,  
And then you soon will own,  
That he to all the Sons of Men  
Has wond'rous Judgments shown.
- 5 He made the Sea become dry Land,  
Thro' which his People walk'd;  
While to each other of his Might  
With heartfelt Joy they talk'd.
- 6 He by his Pow'r for ever rules,  
His Eyes the World survey;  
Let no presumptuous Mortal dare  
Oppose his sov'reign Sway.

PSALM LXVI. Second Version. Second Part.

*Praise to God for hearing Prayer.*

- 1 **O**All ye Nations, bless our God,  
And loudly speak his Praise,  
Who keeps our Souls alive, and still  
Confirms our steadfast Ways.

- 2 O come all ye who fear the Lord,  
Attend with heedful Care,  
Whilst we, what God for us has done,  
With grateful Joy declare.
- 3 As we before his Aid implor'd,  
So now we praise his Name :  
Who if our Heart had harbor'd Sin,  
Would all our Pray'rs disclaim.
- 4 But God to us, whene'er we cry'd;  
His gracious Ear did bend :  
And to the Voice of our Request  
With constant Love attend.
- 5 Then bless'd for ever be our God,  
Who never, when we pray,  
Withholds his Mercy from our Souls,  
Nor turns his Face away.

PSALM LXVI. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*Governing Power and Goodness.*

- 1 **S**ING, all ye Nations, to the Lord,  
Sing with a joyful Noise ;  
With Melody of Sound record  
His Honors and your Joys.
- 2 Say to the Pow'r that shakes the Sky,  
" How great and awful thou !  
" Sinners before thy Presence fly,  
" Or at thy Feet they bow.
- 3 Come, see the Wonders of our God,  
How glorious are his Ways !  
In *Moses* Hand he puts his Rod,  
And cleaves the frighted Seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing Channel dry,  
While *Israel* pass'd the Flood ;  
There did the Church begin their Joy,  
And triumph in their God.
- 5 He rules by his resistless Might :  
Will rebel Mortals dare  
Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,  
And tempt that dreadful War ?

- O bleſs our God, and never ceaſe ;  
 Ye Saints fulfil his Praise ;  
 He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,  
 And guides our doubtful Ways.
- Lord, thou haſt prov'd our ſuff'ring Souls,  
 To make our Graces ſhine ;  
 So Silver bears the burning Coals  
 The Metal to refine.
- Thro' wat'ry Deepſ and fiery Ways  
 We march at thy Command,  
 Led to poſſeſs the promis'd Place  
 By thine unerring Hand.

## P S A L M LXVI. Third Verſion. Second Part.

*Praise to God for hearing Prayer.*      †

- N**OW ſhall my ſolemn Vows be paid  
 To that almighty Pow'r  
 That heard the long Requeſts I made  
 In my diſtreſſful Hour.
- My Lips and chearful Heart prepare  
 To make his Mercies known ;  
 Come ye, who fear my God, and hear  
 The Wonders he has done.
- When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,  
 I ſought his heav'nly Aid ;  
 He ſav'd my ſinking Soul from Hell  
 And Death's eternal Shade.
- If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart  
 While Pray'r employ'd my Tongue,  
 The Lord had ſhewn me no Regard,  
 Nor I his Praises ſung.
- But God, his Name be ever bleſt,  
 Has ſet my Spirit free ;  
 He ne'er rejected my Requeſt,  
 Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

## P S A L M LXVI. Fourth Version. DODDRIDGE.

*Rebels against the supreme Sovereign admonished.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Glory reigns supremely great,  
And o'er Heav'n's Arches builds his royal Seat.  
Thro' Worlds unknown his Sov'reign Sway extends,  
Nor Space nor Time his boundless Empire ends.  
His Eye beholds th' Affairs of ev'ry Nation,  
And reads each Thought thro' his immense Creation.
- 2 Light'nings and Storms his mighty Word obey,  
And Planets roll, where he has mark'd their Way :  
Unnumber'd Cherubs veil'd before him stand,  
At his first Signal all their Wings expand ;  
His Praise gives Harmony to all their Voices,  
And ev'ry Heart thro' the full Choir rejoices.
- 3 Rebellious Mortals, cease your Tumults vain,  
Nor longer such unequal War maintain :  
Let Clay with Fellow Clay in Combat strive,  
But dread to brave the Pow'r, by which you live :  
With contrite Hearts fall prostrate and adore him,  
For, if he frowns, ye perish all before him.

## P S A L M LXVI. Fifth Version.

*God bearing Prayer.*

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, a pitying Ear didst give,  
And heard me when I pray'd ;  
I'll call upon thee while I live,  
And never doubt thine Aid.
- 2 To thee, the Lord of Life, I pray'd,  
And did for Succour flee,  
O save, in my Distress, I cry'd ;  
The Soul that trusts in thee.
- 3 How good thou art, how large thy Grace,  
How ready to relieve !  
Thou dost delight the Weak to raise,  
And by thine Help I live.
- 4 Then, O my Soul, be never more  
By anxious Fears distressed ;  
God's bounteous Love doth thee restore  
To Ease, and Joy, and Rest.

## PSALM LXVII. First Version. MERRICK.

*The supreme Ruler worthy to be praised by all Nations.*

1 **M**AY God his fav'ring Ear incline,  
And bid his Face on *Sion* shine,  
That all thy Counsels, Lord, may know,  
Where Earth extends, or Oceans flow.

2 Exult each Tribe, exult each Land;  
Heav'n's mighty Lord with equal Hand  
The Balance holds, and Earth's Domain  
Shall own to latest Age his Reign.

3 To thee, of Life th' eternal Spring,  
Invisible, all-potent King,  
One Chorus let the Nations raise,  
One Shout of universal Praise.

4 So, warm'd by genial Suns, the Field  
With full Increase its Fruits shall yield,  
And God, thy God, O *Israel*, shed  
His choicest Blessings on thy Head.

5 God shall on us his Blessings show'r,  
And Man's whole Race revere his Pow'r,  
And, thankful, to their wond'ring Eyes  
Behold the wish'd Salvation rise.

6 To thee, of Life th' eternal Spring,  
Invisible, all-potent King,  
One Chorus let the Nations raise,  
One Shout of universal Praise.

## PSALM LXVII. Second Version. TATE.

*National Prosperity prayed for.*

1 **T**O blest thy chosen Race,  
In Mercy, Lord, incline;  
And cause the Brightness of thy Face,  
On all thy Saints to shine.

2 That so thy wond'rous Ways  
May thro' the World be known;  
While distant Lands their Tribute pay,  
And thy Salvation own.

3 Let



- 3 Let diff'ring Nations join  
To celebrate thy Fame;  
Let all the World, O Lord, combine,  
To praise thy glorious Name!
- 4 O let them shout and sing  
With Joy and pious Mirth;  
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the Earth!
- 5 Then shall the teeming Ground  
A large Increase disclose;  
And we with Plenty shall be crown'd,  
Which God, our God, bestows.
- 6 Then God upon our Land  
Shall constant Blessings show'r;  
And all the World in Awe shall stand  
Of his resistless Pow'r.

## P S A L M LXVII. Third Version. WATT

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on *Britain* shine  
With Beams of heav'nly Grace;  
Reveal thy Pow'r thro' all our Coasts,  
And shew thy smiling Face.
- 2 Amidst our Isle exalted high  
Do thou our Glory stand,  
And like a Wall of Guardian Fire  
Surround the Fav'rite-Land.
- 3 When shall thy Name from Shore to Shore  
Sound all the Earth abroad,  
And distant Nations know and love  
Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant Lands,  
Sing loud with solemn Voice;  
While *British* Tongues exalt his Praise,  
And *British* Hearts rejoice.
- 5 He the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,  
Who sits enthron'd above,  
Wisely commands the Worlds he made  
In Justice and in Love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's Will,  
And yield a full Increase;  
Our God will crown his chosen Isle  
With Fruitfulness and Peace.

7 The Lord *Jehovah* scatters round  
His choicest Favors here,  
While the Creation's utmost Bound  
Shall see, adore, and fear.

P S A L M LXVIII. First Version. MERRICK.

*A Song of Praise.*

1 L E T all who own God's just Command  
Exulting in his Presence stand,  
And bid the Shout of Triumph rise  
Loud echoing to the distant Skies.

2 His Name *Jehovah*; Theme of Praise  
Exhaustless! in his Presence raise  
The grateful Strain, and joyous sing  
The Mercies of your heav'nly King.

3 Their Parent him the Orphans hail;  
He bids the Widow's Cause prevail,  
And, shrin'd above th' empyreal Sky,  
Extends to all his equal Eye,

4 A Mansion to the Outcast gives,  
The Captive from his Chain relieves,  
His Aid the Humble and the Poor  
Shall ne'er with fruitless Vows implore.

5 Let all who own God's just Command  
Exulting in his Presence stand,  
And bid the Shout of Triumph rise  
Loud echoing to the distant Skies.

P A U S E.

6 To God, our ever constant Aid,  
Be Thanks and ceaseless Honor paid:  
On him our wish'd Salvation rests;  
May all obey his high Behests.

7 Ye various Realms which Earth divide,  
O sing to *Israel's* God and Guide,  
Who o'er the Skies, in awful State,  
From earliest Age, exalted sat;

6 Whose

- 8 Whose Voice, in frequent Thunders giv'n,  
Tremendous shakes the Vault of Heav'n ;  
To him the Pow'r ascribe, whose Rays  
To *Jacob's* View conspicuous blaze ;
- 9 Who downward from th' ethereal Height  
O'er subject Worlds extends his Sight :  
Whose Strength our Arm for Toil prepares,  
And crowns with sure Success our Years.
- 10 Let all who own his just Command  
Exulting in his Presence stand :  
To him, till Time shall reach its End,  
Let Songs of highest Praise ascend.

PSALM LXVIII. Second Version. TATE.

*The Providence of God recorded to Posterity.*

- 1 **T**O God your Voice in Anthems raise ;  
*Jehovah* is the Name he bears ;  
In him rejoice, proclaim his Praise,  
Who rides upon the rolling Spheres.
- 2 Those who obey his sov'reign Will  
His Favor's chearing Beams enjoy ;  
Their upright Hearts let Gladness fill,  
And grateful Songs their Tongues employ.
- 3 Ascribe ye Pow'r to God most high ;  
Of humble Souls his Hand takes Care,  
Whose Strength, from out the dusky Sky,  
Darts shining Terrors thro' the Air.
- 4 Tho' Glory fills his heav'nly Courts,  
There hath he fix'd his gracious Throne ;  
His arm the feeblest Saint supports ;  
To God give Praise, to him alone.

PSALM LXVIII. Third Version. First Part. WA

*God's Justice and Compassion.*

- 1 **K**INGDOMS and Thrones to God belong ;  
Crown him, ye Nations, in your Song :  
His wond'rous Names and Pow'rs rehearse ;  
His Honors shall enrich your Verse,

- 2 He rides in Glory thro' the Sky;  
His Name *Jehovah* sounds on high;  
Sing to his Name, ye Sons of Grace;  
Ye Saints, rejoice before his Face.
- 3 The Widow and the Fatherless  
Fly to his Aid in sharp Distress:  
In him the Poor and Helpless find  
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.
- 4 He breaks the Captives heavy Chain,  
And Pris'ners see the Light again:  
But Rebels who dispute his Will  
Shall dwell in Chains and Darkness still.
- 5 He shakes the Heav'ns with loud Alarms;  
How terrible is God in Arms!  
In *Israel* are his Mercies known,  
*Israel* is his peculiar Throne.
- 6 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;  
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Rest:  
When Terrors rise and Nations faint,  
God is the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

P S A L M LXVIII. Third Version. Second Part.

*Praise for divine Blessings and Protection.*

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord, the Just, the Good,  
Who fills our Hearts with Joy and Food;  
Who pours his Blessings from the Skies,  
And loads our Days with rich Supplies.
- 2 He sends the Sun his Circuit round;  
To cheer the Fruits, to warm the Ground:  
He bids the Clouds with plentiful Rain  
Refresh the thirsty Earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,  
And all our near Escapes from Death:  
Safety and Health to God belong;  
He heals the Weak and guards the Strong.
- 4 Lo, his Right Hand his Saints shall raise  
From Death's dark Vale to sound his Praise!  
And bring them to his Courts above,  
To see his Face, and taste his Love.

P S A L M

## P S A L M LXIX. First Version. MERRICK.

*Prayer in Time of Distress.*

- † 1 **T**O thee, my God, to thee alone  
 The Errors of my Heart are known:  
 O let me in th' accepted Hour  
 In Pray'r to thee my Spirit pour.
- 2 Hear, Lord, and to my Soul display  
 Thy Mercy's all-enliv'ning Ray;  
 Look down, eternal God, look down,  
 Behold me, but without a Frown.
- 3 And O! while press'd with Ills I lie,  
 Cast on my State a pitying Eye,  
 And let thy Mercy to my Grief  
 In full Sufficiency yield Relief.
- 4 So shall thy Name my Transport raise,  
 And dictate to my Lips thy Praise;  
 To thee my Voice the Song shall rear,  
 Thy Mercy, Lord, is ever near.

## P S A L M LXIX. Second Version. WATTS.

*Christ's Obedience and Death.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, we sing thy wond'rous Grace,  
 We bless our Saviour's Name,  
 He brought Salvation for the Poor,  
 And bore Reproach and Shame.
- 2 Thro' Sorrow and thro' Death he pass'd,  
 Thy Pleasure to fulfil;  
 He magnify'd thy holy Law,  
 And finish'd all thy Will.
- 3 His faultless Life, obedient Death,  
 Shall better please our God,  
 Than Harp or Trumpet's solemn Sound,  
 Than Goats or Bulls' Blood.
- 4 This shall his humble Followers see,  
 And set their Hearts at Rest;  
 Thro' him may all draw near to God,  
 And live for ever blest.

- 5 Let Heav'n, and all who dwell on high,  
To God their Voices raise,  
While Lands and Seas assist the Sky,  
And join t'advance the Praise.

— P S A L M LXIX. Third Version. WATTS.

*Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.*

- 1 'T WAS for our Sake, eternal God,  
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy Load  
Of base Reproach and sore Disgrace,  
And Shame defil'd his sacred Face.
- 2 The *Jews*, his Brethren and his Kin,  
Abus'd the Man who check'd their Sin :  
While he fulfill'd thy holy Laws,  
They hate him, but without a Cause.
- 3 His Life they load with hateful Lies,  
And charge his Lips with Blasphemies ;  
They nail him to the shameful Tree ;  
There hung the Man who dy'd for me.
- 4 Sinners with Hearts as hard as Stones  
Insult his Piety and Groans :  
Gall was the Food they gave him there,  
And mock'd his Thirst with Vinegar.
- 5 But God beheld ; and from his Throne  
Marks out the Men who hate his Son ;  
The Hand that rais'd him from the Dead  
Shall pour Destruction on their Head.

PSALM LXXI. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*Dependence on God through every Stage of Life.*

- 1 O N thee my Soul, with steady Frame,  
(O blast not thou my Hope with Shame)  
On thee my Soul its Trust has staid,  
And asks thy Goodness to its Aid :
- 2 On thee my Hopes supported stand ;  
My Life from earliest Youth thy Hand  
(That Life which first from thee began)  
Preserv'd, and led me up to Man.

3 When

- 3 When lodg'd within the Womb I lay,  
Thy Care produc'd me to the Day,  
And, while that Care my Years prolongs,  
Thy Name shall animate my Songs.
- 4 O let me not, Almighty Friend,  
While with a Weight of Age I bend,  
And wearied Nature's Succours fail,  
The Absence of thine Aid bewail.
- 5 Thy Arm in my Support employ,  
That still, my God, my only Joy,  
From op'ning Dawn to closing Eve  
Thy Praises on my Tongue may live.

## PSALM LXXI. First Version. Second Part.

*Old Age addressing God for Help to celebrate his Perfection*

- 1 **M**Y Heart shall still on thee depend;  
My thankful Voice to thee ascend,  
And, through the Day, my God and King,  
Thy Justice, thy Salvation sing,
- 2 Strong in thy Might I take my Way,  
Thy Righteousness my only Stay,  
Whose Lessons on my youthful Breast  
Fair Wisdom's sacred Lines impress'd,
- 3 Recede not now, while grey with Years  
His Hands to thee thy Servant rears,  
Thou'st taught me, to my latest Hour,  
To speak the Wonders of thy Pow'r.
- 4 Thy Pow'r, thy Justice, let my Lay  
To Nations yet unborn display:  
Do not thy wonted Help withhold,  
Till, pleas'd, my Tongue thy Acts has told:
- 5 Such Acts as shall the Ear invite  
Of all who now th' ethereal Light  
Enjoy, and oft rehears'd engage  
The Wonder of each future Age.
- 6 How glorious are thy Works, how great!  
Say, what in Earth, or Heav'n's high Seat,  
What shall the searching Eye to thee  
Or equal, Lord, or second, see?

Thy Truth my Prai'ry shall inspire,  
And tune to loudest Notes my Lyre,  
My willing Lips with Praise o'erflow,  
My Soul doth with new-Transport glow.

From Morn to Night, Indulgent Lord,  
My Tongue thy Goodness shall record;  
Yet ne'er, O ne'er in equal Strain  
The Measure of thy Love explain.

PSALM LXXI. Second Version. First Part. WATTS.

*Dependence on God through every Stage of Life.*

**M**Y God, my everlasting Hope,  
I live upon thy Truth;  
Thy Hands have held my Childhood up,  
And strengthen'd all my Youth.  
My Flesh was fashion'd by thy Hand,  
With all these Limbs of mine;  
My all-I owe to thy Command,  
I am entirely thine.

New Wonders, Lord, my Life has seen,  
With each returning Year;  
Behold the Days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy Care.

Cast me not off when Strength declines,  
When hoary Hairs arise;  
And round me let thy Glory shine  
Whene'er thy Servant dies.

PSALM LXXI. Second Version. Second Part.

*The aged Christian's Prayer and Song.*

**G**OD of my Childhood and my Youth,  
The Guide of all my Days,  
I have declar'd thy heav'nly Truth,  
And told thy wond'rous Ways.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary Hairs,  
And leave my fainting Heart?  
Who shall sustain my sinking Years  
If God my Strength depart?



3. Let me thy Pow'r and Truth proclaim  
To the surviving Age,  
And leave a Savour of thy Name  
When I shall quit the Stage.
- 4 The Land of Silence and of Death  
Attends my next Remove ;  
O may these poor Remains of Breath  
Teach the wide World thy Love !
- 5 Thy Righteousness is deep and high,  
Unsearchable thy Deeds ;  
Thy Glory spreads beyond the Sky,  
And all my Praise exceeds.
- 6 By long Experience have I known  
Thy sov'reign Pow'r to save ;  
At thy Command I venture down  
Securely to the Grave.

P S A L M LXXI. . Third Version. ADDISON.

*Gratitude to God.*

**W**HEN all thy Mercies, O my God,  
My rising Soul surveys ;  
Transported with the View, I'm lost  
In Wonder, Love, and Praise.

- 2 O how shall Words with equal Warmth  
The Gratitude declare,  
Which glows within my ravish'd Heart !  
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy Providence my Life sustain'd,  
And all my Wants redress'd,  
When in the silent Womb I lay,  
And hung upon the Breast.
- 4 To all my weak Complaints and Cries  
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,  
Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in Pray'r.

5 Unnumb

- 5 Unnumber'd Comforts on my Soul  
Thy tender Care bestow'd,  
Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd  
From whence those Comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the flipp'ry Paths of Youth  
With heedless Step I ran,  
Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to Man.
- 7 Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,  
It gently clear'd my Way ;  
And thro' the pleasing Snares of Vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with Sicknes, oft hast thou  
With Health renew'd thy Face ;  
And, when in Sin and Sorrow sunk,  
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.
- 9 [Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Bliss  
Hath made my Cup run o'er ;  
And, in a kind and faithful Friend,  
Has doubled all my Store.]
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious Gifts  
My daily Thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a chearful Heart,  
That tastes those Gifts with Joy.
- 11 Thro' ev'ry Period of my Life,  
Thy Goodness I'll pursue ;  
And, after Death, in distant Worlds,  
The glorious Theme renew.
- 12 When Nature fails, and Day and Night  
Divide thy Works no more,  
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord,  
Thy Mercy shall adore.
- 13 Thro' all Eternity to thee  
A joyful Song I'll raise ;  
For oh ! Eternity alone  
Can utter all thy Praise.

## PSALM LXXII. First Version. First Part. MERRIC.

*A Prayer for the Prince of Wales; with a Description of  
 your King, and a prosperous Reign.*

- 1 **I**NSTRUCT. great God, the kingly Heart,  
 Nor cease thy Guidance to impart,  
 Till, pleas'd, the Heir of *Britain's* Throne  
 Thy Precept's full Extent has known.
- 2 So shall his Hand dispense thy Laws,  
 Prompt to defend the poor Man's Cause,  
 Peace from the fort-clad Mountain's Brow  
 Descending bless the Plains below.
- 3 His Justice from each rocky Cell  
 Shall Violence and Fraud expel;  
 His Arm the injur'd Man shall right,  
 And crush the proud Oppressor's Might.
- 4 His Worth succeeding Times shall own,  
 Long as the Sun and waxing Moon,  
 With varied Light, in swift Career,  
 Alternate guide the circling Year.
- 5 Behold his Influence downward pour,  
 Delightful as the copious Show'r,  
 Whole Drops refresh the new-thorn Plain,  
 And swell with Life the fruitful Grain.
- 6 From Sea to Sea his virtuous Fame  
 Shall reach, the Honors of his Name  
 Through Realms of various Tongue extend  
 Far as to Earth's remotest End.
- 7 To him the Desert's Tribes shall kneel;  
 His Foes, who on their conqu'ring Steel  
 Repos'd erewhile their frantic Trust,  
 Shall prostrate fall, and sink to Dust.
- 8 The distant *East's* divided Shores  
 Prolific spread their richest Stores;  
 All Pow'rs to him due Honors pay,  
 All Nations praise his equal Sway.

- 7 He, when the helpless Poor shall cry,  
 Shall hear propitious from on high;  
 Nor Fraud, nor Rapine's Iron Hand  
 Shall dare to touch the righteous Band..
- 10 For him, what Crouds shall suppliant bow,  
 His Health the Subject of their Vow,  
 And through the Length of Days his Fame  
 Aloud with thankful Voice proclaim.
- 11 Lift to the Mountain's Height your Eyes;  
 And see the yellow Harvests rise,  
 Wide-waving, as the Verdure spread.  
 On *Lebanon's* exalted Head.
- 12 Behold the Cities o'er the Plain  
 Pour from their Gates a num'rous Train,  
 And healthful as the vernal Birth,  
 That shades with Green the joyous Earth.
- 13 From Year to Year the Orb of Day  
 His brighter Glories shall survey,  
 While *Britain's* Race his Love confess,  
 And, blest in him, his Name shall bless.

P S A L M LXXII. First Version. Second Part.

*Praise to God.*

- 1 **E**XALT, exalt your heav'nly Lord,  
 The God by *Jacob's* Sons ador'd,  
 Whose wond'rous Acts to him alone  
 Assert the everlasting Throne.
- 2 To him in loftiest Praises join,  
 And bless the Majesty divine;  
 That Majesty whose cloudless Rays  
 O'er Earth's capacious Round shall blaze.

PSALM LXXII. Second Version. First Part. WATTS.

*Applied to the Kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, whose universal Sway  
 The known and unknown Worlds obey,

- Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his Pow'r, exalt his Throne.
- 2 Thy Sceptre well becomes his Hands,  
Let all submit to his Commands;  
His Justice shall redress the Poor,  
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.
- 3 With Pow'r he vindicates the Just,  
And treads th' Oppressor in the Dust;  
His righteous Government shall last  
Till Hours and Years and Time be past.
- 4 The Heathen Lands that lie beneath  
The Shades of overspreading Death  
Revive at his first dawning Light,  
And Deserts blossom at the Sight.
- 5 The Saints shall flourish in his Days,  
Drest in the Robes of Joy and Praise;  
Peace, like a River from his Throne  
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

## P S A L M LXXII. Second Version. Second Part.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where e'er the Sun  
Does his successive Journies run;  
His Kingdom stretch from Shore to Shore,  
Till Moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Through him shall endless Pray'r be made,  
And Praises throng to crown his Head;  
His Name like sweet Perfume shall rise  
With every Morning Sacrifice.
- 3 People and Realms of ev'ry Tongue  
Dwell on his Love with sweetest Song;  
And Infant-Voices shall proclaim  
Their early Blessings on his Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The Pris'ner leaps to lose his Chains,  
The Weary find eternal Rest,  
And all the Sons of Want are blest.

; Where he displays his healing Pow'r,  
The Sting of Death is known no more ;  
In him the Tribes of *Adam* boast  
More Blessings than their Father lost.

P S A L M LXXIII. First Version. MERRICK.

*Delight and Confidence in God, and the wretched End of  
prosperous Vice.*

1 **W**HO, taught to spurn his equal Sway,  
From *Israel's* God presumptuous stray,  
His Justice, with reverseless Doom,  
In Life's full Vigor shall consume.

2 Behold them on the slipp'ry Seat  
Of high Ambition plant their Feet,  
Then mark them as they downward bend,  
And headlong to the Earth descend.

3 How swift, how sudden is their Fate !  
What Horrors, Lord, their Death await !  
Wrapt in Oblivion's Shade they lie,  
Their Image vanish'd from the Eye.

4 But, mightiest Lord ! my Soul has known  
Thy Love to *Israel's* Offspring shown,  
And owns the Bliss by thee ordain'd  
To each who bears a Heart unstain'd.

5 O say, in Heav'n's capacious Round  
What Friend like thee my Soul has found ;  
Or who, great God, on Earth resides,  
Whose Love with thine my Breast divides.

6 My Heart, my Flesh have fail'd ; but thee  
My lasting Heritage I see ;  
Thy Strength my fainting Spirit cheers,  
And checks my Grief, and calms my Fears.

7 Now, warm with holy Transport, I  
To God with sure Success apply,  
Him trust, and, guarded by his Care,  
To Man's whole Race his Acts declare.

P S A L M LXXIII. <sup>A</sup>Second Version. T A 1*Afflicted Saints safe and truly happy.*

- 1 **A**T length by certain Proof 'tis plain,  
That God will to his Saints be kind :  
That all whose Hearts are pure and clean,  
Shall his protecting Favor find.
- 2 Till this sustaining Truth I knew,  
My stagg'ring Feet had almost fail'd ;  
I griev'd the Sinner's Wealth to view,  
And envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.
- 3 They to the Grave in Peace descend,  
And while they live are hale and strong.  
No Plagues or Troubles them offend,  
Which oft to other Men belong.
- 4 With Pride, as with a Chain, they're held,  
And Rapine seems their Robe of State ;  
Their Eyes stand out, with Fatness swell'd,  
They grow, beyond their Wishes, great.
- 5 With Hearts corrupt and lofty Talk,  
Oppressive Methods they defend ;  
Their Tongue thro' all the Earth does walk ;  
Their Blasphemies to Heav'n ascend.
- 6 And yet admiring Crowds are found,  
Who servile Visits duly make,  
Because with Plenty they abound,  
Of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.
- 7 Their fond Opinions these pursue,  
"Till they with them profanely cry,  
" How should the Lord our Actions view,  
" Can he perceive who dwells so high ?

## P A U S E.

- 8 Behold the Wicked ! these are they  
Who openly their Sins profess ;  
And yet their Wealth increase each Day,  
And all their Actions meet Success.



n have I cleans'd my Heart (said I)  
wash'd my Hands from Guilt in vain,  
l the Day oppress'd I lie,  
ev'ry Morning suffer Pain.

as did I once to speak intend;  
if such Things I rashly say;  
Children, Lord, I must offend,  
basely should their Cause betray.

fathom this, my Thoughts I bent,  
found the Case too hard for me,  
l to the House of God I went,  
n I their End did plainly see.

w high foe'er advanc'd, they all  
slipp'ry Places loosely stand;  
nce into Ruin headlong fall,  
down by thy all-potent Hand.

w dreadful and how quick their Fate,  
dis'd by thee when they're destroy'd!  
vaking Men with Scorn do treat  
Fancies that their Dreams employ'd.

as was my Heart with Grief oppress'd,  
Reins were rack'd with restless Pains,  
stupid was I like a Beast,  
no reflecting Thought retains.

still thy Presence me supply'd,  
thy Right-Hand Assistance gave:  
ou first shalt with thy Counsel guide,  
l then to Glory me receive.

## P A U S E.

om, Lord, in Heav'n, but thee alone,  
e I, whose Favour I require;  
oughout the spacious Earth there's none  
t I besides thee can desire.



- 4 " I'll leave them, faith the Lord,  
 " To their own Lufts a Prey,  
 " And let them run the dang'rous Road;  
 " 'Tis their own chosen Way.
- 5 " Yet, O ! that all my Saints,  
 " Would hearken to my Voice !  
 " Soon I would ease all their Complaints,  
 " And bid their Hearts rejoice.
- 6 " While I destroy their Foes,  
 " I'd richly feed my Flock,  
 " And they should taste the Stream that flows  
 " From their eternal Rock."

## P S A L M LXXXII. WATTS.

*God the supreme Governor ; or, a Warning to venal and corrupt Magistrates.*

- 1 **A**MONG th' Assemblies of the Great  
 A greater Ruler takes his Seat ;  
 The God of Heav'n as Judge surveys  
 Those Gods on Earth and all their Ways.
- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked Laws ?  
 Or why support th' unrighteous Cause ?  
 When will ye once defend the Poor,  
 That Sinners vex the Just no more ?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know :  
 Dark are the Ways in which they go :  
 Their Name of earthly Gods is vain,  
 For they shall fall and die like Men.
- 4 Rise, mightiest King, to Judgment rise,  
 Th' Oppress'd redeem, the Proud chastise,  
 Till Man's whole Offspring, thee alone  
 Their Lord, and just Possessor, own.

## PSALM LXXXIV. First Version. First Part. MERR

*The Happiness of true Worshipers.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet thy Dwellings, Lord, how fair !  
 What Peace, what Bliss, inhabit there !  
 With ardent Hope, with strong Desire,  
 My Heart, my Flesh, to thee aspire.
- 2 Eternal King, within thy Dome  
 The Sparrow finds her peaceful Home ;

With her the Dove, a licens'd Guest,  
Assiduous tends her infant Nest.

- 3 Blest, who, like these, from Day to Day  
Within thy House permitted stay,  
Whose joyous Tongue thy Mercies raise  
To Hymns of Gratitude and Praise.
- 4 Blest, who, their Strength on thee reclin'd,  
Thy Seat explore with constant Mind,  
And, *Salem's* distant Tow'rs in View,  
With active Zeal their Way pursue :
- 5 Secure the thirsty Vale they tread,  
While, call'd from out their sandy Bed,  
The copious Springs their Steps beguile,  
And bid the chearless Defart smile.
- 6 From Stage to Stage advancing still,  
Behold them reach fair *Sion's* Hill,  
And, prostrate at her hallow'd Shrine,  
Adore the Majesty divine.

P S A L M LXXXIV. First Version. Second Part.

*Delight in public Worship.*

- 1 **O** Thou, whom Heav'n's high Hosts revere,  
God of our Fathers, bow thine Ear :  
Look down, our only Hope ! look down ;  
Behold us, but without a Frown.
- 2 O let thy Beams, in Mercy shed,  
Stream copious on thy Servant's Head ;  
Blest, who in Confidence of Pray'r  
To thee, great God, resign their Care.
- 3 One Day if in thy Courts I dwell,  
That Day a thousand shall excel :  
Amidst the menial Tribe to wait,  
And guard th' Approaches of thy Gate,
- 4 Far happier Task my Soul should find,  
Than, mix'd with Men of impious Mind,  
To see the proud Pavilion spread  
Its dazzling Splendors o'er my Head.
- 5 Thou, Lord, art *Israel's* Sun and Shield ;  
Thy Love shall Grace and Glory yield,  
Nor e'er permit the pious Train  
Thy Gifts to ask, and ask in vain.

L

P S A L M

## P S A L M LXXXIV. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **O** God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the Place,  
Where thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st  
The Brightness of thy Face!
- 2 My longing Soul faints with Desire  
To view thy blest Abode;  
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out  
For thee the living God.
- 3 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,  
How highly blest'd are they  
Who in thy Temple always dwell,  
And there thy Praise display!
- 4 Thrice happy they, whose Choice has thee  
Their sure Protection made,  
Who long to tread the sacred Ways  
That to thy Dwelling lead.
- 5 Sure in thy Courts one single Day  
'Tis better to attend,  
Than, Lord, in any Place besides  
A thousand Days to spend:
- 6 Much rather in God's House will I  
The meanest Office take,  
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin  
My pompous Dwelling make.
- 7 For God is both our Sun and Shield,  
Will Grace and Glory give;  
And no good Thing will he with-hold  
From those who justly live.
- 8 Thou, God, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,  
How highly blest'd is he  
Whose Hope and Trust, securely plac'd,  
Is still repos'd on thee?

## PSALM LXXXIV. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*The Pleasure of public Worship.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are!  
With long Desire my Spirit faints  
To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.

- 2 Bleft are the Saints who sit on high  
Around thy Throne of Majesty ;  
Thy brightest Glories shine above,  
And all their Work is Praise and Love.
- 3 Bleft are the Souls who find a Place  
Within the Temple of thy Grace ;  
There they behold thy gentler Rays,  
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.
- 4 Bleft are the Men whose Hearts are set  
To find the Way to *Zion's* Gate ;  
God is their Strength ; and thro' the Road  
They lean upon their Helper God.
- 5 Chearful they walk with growing Strength,  
Till all shall meet in Heav'n at length,  
Till all before thy Face appear,  
And join in nobler Worship there.

## P S A L M LXXXIV. Third Version. Second Part.

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend while *Zion* sings  
The Joy that from thy Presence springs :  
To spend one Day with thee on Earth  
Exceeds a thousand Days of Mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest Place  
Within thine House, O God of Grace,  
Not Tents of Ease, nor Thrones of Pow'r  
Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.
- 3 God is our Sun, he makes our Day ;  
God is our Shield, he guards our Way  
From all th' Assaults of Hell and Sin,  
From Foes without and Foes within.
- 4 All needful Grace will God bestow,  
And crown that Grace with Glory too :  
He gives us all Things, and withholds  
No real Good from upright Souls.

## P S A L M LXXXIV. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y Soul, how lovely is the Place  
To which thy God resorts !  
'Tis Heav'n to see his smiling Face,  
Tho' in his earthly Courts.

- 2 There the great Monarch of the Skies  
His saving Pow'r displays,  
And Light breaks in upon our Eyes  
With kind and quickning Rays.
- 3 There, mighty God, thy Words declare  
The Secrets of thy Will ;  
And still we seek thy Mercy there,  
And sing thy Praises still.
- 4 To sit one Day beneath thine Eye,  
And hear thy gracious Voice  
Exceeds a whole Eternity  
Employ'd in carnal Joys.

P S A L M LXXXIV. Fifth Version. WATTS

- 1 **L**ORD of the Worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The Dwellings of thy Love,  
Thy earthly Temples are !  
To thine Abode,  
My Heart aspires  
With warm Desires  
To see my God.
- 2 O happy Souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear !  
O happy Men that pay  
Their constant Service there !  
They praise thee still ;  
And happy they  
Who love the Way  
To Zion's Hill.
- 3 They go from Strength to Strength  
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in Heav'n appears :  
O glorious Seat,  
When God our King  
Shal l thither bring  
Our willing Feet !

- 4 To spend one sacred Day  
Where God and Saints abide  
Affords diviner Joy  
Than Thousand Days beside :  
Where God resorts  
I love it more  
To keep the Door  
Than shine in Courts.
- 5 God is our Sun and Shield,  
Our Light and our Defence ;  
With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,  
We draw our Blessings thence :  
He shall bestow  
On *Jacob's* Race  
Peculiar Grace  
And Glory too.
- 6 The Lord his People loves ;  
His Hand no Good withholds  
From those his Heart approves,  
From pure and pious Souls :  
Thrice happy he,  
O God of Hosts,  
Whose Spirit trusts  
Alone in thee.

## P S A L M LXXXIV. Sixth Version. STEELE.

- 1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,  
O Lord, thy sacred Courts appear !  
Fain would my longing Passions meet  
The Glories of thy Presence there.
- 2 Oh, blest the Men, blest their Employ,  
Whom thy indulgent Favors raise  
To dwell in these Abodes of Joy,  
And sing thy never-ceasing Praise.
- 3 Happy the Men, whom Strength divine  
With ardent Love and Zeal inspires ;  
Whose Steps to thy blest Way incline,  
With willing Hearts and warm Desires.

- 4 One day within thy sacred Gate,  
Affords more real Joy to me,  
Than thousands in the Tents of State;  
The meanest Place is Bliss with thee.
- 5 God is a Sun; our brightest Day  
From his reviving Presence flows;  
God is a Shield, thro' all the Way,  
To guard us from surrounding Foes.
- 6 He pours his kindest Blessings down,  
Profusely down on Souls sincere;  
And Grace shall guide, and Glory crown  
The happy Fav'rites of his Care.
- 7 O Lord of Hosts, thou God of Grace,  
How blest, divinely blest, is he,  
Who trusts thy Love and seeks thy Face,  
And fixes all his Hopes on thee!

P S A L M LXXXV. First Version. MERRICK.

*Peace and Prosperity the Portion of a penitent reformed People.*

- 1 **R**EV'RENT I wait, nor Silence break,  
Till Heav'n's high Lord his Purpose speak;  
What shall he speak, but Peace, to thee,  
O Israel? What, but Joy, decree  
To each whose Heart his Precept learns,  
Nor back to Folly's Path returns?  
Therefore, ye Souls that own his Fear,  
Behold your wish'd Redemption near:
- 2 See Glory, bursting from the Skies,  
O'er Judah's Land ~~effulgent~~ rise,  
And fix amidst her ~~Coasts~~ <sup>its</sup> Seat;  
There Verity and Mercy meet,  
With mutual Step advancing; there  
Shall Peace and Justice, heav'nly Pair,  
To lasting Compact onward move,  
Seal'd by the Kiss of sacred Love.
- 3 Truth from thy Furrows, Earth, shall spring,  
And Righteousness, her healing Wing  
Expanded, downward cast her Eye,  
While Heav'n's great Monarch from on high

Shall

Shall crown th' expecting Lab'rer's Toil,  
 And blest with full Increase our Soil :  
 Thus shall his all-disposing Will  
 His People's ev'ry Hope fulfil.

## P S A L M LXXXV. Second Version. TATE.

*Prayer for public Deliverance.*

- 1 **T**HY Favor, gracious Lord, display,  
 Which we have long implor'd ;  
 And, for thy wond'rous Mercy's Sake,  
 Thy wonted Aid afford.
- 2 Thine Answer patiently we'll wait,  
 For thou with glad Success,  
 If they no more to Folly turn,  
 Thy mourning Saints wilt bless.
- 3 To those who fear thy holy Name  
 Is thy Salvation near ;  
 And in its former happy State  
 Our Nation shall appear.
- 4 For Mercy now, with Truth is join'd ;  
 And Righteousness with Peace,  
 Like kind Companions absent long,  
 With friendly Arms embrace.
- 5 Truth from the Earth shall spring, while Heav'n  
 Shall Streams of Justice pour ;  
 And God, from whom all Goodness flows,  
 Shall endless Plenty show'r.
- 6 Before him Righteousness shall march,  
 And his just Paths prepare ;  
 While we his holy Steps pursue  
 With constant Zeal and Care.

## PSALM LXXXV. Third Version. First Part. MILTON.

*In a Time of public Distress and Danger.*

- 1 **G**OD of our saving Health and Peace,  
 O turn, and us restore ;  
 Thine awful Judgments cease to cease  
 Thy Servants chide no more.



- 2 Wilt thou not turn, and hear our Voice,  
And us again revive,  
That so thy People may rejoice  
By thee preserv'd alive ?
- 3 Cause us to see thy Goodness, Lord,  
To us thy Mercy shew ;  
'Thy saving Health to us afford,  
And Life in us renew.
- 4 And now what God the Lord will speak,  
I will draw nigh to hear :  
For to his People he'll speak Peace,  
In Kindness will appear :
- 5 To all his Saints he will speak Peace,  
But let them never more  
To Folly turn, but wholly cease  
T' offend him as before.

P S A L M LXXXV. Third Version. Second Part.  
*Public Peace and Prosperity the natural Consequence of general  
 Repentance and Reformation.*

- 1 **S**URELY to such as God will fear  
Salvation is at Hand,  
And Glory shall ere long appear  
To dwell within our Land.
- 2 Mercy and Truth, which long were miss'd,  
Now joyfully are met ;  
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,  
And Hand in Hand are set.
- 3 Truth from the Earth, like to a Flow'r,  
Shall bud and blossom here ;  
And Justice from her heav'nly Bow'r  
Look down and banish Fear.
- 4 The Lord will on us all bestow  
Whatever Thing is good,  
Our Land shall forth in Plenty throw  
Her Fruits to be our Food.
- 5 Before him Righteousness shall go  
His Royal Harbinger :  
Then will he come, and not be slow ;  
His Footsteps cannot err.

- 6 To all his Saints he will speak Peace,  
 But let them never more  
 To Folly turn, but wholly cease  
 T' offend him as before.

PSALM LXXXV. Fourth Version. DODDRIDGE.

*God speaking Peace to his People.*

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving Thoughts, unite  
 In Silence soft and sweet :  
 And thou, my Soul, sit gently down  
 At thy great Sov'reign's Feet.
- 2 *Jehovah's* awful Voite is heard,  
 Yet gladly I attend;  
 For lo! the everlasting God  
 Proclaims himself my Friend.
- 3 Harmonious Accents to my Soul  
 The Sounds of Peace convey ;  
 The Tempest at his Word subsides,  
 And Winds and Seas obey.
- 4 By all its Joys, I charge my Heart,  
 To grieve his Love no more ;  
 But, charm'd by Melody divine,  
 To give its Follies o'er.

PSALM LXXXVI. First Version. MERRICK.

*Prayer and Praise.*

- 1 **L**ORD! to my Wants thy Ear incline ;  
 Behold me, I am wholly thine ;  
 My Hope confirm, and guard from Ill  
 A Soul subjected to thy Will.
- 2 From rising to declining Day  
 To thee with fervent Lip I pray :  
 Propitious, to thy Servant's Heart  
 Thy chearing Influence impart.
- 3 To thee, to thee I vent my Care ;  
 I know thee, Lord, nor flow to spare,  
 Nor weak to vindicate from Harm  
 The Souls with pure Devotion warm.

- 4 Regard me, gracious; nor forbear  
The Voice of my Request to hear;  
For who, among the Seats divine,  
Shall boast or Pow'r or Works like thine?
- 5 Behold, their Maker taught to own,  
Earth's future Sons before thy Throne  
In *Sion* suppliant kneel, and raise  
To *Israel's* God their joyful Lays.
- 6 Eternal Excellence! Thy Hand  
At Will shall Nature's Pow'rs command;  
Thy Wonders, through her Confines wide,  
She speaks, nor owns a God beside.
- 7 O give me, Lord, thy Paths to tread,  
And, while thy Truth my Steps shall lead,  
(The faithful Guide by thee assign'd)  
Train to thy Fear my willing Mind.
- 8 My Heart, by sacred Zeal impell'd,  
To thee the grateful Song shall yield;  
Long as I breathe the vital Air,  
'Thy Love my loudest Praise shall share.

PSALM LXXXVI. Second Version. TATE.

*Prayer and Praise.*

- 1 **D**O thou, O God, preserve my Soul,  
That does thy Name adore;  
'Thy Servant keep, and him, whose Trust  
Relies on thee, restore.
- 2 To him, who daily thee invokes  
Thy Mercy, Lord, extend:  
Refresh thy Servant's Soul, whose Hopes  
On thee alone depend.
- 3 Thou, Lord, art good; not only good,  
But prompt to pardon too;  
Of plenteous Mercy to all those  
Who for thy Mercy sue.
- 4 To my repeated humble Pray'r,  
O Lord, attentive be;  
When troubled, I on thee will call,  
For thou wilt answer me.

5 Amon

- 5 Among the Gods there's none like thee,  
O Lord, alone divine;  
To thee as much inferior they,  
As are their Works to thine.
- 6 Therefore their great Creator thee  
The Nations shall adore;  
Their long misguided Pray'rs and Praise,  
To thy blest'd Name restore.
- 7 All shall confess thee great, and great  
The Wonders thou hast done:  
Confess thee God, the God supreme;  
Confess thee God alone.

## P A U S E.

- 8 Teach me thy Ways, O Lord, and I  
From Truth shall ne'er depart,  
In Rev'ence to thy sacred Name,  
Devoutly fix my Heart.
- 9 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God;  
Praise thee with Heart sincere;  
And to thy everlasting Name  
Eternal Trophies rear.
- 10 Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me,  
Transcends my Pow'r to tell,  
For thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul  
From lowest Depths of Hell.
- 11 Lord, thou thy constant Goodness dost  
To my Assistance bring:  
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,  
Thou everlasting Spring!
- 12 O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength  
To me thy Servant show;  
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me  
Thy Servant's Son bestow.

P S A L M LXXXVI. Third Version. WATTS.

*A general Song of Praise.*

- 1 **A**MONG the Princes, Earthly Gods,  
There's none hath Pow'r divine;  
Nor is their Nature, mighty Lord,  
Nor are their Works like thine.

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2 The

230 P S A L M LXXXVII, LXXXIX.

- 5 When God makes up his last Account  
Of Natives in his holy Mount,  
'Twill be an Honor to appear  
As one new-born or nourish'd there!

P S A L M LXXXVII. Second Version. DODDRIDGE.

*On the opening of a new Place of Worship.*

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God  
On Earth establish his Abode?  
And will he from his radiant Throne  
Avow our Temples for his own?
- 2 We bring the Tribute of our Praise,  
And sing that condescending Grace,  
Which to our Notes will lend an Ear,  
And call us sinful Mortals near.
- 3 Our Father's watchful Care we bless,  
Which guards our Synagogues in Peace,  
That no tumultuous Foes invade,  
To fill our Worshippers with Dread.
- 4 These Walls we to thy Honor raise;  
Long may they echo with thy Praise;  
And thou descending fill the Place  
With choicest Tokens of thy Grace.
- 5 Here let the great Redeemer reign  
With all the Graces of his Train;  
While Pow'r divine his Word attends  
To conquer Foes, and cheer his Friends.
- 6 And in the great decisive Day,  
When God the Nations shall survey,  
May it before the World appear,  
That Crouds were born to Glory here.

P S A L M LXXXIX. First Version. MERRICK.

*The Divine Perfections celebrated.*

- 1 **M**Y grateful Tongue, immortal King,  
Thy Mercy shall for ever sing,  
My Verse to Times remotest Day  
Thy Truth in sacred Notes display.

- 2 O say, what Strength shall vie with thine ?  
 What Name, among the Seats divine,  
 Of equal Excellence possess'd,  
 Thy Sov'reignty, great God, contest ?
- 3 Thee, Lord, Heav'n's Hosts their Leader own ;  
 Thee Might unbounded, thee alone,  
 With endless Majesty has crown'd,  
 And Faith unsully'd vests thee round.
- 4 The Heav'n above, and Earth below,  
 Thee, Lord, their great Possessor know ;  
 By thee this Orb to Being rose,  
 And all that Nature's Bounds inclose.
- 5 From thee amid th' aerial Space  
 The North and South assume their Place ;  
 'Tis thine th' Ocean's Rage to guide,  
 And calm at Will its swelling Tide.
- 6 O, blest the Tribes, whose willing Ear  
 Awakes the festal Shout to hear ;  
 Who thankful see, where'er they tread,  
 Thy fav'ring Beams around them spread.
- 7 How shall they joy from Day to Day,  
 Thy boundless Mercy to display,  
 Thy Righteousness, indulgent Lord,  
 With holy Confidence record.
- 8 O wise in all thy Works ! thy Name  
 Let Man's whole Race aloud proclaim,  
 And, grateful, through the Length of Days,  
 In ceaseless Songs repeat thy Praise.

## P S A L M LXXXIX. Second Version. T A T E.

- 1 **T**H Y Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,  
 My Song on them shall ever dwell ;  
 To Ages yet unborn, my Tongue  
 Thy never-failing Truth shall tell.
- 2 For such stupendous Truth and Love,  
 Both Heav'n and Earth just Praises owe,  
 By Choirs of Angels sung above,  
 And by assembled Saints below.

3 What

- 3 What Seraph of Celestial Birth,  
To vie with *Israel's* God shall dare ?  
Or who among the Gods of Earth,  
With our Almighty Lord compare ?
- 4 Lord God of Armies, who can boast  
Of Strength or Pow'r like thine renown'd ?  
Of such a num'rous faithful Host,  
As that which does thy Throne surround ?
- 5 In thee the sov'reign Right remains  
Of Earth and Heav'n ; thee, Lord, alone,  
The World, and all that it contains,  
Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 6 Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,  
Yet, Lord, thou dost with Justice reign ;  
Possess'd of absolute Command,  
Thou Truth and Mercy dost maintain.
- 7 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear  
Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound ;  
Who 'mong assembled Saints appear  
With thy most glorious Presence crown'd.

PSALM LXXXIX. Third Version. First Part. W

*The Covenant made with Christ.*

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my Song record  
The Truth and Mercy of the Lord :  
Mercy and Truth for ever stand  
Like Heav'n establish'd by his Hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,  
" With thee my Cov'nant first is made ;  
" In thee shall dying Sinners live,  
" Glory and Grace are thine to give.
- 3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest ;  
" Thy Servants shall be ever blest ;  
" Thou art my chosen King ; thy Throne  
" Shall stand unshaken as my own.
- 4 " There's none of all my Sons above  
" So much my Image or my Love ;  
" Celestial Pow'rs thy Subjects are,  
" Then what can Earth to thee compare ?

avid my Servant, whom I chose  
 o guard my Flock, to crush my Foes,  
 nd rais'd him to the *Jewish* Throne,  
 as but a Shadow of my Son."

let the Church rejoice, and sing  
 s her Saviour and her King:  
 els his heav'nly Honors show  
 l Saints declare his Praise below.

ALM LXXXIX. Third Version. Second Part.

*Mortality and Hope.*

EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal State,  
 How frail our Life! how short the Date!  
 ere is the Man that draws his Breath  
 from Disease, secure from Death?

d, while we see whole Nations die,  
 Flesh and Sense repine and cry,  
 Just Death for ever rage and reign?  
 or hast thou made Mankind in vain?"

ere is thy Promise to the Just?  
 not thy Servants turn'd to Dust?  
 Faith forbids these mournful Sighs,  
 l sees them all in Glory rise.

at glorious Hour, that awful Day  
 es the Reproach of Saints away,  
 l clears the Honor of thy Word:  
 ake our Souls, and bless the Lord.

M LXXXIX. Fourth Version. First Part. WATTS.

*The Faithfulness of God.*

UR never-ceasing Songs shall show  
 The Mercies of the Lord,  
 l make succeeding Ages know  
 ow faithful is his Word.

sacred Truths his Lips pronounce  
 hall firm as Heav'n endure;  
 l if he speak a Promise once,  
 'h' eternal Grace is sure.

3 How



- 3 How long the Race of *David* held  
The promis'd *Jewish* Throne !  
But there's a nobler Cov'nant seal'd  
To *David's* greater Son.
- 4 His Seed for ever shall possess  
A Throne above the Skies ;  
The meanest Subject of his Grace  
Shall to that Glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of Hosts, thy wond'rous Ways  
Are sung by Saints above ;  
And Saints on Earth their Honours raise  
To thy unchanging Love.

## PSALM LXXXIX. Fourth Version. Second F

*The Majesty and Power of God.*

- 1 **W**ITH Rev'rence let the Saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord,  
His high Commands with Rev'rence hear,  
And tremble at his Word.
- 2 How awful, Lord, thy Glories be !  
How bright thine Armies shine !  
Where is the Pow'r that vies with thee ?  
Or Truth compar'd to thine ?
- 3 The *Northern* Pole and *Southern*, rest  
On thy supporting Hand ;  
Darkness and Day from *East* to *West*  
Move round at thy Command.
- 4 Thy Words the raging Wind controul,  
And rule the boist'rous Deep ;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,  
The rolling Billows sleep.
- 5 Heav'n, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,  
And the dark World of Hell ;  
How can thine Arm in Terror shine  
When Mortals dare rebel !
- 6 Justice and Judgment are thy Throne,  
Yet wond'rous is thy Grace :  
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one  
Invite us near thy Face.

## PSALM LXXXIX. Fourth Version. Third Part.

*A blessed Gospel.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the Souls who hear and know  
 The Gospel's joyful Sound ;  
 Peace shall attend the Path they go,  
 And Light their Steps surround.
- 2 Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up  
 Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;  
 His wond'rous Grace exalts their Hope,  
 Let all his Grace proclaim.
- 3 The Lord our Glory and Defence  
 Strength and Salvation gives :  
*Israel*, thy King for ever reigns,  
 Thy God for ever lives.

## PSALM LXXXIX. Fourth Version. Fourth Part.

*Christ's mediatorial Kingdom.*

- H**EAR what the Lord in Vision said,  
 And made his Mercy known :  
 " Sinners behold your Help is laid  
 " On my beloved Son.
- 2 " Behold the Man my Wisdom chose  
 " Among your mortal Race ;  
 " His Head my holy Oil o'erflows,  
 " The Spirit of my Grace.
- 3 " High shall he reign on *David's* Throne,  
 " My People's better King ;  
 " My Arm shall beat his Rivals down,  
 " And still new Subjects bring.
- 4 " My Truth shall guard him in his Way  
 " With Mercy by his Side,  
 " While in my Name thro' Earth and Sea  
 " He shall in Triumph ride.
- 5 " Me for his Father and his God  
 " He shall for ever own,  
 " Call me his Rock, his high Abode ;  
 " And I'll support my Son.

- 6 " My first-born Son array'd in Grace  
 " At my Right-Hand shall sit ;  
 " Beneath him Angels know their Place,  
 " And Monarchs at his Feet.
- 7 " My Cov'nant stands for ever fast,  
 " My Promises are strong ;  
 " Firm as the Heav'ns his Throne shall last,  
 " His Seed endure as long."

## P S A L M LXXXIX. Fifth Version. WATT

*A Funeral Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble Man ;  
 How few his Hours ! how short his Span !  
 Short from the Cradle to the Grave ;  
 Who can secure his vital Breath  
 Against the bold Demands of Death  
 With Skill to fly, or Pow'r to save ?
- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,  
 " The Race of Man was only made  
 " For Sickness, Sorrow and the Dust ?"  
 Are not thy Servants Day by Day  
 Sent to their Graves, and turn'd to Clay ?  
 Lord, where's thy Kindness to the Just ?
- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son  
 And all his Seed a heav'nly Crown ?  
 But Flesh and Sense indulge Despair ;  
 For ever blessed be the Lord  
 That Faith can read his holy Word,  
 And find a Resurrection there.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,  
 Who gives his Saints a long Reward,  
 For all their Toil, Reproach, and Pain ;  
 Let all below and all above  
 Join to proclaim thy wond'rous Love,  
 And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

## PSALM XC. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*God's Eternity, and Man's Mortality.*

- 1 **E**RE yet the Mountains rose to Birth,  
Ere yet their Form the Heav'ns and Earth  
Assum'd, thou cloth'd in Light divine  
Hast shone; and shalt for ever shine.
- 2 Thou to the Sons of human Kind  
In short Extension hast assign'd  
Their Term, and bid them, at its End,  
Low to their native Dust descend.
- 3 Behold at Morn the mortal Race  
With joyous Bloom, and vernal Grace,  
Exulting flourish: Ev'ning nigh,  
Cropt like the Plant, they fade and die.
- 4 Our Time to sev'nty Years confin'd,  
If aught of Life remain behind,  
If Nature yet a ten Year's Day,  
Indulge us, ere her Debt we pay,
- 5 Our Strength but Weakness then we know,  
And added Age but lengthen'd Woe;  
Stripp'd of our Pride, we close our Span,  
And vanish from the Eye of Man.
- 6 Father of Mercies, teach us how  
To count Life's Moments as they flow,  
And, while its End our Thoughts survey,  
By Wisdom's Line to guide our Way.

## PSALM XC. First Version. Second Part.

*Prayer to God for Success, Safety, and Happiness.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, all-potent Lord, return:  
O let us not thy Absence mourn,  
Thee, Lord, their Refuge, thee alone,  
From earliest Age thy People own.
- 2 Author of Good, thy Work mature,  
In thee the Righteous are secure;  
O may the Majesty divine  
On us its mildest Beams incline;

3 And

- 3 And while, new Scenes of Hope to view  
 Disclos'd, our Labor we pursue,  
 Thy fav'ring Hand with full Success  
 That Hope confirm, that Labor bless.
- 4 Thy Mercy, to our Souls reveal'd,  
 Satiety of Bliss shall yield ;  
 And, while thy Breath our Life prolongs,  
 With grateful Mirth inspire our Tongues.

## P S A L M XC. Second Version. T A B L E:

*God eternal and Man mortal.*

- 1 **B**EFORE thou brought'st the Mountains forth  
 Or th' Earth and World didst frame,  
 Thou always wert the mighty God,  
 And ever art the same.
- 2 Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust,  
 Of which he first was made ;  
 And when thou speak'st the Word *Return*,  
 'Tis instantly obey'd.
- 3 For in thy Sight a thousand Years  
 Are like a Day that's past,  
 Or like a Watch in Dead of Night,  
 Whose Hours unminded waste.
- 4 Thou sweep'st us off as with a Flood ;  
 We vanish hence like Dreams ;  
 At first we grow like Grass that feels  
 The Sun's reviving Beams.
- 5 But howsoever fresh and fair  
 Its Morning-Beauty shows ;  
 'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite,  
 Before the Ev'ning close.
- 6 Our Term of Time is seventy Years,  
 An Age that few survive ;  
 But if, with more than common Strength,  
 To eighty we arrive ;
- 7 Yet then our boasted Strength decays,  
 To Sorrow turn'd, and Pain ;  
 So soon the slender Thread is cut,  
 And we no more remain.

3 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum  
Of our short Days to mind,  
That to true Wisdom all our Hearts  
May ever be inclin'd.

9 Let thy bright Rays upon us shine;  
Give thou our Work Success:  
The glorious Work we have in Hand,  
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

## P S A L M XC. Third Version. WATTS.

*A Psalm for a Funeral.*

1 **T**HRO' ev'ry Age, Eternal God,  
Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode;  
High was thy Throne ere Heav'n was made,  
Or Earth thy humble Footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere Time began,  
Or Dust was fashion'd to a Man;  
And long thy Kingdom shall endure  
When Earth and Time shall be no more.

3 A thousand of our Years amount  
Scarce to a Day in thine Account;  
Like Yesterday's departed Light,  
Or the last Watch of ending Night.

4 Death like an overflowing Stream  
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream;  
An empty Tale; a Morning-Flow'r  
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.

5 Our Age to seventy Years is set;  
How short the Term! how frail the State!  
And if to eighty we arrive,  
We rather sigh and groan than live.

5 But O how oft thy Hand appears,  
And cuts off our expected Years!  
Thy Hand awakes our humble Dread:  
We fear the Pow'r that strikes us dead.

7 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is Man;  
And kindly lengthen out our Span,  
Till a wise Care of Piety  
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

## PSALM XC. Fourth Version. First Part. WA

*God eternal and Man mortal.*

+ 1 **O**UR God, our Help in Ages past,  
 Our Hope for Years to come,  
 Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,  
 And our eternal Home.

2 Under the Shadow of thy Throne  
 Thy Saints have dwelt secure:  
 Sufficient is thine Arm alone,  
 And our Defence is sure.

3 Before the Hills in Order stood,  
 Or Earth receiv'd her Frame;  
 From everlasting thou art God,  
 To endless Years the same.

4 Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust,  
*Return, ye Sons of Men:*  
 All Nations rose from Earth at first,  
 And turn to Earth again.

5 A thousand Ages in thy Sight  
 Are like an Ev'ning gone;  
 Short as the Watch that ends the Night  
 Before the rising Sun.

6 [The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood  
 With all their Lives and Cares  
 Are carried downwards by thy Flood,  
 And lost in following Years.]

7 Time like an ever-rolling Stream  
 Bears all its Sons away;  
 They fly forgotten as a Dream  
 Dies at the op'ning Day.

8 Like flow'ry Fields the Nations stand  
 Pleas'd with the Morning-Light;  
 The Flow'rs beneath the Mower's Hand  
 Lie with'ring ere 'tis Night.

+ 9 Our God, our Help in Ages past,  
 Our Hope for Years to come,  
 Be thou our Guard while Troubles last,  
 And our eternal Home.

## P S A L M XC. Fourth Version. Second Part.

*Life, Old Age, and Preparation for Death.*

IF E like a vain Amusement flies,

— A Fable or a Song ;  
 y swift Degrees our Nature dies,  
 Nor can our Joys be long.

'is but a few whose Days amount  
 To threescore Years and ten ;  
 nd all beyond that short Account  
 Is Sorrow, Toil, and Pain.

Imighty God, we trust thy Love,  
 Which oft on us has shone ;  
 let our sweet Experience prove  
 The Mercies of thy Throne.

ur Souls would learn the heav'nly Art  
 T' improve the Hours we have,  
 hat we may act the wiser Part,  
 And live beyond the Grave.

## P S A L M XC. Fourth Version. Third Part.

*Imploring divine Consolation.*

R ETURN, O God of Love, return ;  
 Reveal thy wonted Grace :  
 ow long shall we thy Children mourn  
 Our Absence from thy Face ?

et Joy succeed our painful Years,  
 Let Sin and Sorrow cease,  
 nd in Proportion to our Tears  
 So make our Joys increase.

hy Wonders to thy Servants show,  
 Make thy own Work compleat,  
 hen shall our Souls thy Glory know,  
 And own thy Love was great.

hen shall we shine before thy Throne  
 And see thy Glory, Lord ;  
 nd the poor Service we have done  
 Meet a divine Reward.



## PSALM XC. Fifth Version. WATTS.

*The Frailty and Shortness of Life.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble Piece  
Is this our mortal Frame?  
Our Life how poor a Trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the Name!
- 2 Alas, the brittle Clay  
That built our Body first!  
And ev'ry Month and ev'ry Day  
'Tis mould'ring back to Dust.
- 3 Our Moments fly apace,  
Nor will our Minutes stay;  
Just like a Flood our hasty Days  
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our Days must fly,  
We'll keep their End in Sight,  
We'll spend them all in Wisdom's Way,  
And let them speed their Flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This Life's tempestuous Sea;  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful Shore  
Of blest Eternity.

## PSALM XC. Sixth Version. First Part. PR

*God eternal, and Man mortal.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God! thy early Days  
Thro' all Duration ran,  
Ere the first Race of starting Time  
Was measur'd by the Sun.
- 2 We die; but future Nations hear  
Thy potent Voice, anon  
Rise at the Summons, and restore  
The perish'd Race of Man;
- 3 Before thy comprehensive Sight,  
Duration fleets away;  
And rapid Ages on the Wing,  
Appear but as a Day.

- 4 We at thy mighty Call, O Lord,  
This transient State must leave,  
And quit the busy Scenes of Life  
To sleep within the Grave.
- 5 Swift from their Barrier to their Goal  
The rapid Moments pass;  
Of fleeting Life we aptly find  
An Emblem in the Grass;
- 6 In early Morn it vig'rous grows,  
And lifts its verdant Head,  
At Noon decays, at Ev'ning dies,  
And withers in the Mead.
- 7 O teach us, Lord, to count our Days,  
And eye their constant Race,  
To measure what we want in Time,  
By Wisdom, and by Grace.

## P S A L M XC. Sixth Version. Second Part.

*A Prayer for Spiritual and temporal Prosperity.*

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, and on our Hearts  
Thy choicest Graces shed,  
And show'r from thy celestial Throne  
Thy Blessings on our Head.
- 2 Oh! may thy Mercy crown us here,  
And come without Delay;  
Then our whole Course of Life will seem  
One glad triumphant Day.
- 3 Thy Wonders to the World display,  
Thy Servants to adorn,  
That may delight their future Sons,  
And Children yet unborn;
- 4 The Blessings, Lord, on us diffuse,  
Which wait on thy Commands,  
And bid Prosperity attend  
The Labors of our Hands.

## PSALM XC. Seventh Version. DODDRIDGE.

*God the Dwelling-Place of the Righteous through a  
Generations.*

† 1 **T**HOU, Lord, thro' ev'ry changing Scene  
Hast to thy Saints a Refuge been:  
Thro' ev'ry Age, eternal God,  
Their pleasing Home, their safe Abode.

2 In thee ~~our~~ our Fathers sought their Rest,  
In thee our Fathers still were blest;  
And tho' in Death's dark Vale they lie,  
They soon shall rise above the Sky.

3 Lo, we are ris'n, a feeble Race,  
A while to fill our Fathers Place;  
Our helpless State with Pity view,  
And let us share their Refuge too.

4 Thro' all the thorny Paths we trace  
In this uncertain Wilderness,  
- // When Friends desert, and Foes invade, }  
Revive our Heart, and guard our Head. } †

5 So when this Pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we must dwell on Earth no more,  
To thee, great God, O may we come,  
And find in thee a surer Home.

6 To thee our Infant Race we leave;  
Them may their Fathers God receive;  
That Voices yet unform'd may raise  
Succeeding Hymns of humble Praise.

## PSALM XC. Eighth Version. First Part. DODDRIDGE

*For New Year's Day.*

3 1 **R**EMARK, my Soul, the narrow Bounds  
Of the revolving Year!  
How swift the Weeks compleat their Rounds!  
How short the Months appear!

2 So fast Eternity comes on,  
And that important Day,  
When all, that mortal Life has done,  
God's Judgment shall survey.

Yet like an idle Tale we pass  
 The swift advancing Year;  
 And study artful Ways t' increase  
 The Speed of its Career.

Waken, O God, each trifling Heart  
 Its great Concern to see;  
 O may we act the Christian Part,  
 And give the Year to thee.

So shall their Course more grateful roll,  
 If future Years arise,  
 Or this shall bear the pious Soul  
 To Joy, that never dies.

P S A L M XC. Eighth Version. Second Part.

*Joy and Prosperity from God.*

**S**HINE on our Souls, Eternal God,  
 With Rays of Beauty shine:  
 O let thy Favor crown our Days,  
 And all their Round be thine.

Did we not raise our Hands to thee,  
 Our Hands might toil in vain;  
 Small Joy Success itself could give,  
 If thou thy Love restrain.

With thee let ev'ry Week begin,  
 With thee each Day be spent,  
 For thee each fleeting Hour improv'd,  
 Since each by thee is lent.

Thus cheer us thro' this dang'rous Road,  
 Till all our Labors cease;  
 And Heav'n refresh our weary Souls  
 With everlasting Peace.

P S A L M XC. Ninth Version. STEELE.

*God eternal, and Man mortal.*

**L**ORD, thou hast been thy Children's God,  
 All-pow'rful, wise, and good, and just,  
 In ev'ry Age their safe Abode,  
 Their Hope, their Refuge, and their Trust.  
 Before thy Word gave Nature Birth,  
 Or spread the starry Heav'ns abroad,

Or form'd the varied Face of Earth,  
From everlasting thou art God.

- 3 Great Father of Eternity,  
How short are Ages in thy Sight !  
A thousand Years, how swift they fly,  
Like one short, silent Watch of Night !
- 4 Uncertain Life, how soon it flies !  
Dream of an Hour, how short our Bloom !  
Like Spring's gay Verdure now we rise,  
Cut down ere Night to fill the Tomb.
- 5 Teach us to count our short'ning Days,  
And with true Diligence apply  
Our Hearts to Wisdom's sacred Ways,  
That we may learn to live and die.
- 6 O make our sacred Pleasures rise,  
In sweet Proportion to our Pains,  
'Till ev'n the sad Remembrance dies,  
Nor one uneasy Thought complains.
- 7 Let thy almighty Work appear,  
With Pow'r and Evidence divine ;  
And may the Bliss thy Servants share,  
Continued to their Children shine.
- 8 Thy glorious Image fair impress,  
Let all our Hearts and Lives declare ;  
Beneath thy kind Protection blest,  
May all our Labors own thy Care.

P S A L M XC. Tenth Version.

- 1 **B**EFORE the Skies their ambient Arch display'd,  
Or the Foundations of the World were laid,  
*Jehovah* fill'd his high empyreal Throne  
In boundless Bliss, unrivall'd and alone ;  
In undiminish'd Pomp his glorious Reign  
Thro' vast Eternity shall still remain.
- 2 But not eternal, self-existent, we,  
God's Word from nothing summon'd us to be ;  
And, as our Lives were kindled by his Breath,  
So at his Pleasure we resign to Death,  
Quit all the gay Distinctions once we wore,  
Sink to our Dust, and rise to Earth no more.

As Rivers, swoln with fierce descending Rains,  
O'er top their Banks, and rush into the Plains,  
Bound, foam, and thunder with tempestuous Force,  
And spread resistless Ravage in their Course ;  
So from Life's heedless Walks with headlong Sway  
Death's sudden Torrent sweeps our Lives away.

- † When Sleep has hush'd the Day's sad Cares to Rest,  
What vain Illusions revel in our Breast !  
Yet, big with Truth, and weighty Import, seem  
The air-dress'd Phantoms of the shad'wy Dream :  
Thus through our Span gay Scenes of Bliss beguile,  
But Vanity's the Harvest of the Toil.
- 5 As Flow'rs, when Morn's first Splendors gild the Skies,  
Charm in the Dew-Drops, and in Verdure rise,  
So, while our Race their youthful Beauties wear,  
Vigor and Joy on ev'ry Brow appear ;  
But, ere the Sun withdraws his Ev'ning Ray,  
They droop and wither in their last Decay.
- 6 Then, Lord, O teach us the celestial Skill  
To measure Life, and Life's Demands fulfil,  
That when we leave these fleeting Scenes behind  
In thee our Souls a Refuge still may find,  
By thee sustain'd may tread the sacred Way  
To a blest Mansion in the Realms of Day.

PSALM XC. Eleventh Version. TOLLET.

- 1 **B**EFORE the Mountain's early Birth,  
Before the Structure of the Earth,  
Before the universal Ball  
Emerg'd from nothing at thy Call,  
Thou, present Godhead ! didst survey  
An unbegun, an endless Day.
- 2 Mankind by thee resign'd to Doom,  
Thy Voice recalls them from the Tomb :  
The Series of a thousand Years,  
To thee that narrow Space appears,  
Which bounded last diurnal Light ;  
Or as an Hour of Watch by Night.
- 3 As rapid Floods, which roll away  
To lose their Water in the Sea ;

As Visions of the slumb'ring Eye,  
Which vanish when the Slumbers fly :  
Such is our Age, how short, how frail !  
Our Days are ended like a Tale.

- 4 For sev'nty Years the splendid Sun,  
Ere finish'd human Life, may run ;  
Perhaps with firmer Strength we gain  
Full ten Years more of Toil and Pain ;  
But soon the rapid Hours roll on ;  
And the Reserve of Life is gone.
- 5 Let us not calculate in vain  
Our Years that pass, or which remain ;  
But, Lord, instruct us, to impart  
The Care of Wisdom to our Heart :  
May pious Gratitude, and Joy,  
All our successive Days employ.
- 6 Let thy kind Acts thy Servants grace ;  
Thy Glory bless our future Race,  
On us thou Majesty divine !  
Conspicuous in Effulgence shine :  
And let our Works, in thee begun,  
By thy auspicious Aid be done.

P S A L M XC. Twelfth Version. ROWE.

*God unchangeable.*

- 1 **T**HOU didst, O mighty God, exist,  
Ere Time begun its Race ;  
Before the ample Elements  
Fill'd up the Voids of Space.
- 2 Before the pond'rous earthly Globe  
In fluid Air was stay'd ;  
Before the Ocean's mighty Springs  
Their liquid Stores display'd :
- 3 Ere thro' the Gloom of ancient Night  
The Streaks of Light appear'd ;  
Before the high celestial Arch,  
Or starry Poles, were rear'd :
- 4 Ere thro' the bright celestial Courts  
One Hallelujah rung ;  
Or ere the joyful Sons of Light  
Harmonious Anthems sung :

5 Ere

- Ere Men ador'd, or Angels knew,  
 Or prais'd thy wond'rous Name,  
 Thy Bliss (O sacred Spring of Life!)  
 And Glory were the same.
- 6 And when the Pillars of the World  
 With sudden Ruin break,  
 And all this vast and goodly Frame  
 Sinks in the mighty Wreck;
- 7 When from her Orb the Moon shall start,  
 Th' astonish'd Sun roll back;  
 While all the trembling starry Lamps  
 Their ancient Course forsake;
- 8 Amid the universal Shock,  
 Thy Throne shall stand secure:  
 The Glories which compose thy Name  
 Thro' endless Years endure.

## P S A L M XCI. First Version. MERRICK.

*The Happiness of those who trust in God.*

- 1 **W**HO makes Omnipotence his Aid,  
 Who rests beneath *Jehovah's* Shade,  
 How blest that Man!—"Thy Maker's Care  
 Shall snatch thee from the Hunter's Snare:
- 2 "When sick'ning Nature's Pow'rs shall fail,  
 "No fatal Stroke shall Thee assail:  
 "His Wings around thee shall be spread,  
 "His Pinions guard thy favor'd Head.
- 3 "His Truth thy Shield, nor Terror pale  
 "By Night shall o'er thy Soul prevail,  
 "Nor Shaft, that aims its Flight by Day,  
 "Thy guiltless Bosom shall dismay;
- 4 "Nor Plague, that with gigantic Stride  
 "In Darkness walks its Circuit wide,  
 "Nor sultry Blast, whose dreaded Breath  
 "Taints the meridian Air with Death.
- 5 "While, round thee plac'd, th' Angelic Train  
 "Thy Steps with tend'rest Care sustain,  
 "Safe shalt thou walk through Ways unknown,  
 "Nor strike thy Foot against the Stone.

M 5.

6 "Thy



- 6 "Thy duteous Zeal, thy filial Love,  
 "I mark, and all thy Acts approve :  
 "For this, thy Head aloft I rear,  
 "Bow to thy Pray'r the willing Ear ;
- 7 "Thy Fears avert, thy Grievs attend,  
 "(Thy God, thy Guardian, and thy Friend)  
 "Thy Years prolong ; and to thy Heart  
 "My health-dispensing Grace impart."

## P S A L M XCI. Second Version. TATE.

*The peculiar Safety of the Righteous.*

- 1 **H**E who has God his Guardian made,  
 Shall under the Almighty's Shade  
 Secure and undisturb'd abide :  
 Thus to my Soul of him I'll say,  
 He is my Fortrefs and my Stay,  
 My God, in whom I will confide.
- 2 His tender Love and watchful Care  
 Shall free the Just from ev'ry Snare,  
 And from the noisome Pestilence :  
 He over him his Wings shall spread,  
 And cover his unguarded Head ;  
 His Truth shall be his strong Defence.
- 3 No Terrors, that surprize by Night,  
 Shall his undaunted Courage fright,  
 Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day ;  
 Nor Plague of unknown Rise, that kills  
 In Darkness, nor infectious Ills,  
 That in the hottest Season slay.
- 4 A thousand at his Side shall die,  
 At his Right Hand ten Thousand lie,  
 While his firm Health untouch'd remains ;  
 He only shall look on, and see  
 The Wicked's dismal Tragedy,  
 And count the Sinners' mournful Gains.
- 5 Because with well-plac'd Confidence  
 He makes the Lord his sure Defence,  
 And on the highest does rely ;

Therefore

Therefore no Ill shall him befall,  
Nor to his healthful Dwelling shall  
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.

The Lord will hear him when he prays,  
Preserve and bless him all his Days,  
His Joy and Honor still increase;  
And when with undisturb'd Content,  
His long and happy Life is spent,  
His End will crown with endless Peace.

PSALM XCI. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

- 1 **H**E who hath made his Refuge God,  
Shall find a most secure Abode;  
Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade,  
And there at Night shall rest his Head.
- 2 Then will I say, " My God, thy Pow'r  
" Shall be my Fortrefs and my Tow'r:  
" I who am form'd of feeble Dust  
" Make thine almighty Arm my Trust."
- 3 For as a Hen protects her Brood  
(From Birds of Prey that seek their Blood)  
Under her Feathers, so the Lord  
Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.
- 4 If burning Beams of Noon conspire  
To dart a pestilential Fire,  
God is their Life; his Wings are spread  
To shield them with an healthful Shade.
- 5 If Vapors with malignant Breath  
Rise thick, and scatter Midnight-Death,  
*Israel* is safe: The poison'd Air  
Grows pure, if *Israel's* God be there.
- 6 What tho' a Thousand at thy Side,  
At thy Right-Hand ten Thousand dy'd,  
Thy God his chosen People saves  
Among the Dead, amidst the Graves.
- 7 So when he sent his Angel down  
To make his Pow'r in *Egypt* known,

And slew their Sons, his careful Eye  
Past all the Doors of *Jacob* by.

- 8 But if the Fire, or Plague, or Sword  
Receive Commission from the Lord  
To strike his Saints among the rest,  
Their very Pains and Deaths are blest.
- 9 The Sword, the Pestilence or Fire  
Shall but fulfil their best Desire;  
From Sins and Sorrows set them free,  
And bring thy Children, Lord, to thee.

P S A L M XCI. Third Version. Second Part  
*Protection in Death.*

- 1 **Y**E Sons of Men, a feeble Race,  
Expos'd to ev'ry Snare,  
Come, make the Lord your Dwelling-Place,  
And try, and trust his Care.
- 2 No Ill shall enter where you dwell;  
Or if the Plague come nigh,  
And sweep the Wicked down to Hell,  
'Twill raise his Saints on high.
- 3 "Because on me they set their Love,  
"I'll save them (saith the Lord)  
"I'll bear their joyful Souls above  
"Destruction and the Sword.
- 4 "My Grace shall answer when they call;  
"In Trouble I'll be nigh:  
"My Pow'r shall help them when they fall,  
"And raise them when they die.
- 5 "Those who on Earth my Name have known,  
"I'll honor them in Heav'n;  
"There my Salvation shall be shown,  
"And endless Life be giv'n."

P S A L M XCI. Fourth Version. STEELE  
*Humble Reliance.*

- 3 **M**Y God, my Father, blissful Name!  
O may I call thee mine,  
May I with sweet Assurance claim  
A Portion so divine?

- This only can my Fears controul,  
 And bid my Sorrows fly ;  
 What Harm can ever reach my Soul  
 Beneath my Father's Eye ?
- Whate'er thy Providence denies,  
 I calmly would resign,  
 For thou art just, and good, and wise +  
 O bend my Will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred Will ordains, B  
 O give me Strength to bear ;  
 And let me know my Father reigns,  
 And trust his tender Care.
- 5 If Pain and Sickness rend this Frame,  
 And Life almost depart,  
 Is not thy Mercy still the same,  
 To cheer my drooping Heart ?
- 6 If Cares and Sorrows me surround,  
 Their Pow'r why should I fear ?  
 My inward Peace they cannot wound,  
 If thou, my God, art near.
- 7 Thy sov'reign Ways are all unknown  
 To my weak, erring Sight ;  
 Yet let my Soul, adoring, own  
 That all thy Ways are right.
- 8 My God, my Father, be thy Name  
 My Solace and my Stay ;  
 O wilt thou seal my humble Claim,  
 And drive my Fears away.

P S A L M XCI. Fifth Version. STEELE

*Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness.*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey Life's varied Scene,  
 Amid the darkest Hours,  
 Sweet Rays of Comfort shine between,  
 And Thorns are mix'd with Flow'rs..
- 2 Lord, teach me to adore thy Hand,  
 From whence my Comforts flow ;  
 And let me in this distant Land  
 A Glimpse of Canaan know.

- 5 But those who keep the Laws of God,  
 Within his Courts shall thrive;  
 Their Vigor and their Fruitfulness  
 Shall in old Age revive.
- 6 Thus will the Lord his Justice shew;  
 And God, our strong Defence,  
 Will due Rewards to all the World  
 Impartially dispense.

## PSALM XCII. Third Version. First Part. WATT

- 1 SWEET is the Work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing;  
 To shew thy Love by Morning-Light,  
 And talk of all thy Truth at Night.
- 2 Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,  
 No mortal Cares shall seize my Breast;  
 O may my Heart in Tune be found  
 Like *David's* Harp of solemn Sound!
- 3 My Heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
 And bless his Works, and bless his Word;  
 Thy Works of Grace how bright they shine!  
 How deep thy Counsels! how divine!
- 4 Lo! I shall share a glorious Part  
 When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,  
 And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed  
 Like holy Oil to cheer my Head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
 All I desir'd or wish'd below;  
 And every Pow'r find sweet Employ  
 In that eternal World of Joy.

## P S A L M XCII. Third Version. Second Part.

*The Church is the Garden of God.*

- 1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant Thing to stand  
 In Gardens planted by thine Hand;  
 Let me within thy Courts be seen  
 Like a young Cedar fresh and green.

There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,  
 Blest with thine Influence from above;  
 Not *Lebanon* with all its Trees  
 Yields such a comely Sight as these.

The Plants of Grace shall ever live;  
 Nature decays, but Grace must thrive:  
 Time, that doth all Things else impair,  
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

- 1 Laden with Fruits of Age they shew  
 The Lord is holy, just and true;  
 None who attend his Gates shall find  
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

P S A L M XCIII. First Version. MERRICK.

*God the eternal Sovereign, and Lord of Nature.*

- 2 **T**HE Lord th' eternal Scepter fears,  
 And Nature's Pow'r observant hears  
 Whate'er his Will enjoins:  
 His Head with purest Splendors crown'd,  
 With Majesty he vests him round,  
 And girds with Strength his Loins.

- 3 Encircled by th' ethereal Space,  
 And fix'd by him on firmest Base,  
 The Earth's vast Orb appears:  
 From earliest Age, great God, thy Throne  
 Aloft in Heav'n prepar'd has shone;  
 Nor numbers Time thy Years.

- 4 A Scene of Horror strikes my Eyes;  
 The Floods, my God, the Floods arise,  
 And lift their Voice on high:  
 What Pow'r shall curb the headlong Tide?  
 What bid the swelling Waves subside,  
 And clear the stormy Sky?

- 5 Thee, o'er all Height exalted, thee  
 The Deep's revere; at thy Decree  
 The Waves their Rage resign:  
 Fix'd are the Laws by thee ordain'd;  
 And Truth and Sanctity unstain'd  
 Adorn thy awful Shrine.

PSALM

## P S A L M XCIII. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **W**ITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd,  
The Lord, who o'er all Nature reigns,  
The Earth's Foundations strongly laid,  
And the vast Fabric still sustains.
- 2 Ere rolling Worlds began to move,  
Or ere the Heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,  
Thine awful Throne was fix'd above;  
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,  
And tofs their troubled Waves on high;  
But God above can still the Noise,  
And make the angry Sea comply.
- 4 Thy sov'reign Laws are ever sure;  
And those who in thy Presence dwell,  
That happy Station to secure,  
Must still in Holiness excel.

## P S A L M XCIII. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns: He dwells in Light,  
Girded with Majesty and Might;  
The World created by his Hands  
Still on its first Foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious World was made,  
Or had its first Foundation laid,  
Thy Throne eternal Ages stood,  
Thyself the everlasting God.
- 3 Like Floods the angry Nations rise,  
And aim their Rage against the Skies;  
Vain Floods, that aim their Rage so high!  
At thy Rebuke the Billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy Throne endure;  
Thy Promise stands for ever sure;  
And everlasting Holiness  
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

## P S A L M XCIII. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Glory reigns; he reigns on high  
His Robes of State are Strength and Majesty

- This wide Creation rose at his Command,  
 Built by his Word, and stablish'd by his Hand :  
 Long stood his Throne ere he began Creation,  
 And his own Godhead is the first Foundation.
- 1 God is th' eternal King. Thy Foes in vain  
 Raise their Rebellions to confound thy Reign :  
 In vain the Storms, in vain the Floods arise,  
 And roar, and toss their Waves against the Skies ;  
 Foaming at Heav'n they rage with wild Commotion,  
 But Heav'n's high Arches scorn the swelling Ocean.
- 3 Ye Tempests rage no more ; ye Floods be still,  
 And the mad World submissive to his Will :  
 Built on his Truth his Church must ever stand ;  
 Firm are his Promises, and strong his Hand ;  
 See his own Sons, when they appear before him,  
 Bow at his Foot-Stool, and with Fear adore him.

P S A L M XCIII. Fifth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,  
 And royal State maintains,  
 His Head with awful Glories crown'd ;  
 Array'd in Robes of Light,  
 Begirt with sov'reign Might,  
 And Rays of Majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy Commands  
 The World securely stands ;  
 And Skies and Stars obey thy Word ;  
 Thy Throne was fix'd on high  
 Before the Starry Sky ;  
 Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.
- 3 [In vain the noisy Croud,  
 Like Billows fierce and loud,  
 Against thine Empire rage and roar ;  
 In vain with angry Spite  
 The furlly Nations fight,  
 And dash like Waves against the Shore.
- 4 Let Floods and Nations rage,  
 And all their Pow'rs engage,  
 Let swelling Tides assault the Sky,  
 The Terrors of thy Frown  
 Shall beat their Madness down ;  
 Thy Throne for ever stands on high.]
- 5 Thy



- 5 Thy Promises are true,  
 Thy Grace is ever new;  
 There fixt thy Church shall ne'er remove:  
 Thy Saints with holy Fear  
 Shall in thy Courts appear,  
 And sing thine everlasting Love.

## P S A L M XCIII. Sixth Version. STEELE.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the God of Glory, reigns,  
 In Robes of Majesty array'd;  
 His Rule Omnipotence sustains,  
 And guides the Worlds his Hands have made.
- 2 Ere rolling Worlds began to move,  
 Or ere the Heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,  
 Thy awful Throne was fix'd above;  
 From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The swelling Floods tumultuous rise,  
 Aloud the angry Tempests roar,  
 Lift their proud Billows to the Skies,  
 And foam and lash the trembling Shore.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God, on high  
 Controuls the fiercely raging Seas;  
 He speaks! and Noise and Tempest fly,  
 The Waves sink down in gentle Peace.
- 5 Thy sov'reign Laws are ever sure,  
 Eternal Holiness is thine;  
 And, Lord, thy People should be pure,  
 And in thy blest Resemblance shine.

## P S A L M XCIII. Seventh Version. TOLLI

- 1 **T**HE Lord, a mighty Monarch, reigns,  
 In Robes of State himself he dress'd:  
 The Zone of Fortitude restrains  
 The Folds of his imperial Vest.
- 2 This penfile habitable World  
 He balanc'd in the liquid Space:  
 Which by no Force shall e'er be hurl'd  
 From its determin'd destin'd Place.

Thy Throne was founded ere the Earth  
Was made ; or rolling Ages run :  
Anterior thou to Nature's Birth,  
Primæval Effence, unbegun !

What tho' the swelling Torrent roars ;  
The Winds raise high the raging Main ;  
Old Ocean summons all the Stores  
His ample Magazines contain ?

What though the Surges foam and roll,  
And with impetuous Tumult rave ?  
The Lord resides above the Pole,  
More mighty than the raging Wave.

On thy Decrees does Truth await :  
And, Lord ! in thy eternal Dome,  
So to adorn thy regal State,  
Fair Piety has fix'd her Home.

P S A L M XCIV. First Version. MERRICK.

*The fatal Presumption of the Wicked, and the Happiness  
of the Righteous.*

■ **W**HEN will the sov'reign Lord appear ;  
And Earth submissive own his Fear ?  
How long shall impious Men, how long,  
With haughtiest Insults arm their Tongue.

2 “ Ne'er shall our Deeds in Heav'n be known,  
“ Or reach, they cry, the distant Throne  
“ Of *Israel's* Lord.” — Ye Fools and blind !  
Return, and seek a better Mind.

3 Say when shall Wisdom's Light serene  
Your Souls from Error's Childhood wean ?  
Who knew to plant the Ear, shall he  
Not hear ? Who form'd the Eye, not see ?

4 Shall aught of Guilt his Search evade,  
Who bids the Nations he has made,  
Inform'd by his paternal Care,  
The Gifts of various Science share ;

5 Who Reason in the Bosom pours,  
Its Growth improves, its Fruit matures,  
Each Counsel of the human Brain  
Weighs in his Scale, and stamps it vain ?

- For we our Voices high should raise,  
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his Presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his Favors past;  
To him address, in joyful Songs,  
The Praise that to his Name belongs,
- 3 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in State,  
Is with unrival'd Glory great:  
A King superior far to all  
Whom Gods the Heathen falsely call.
- 4 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,  
Her secret Wealth at his Command;  
The Strength of Hills that reach the Skies  
Subjected to his Empire lies.
- 5 The rolling Ocean's vast Abyss,  
By the same sov'reign Right is his;  
'Tis mov'd by his almighty Hand  
That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.
- 6 O let us to his Courts repair,  
And bow with Adoration there:  
Down on our Knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord our Maker fall.
- 7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,  
His Flock and Pasture Sheep are we:  
Come then, and like his Flock, draw near;  
To-day his Voice attentive hear.

PSALM XCV. Third Version. WATTS.

*A Psalm before Prayer.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord *Jehovah's* Name  
And in his Strength rejoice;  
When his Salvation is our Theme,  
Exalted be our Voice.
- 2 With Thanks approach his awful Sight,  
And Psalms of Honor sing;  
The Lord's a God of boundless Might,  
The whole Creation's King.
- 3 Let Princes hear, let Angels know,  
How mean their Natures seem,

Those

P S A L M XCV.

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Those Gods on high, and Gods below,  
When once compar'd with him.

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep  
Lies in his spacious Hand;  
He fixt the Seas what Bounds to keep,  
And where the Hills must stand.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,  
Come, kneel before his Face;  
Then shall the Creatures of his Pow'r  
Be Children of his Grace!

P S A L M XCV. Fourth Version. WATTS.

*God to be honour'd and obey'd.*

■ **C**OME sound his Praise abroad,  
And Hymns of Glory sing:  
*Jehovah* is the sov'reign God,  
The universal King.

■ He form'd the Deep's unknown;  
He gave the Seas their Bound;  
The wat'ry Worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid Ground.

3 Come, worship at his Throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord:  
We are his Works and not our own;  
He form'd us by his Word.

4 To-day attend his Voice,  
Accept the proffer'd Grace;  
Come, like the People of his Choice,  
And bow before his Face.

P S A L M XCV. Fifth Version. WATTS.

*A Warning to delaying Sinners.*

1 **C**OME, let our Voices join to raise  
A sacred Song of solemn Praise;  
God is a sov'reign King: rehearse  
His Honors in exalted Verse.

2 Come, let our Souls address the Lord,  
Who fram'd our Natures with his Word;

N

He

- He is our Shepherd ; we the Sheep  
His Mercy chose, his Pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his Voice To-day,  
The Counsels of his Love obey ;  
Nor let our hard'ned Hearts renew  
The Sins and Plagues which *Israel* knew.
- 4 Let us look back with holy Dread,  
And view those ancient Sinners dead ;  
Attend the offer'd Grace To-day,  
Nor lose the Blessing by Delay.
- 5 Seize the kind Promise while it waits,  
And march to *Zion's* heav'nly Gates ;  
Believe, and take the promis'd Rest ;  
Obey, and be for ever blest.

PSALM XCVI. First Version. First Part. **Msra***Praise ye the Lord.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a joyful Song ;  
Earth, to his Praise the Note prolong,  
Till Realms remote his Acts have known,  
And Man's whole Race his Wonders own.
- 2 Great is the Lord, and great his Praise :  
What God like him our Fear can raise ?  
Not such as Heathen Lands afford,  
Created first, and then ador'd.
- 3 Creation him its Lord avow'd,  
When erst the Arch of Heav'n he bow'd :  
And light and Majesty divine  
With fadeless Splendor grace his Shrine.
- 4 Let ev'ry People, ev'ry Tribe,  
Pow'r, Glory, Strength, to him ascribe :  
Yield to his Name the Honors due ;  
Oft to his Courts your Way pursue.
- 5 Bless, bless his Name ; from Day to Day  
Let his Salvation prompt the Lay,  
With solemn Step, and joyful bring  
The Off'ring to your heav'nly King.

efore the Beauty of his Shrine,  
 e Saints, in low Prostration join :  
 e Natives of each distant Shore,  
 his Pow'r revere ; his Name adore.

P S A L M XCVI. First Version. Second Part.

*God the Supreme Judge.*

**O** Tell to all whom Earth sustains,  
 O tell them, that *Jehovah* reigns,  
 That all who issue from its Womb  
 Shall hear from him th' unerring Doom.

Exult, ye Heav'ns ; exult, O Earth ;  
 And, Partner in the sacred Mirth,  
 Let Ocean in its Fulness rise,  
 And thunder to the distant Skies.

Rich in its Gifts, ye Fields, rejoice ;  
 While in his Praise the Woods their Voice  
 Exalt, and hail with lowly Nod  
 The Presence of th' approaching God.

He comes, in awful Pomp array'd,  
 He comes, to judge the World he made.  
 Truth shall with him the Cause decide,  
 And Equity his Sentence guide.

PSALM XCVI. Second Version. TATE.

*God the sovereign Ruler and Judge.*

**S**ING to the Lord a joyful Song ;  
 Let Earth in one assembled Throng,  
 Her common Patron's Praise resound :  
 Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,  
 From Day to Day his Praise proclaim,  
 Who hath the World with Blessings crown'd :  
 To heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,  
 His Wonders to the Universe.

Great is the Lord : his Praise is great,  
 Who sits on high enthron'd in State ;  
 To him alone let Anthems rise :  
 The Gods the heathen World adore,

In vain pretend to sov'reign Pow'r :  
 He only rules who made the Skies :  
 With Majesty and Honor crown'd,  
 Beauty and Strength his Throne surround.

- 3 Proclaim aloud, "*Jehovah* reigns,  
 " Whose Pow'r the Universe sustains,  
 " And banish'd Justice will restore ;"  
 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,  
 And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express ;  
 Its loud Applause the Ocean roar.  
 Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,  
 And for this Triumph find a Voice.
- 4 For Joy let fertile Valleys sing,  
 And chearful Groves their Tribute bring :  
 Let ev'ry human Voice awake,  
 The Lord's Approach to celebrate,  
 Who will appear in awful State,  
 And thro' the Earth his Circuit take ;  
 From Heav'n to judge the World will come,  
 With Justice to reward or doom.

P S A L M XCVI. Third Version. WATTS.

*Christ's first and second Appearance.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant Lands,  
 Ye Tribes of ev'ry Tongue ;  
 His new-discover'd Grace demands  
 A new and nobler Song.
- 2 Say to the Nations, *Jesus* reigns,  
 God's best beloved Son ;  
 His Word our joyful Hope sustains,  
 And Grace surrounds his Throne.
- 3 Let Heav'n proclaim the joyful Day,  
 Joy thro' the Earth be seen ;  
 Let Cities shine in bright Array,  
 And Fields in chearful Green.
- 4 Let an unusual Joy surprise  
 The Islands of the Sea :  
 Ye Mountains sink, ye Vallies rise,  
 Prepare the Lord his Way.

Behold he comes, he comes to bless  
 The Nations from their God ;  
 To shew the World his Righteousness,  
 And send his Truth abroad.

[But when his Voice shall raise the Dead,  
 And bid the World draw near,  
 How will the guilty Nations dread  
 To see their Judge appear!]

P S A L M XCVI. Fourth Version. WATTS.

*Universal Praise to God.*

**L**ET all the Earth their Voices raise,  
 To sing the choicest Psalm of Praise,  
 To sing and bless *Jehovah's* Name :  
 His Glory let the Heathens know,  
 His Wonders to the Nations shew,  
 And all his saving Works proclaim.  
 [Wonders of Grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his Mercies in your Song.]

The Heathens know thy Glory, Lord ;  
 The wond'ring Nations read thy Word.  
 In *Britain* is *Jehovah* known :  
 Our Worship shall no more be paid  
 To Gods which mortal Hands have made ;  
 Our Maker is our God alone.  
 [Give to our God immortal Praise,  
 Mercy and Truth are all his Ways.]

He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,  
 He made the shining Worlds on high,  
 And reigns complete in Glory there :  
 His Beams are Majesty and Light ;  
 His Beauties, how divinely bright !  
 His Temple, how divinely fair !  
 [Wonders of Grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his Mercies in your Song.]

Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,  
 When Earth shall feel his saving Pow'r,  
 And barb'rous Nations fear his Name ;  
 Then shall the Race of Man confess



The Beauty of his Holiness,  
 And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.  
 [Give to our God immortal Praise,  
 Mercy and Truth are all his Ways.]

## P S A L M XCVI. Fifth Version. TOLLET.

- 1 **T**O God, from whom immortal Blessings spring,  
 Let all the Earth with Sounds seraphic ring;  
 With heav'nly Zeal and Ardor praise his Name,  
 Throughout the World his saving Grace proclaim.
- 2 To all the heathen Nations wide around,  
 The Pow'r and Greatness of our God resound:  
 Through all the World with joyful Songs declare  
 His wond'rous Works how excellent they are.
- 3 Enthron'd he sits above the starry Skies,  
 No Numbers can to his Perfections rise:  
 O! Great Ador'd! How can we have Regard  
 'To other Gods, when unto thee compar'd?
- 4 Dumb senseless Stocks the Heathens call upon;  
 Creation's Lord we'll fall before thy Throne,  
 Exalt and praise thee still in Wonder lost,  
 Since thou alone Omnipotence canst boast.
- 5 O! *Israel's* Sons, within his Temple bend,  
 Whose bounteous Hand doth ev'ry Blessing send;  
 There chant his Praise, and in harmonious Songs  
 Ascribe the Glory which to God belongs.
- 6 Give Honor due unto his holy Name,  
 And let our Practice testify the same;  
 In beauteous Holiness the Lord adore,  
 On swiftest Wings let your Petitions soar.
- 7 The Lord is God let all the Heathen know,  
 The Earth unmov'd his mighty Pow'r doth shew;  
 He'll judge Mankind by his eternal Word,  
 Guilt self-condemn'd shall meet its just Reward.
- 8 Let Heav'n, let Earth, the Air, and raging Seas,  
 Proclaim our God within their just Degrees;

And Woods and smiling Meads with Verdure crown'd,  
And all Creation echo to the Sound :

“ For he in Equity will judge the World,  
“ Then from their Seats the Impious shall be hurl'd ;  
“ His Justice then aloft will hold the Scale,  
“ And Truth triumphant ever shall prevail.”

ALM XCVII. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*God's Power and Majesty:*

**T**O God belongs th' eternal Sway ;  
Let Earth with Joy his Will obey :  
Exult, ye Isles that crown the Main,  
Blest in his mild auspicious Reign.

The station'd Clouds around him meet,  
And Darkneſs rolls beneath his Feet ;  
While Equity and Truth combine  
To rear aloft his awful Shrine.

Before him walks the waſting Fire ;  
Wrapt in the Blaſt his Foes expire ;  
While Earth, convuls'd, in dire Diſmay,  
Beholds the forky Light'nings play ;

And down, like Wax before the Flame,  
Down flows the Mountain's ſolid Frame,  
That late, ambitious, met the Sky ;  
For God, the World's great Lord, is nigh.

His righteous Acts the Heav'ns diſplay,  
His Fame from Pole to Pole convey,  
And bid the Maſteſty divine  
To ev'ry Eye conſpicuous ſhine.

His Pow'r protects the pious Band,  
Though Myriads, leagu'd, againſt them ſtand :  
His ſov'reign Might, let all avow,  
And rev'rent at his Footſtool bow.

## PSALM XCVII. First Version. Second Part.

*God to be adored and praised.*

- 1 **W**ELL pleas'd thy Counsels, Lord, to hear,  
Thy People bow th' attentive Ear;  
With joyful Lips thy People sing  
The Mercies of th' eternal King.
- 2 Thou, Lord, in Majesty serene  
Exalted o'er the Earth art seen:  
What Pow'r, great God, shall boast a Name  
Like Thine? Like thee our Homage claim?
- 3 Ye Souls, with Love divine impress'd;  
Just to its Precepts, Sin detect;  
Each Fear deliver'd to the Wind,  
In God your certain Refuge find.
- 4 To you, ye Good, to you alone  
The Seeds of heav'nly Light are sown,  
That wake within the human Breast  
Joys ne'er by human Tongue express'd.
- 5 O crown'd with Mercies from above,  
To God your grateful Zeal approve:  
His Sanctity revere; his Name  
In Hymns of loudest Praise proclaim.

## P S A L M XCVII. Second Version. TATE.

*Joy in the righteous Government of God.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns; let all the Earth  
In his just Government rejoice;  
Let all the Isles, with sacred Mirth,  
In his Applause unite their Voice.
- 2 Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade  
His dazzling Glory shroud in State:  
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,  
And, fix'd by his Pavilion, wait.
- 3 Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd,  
*Jehovah* dwells exalted high;  
Let him alone as God be own'd,  
Who reigns unrival'd in the Sky.
- 4 You who to serve this Lord aspire,  
Abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem;

Hc

l keep his Servants Soul entire,  
them from wicked Hands redeem.

Seeds of endless Light are sown,  
orious Harvest for the Just ;  
hem his Favor shall be shewn ;  
l recompense their pious Trust.

ice, ye Righteous, in the Lord,  
ongs of Praise your Joy express ;  
in your thankful Hearts record  
orials of his Holiness.

A XCVII. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*God's supreme Dominion.*

E reigns ; The Lord Almighty reigns ;  
Praise him in evangelic Strains :  
he whole Earth in Songs rejoice,  
distant Islands join their Voice.

are his Counsels and unknown ;  
Grace and Truth support his Throne :  
gloomy Clouds his Ways surround,  
ce is their eternal Ground.

obes of Judgment, lo, he comes,  
es the wide Earth, and cleaves the Tombs ;  
re him burns devouring Fire,  
Mountains melt, the Seas retire.

Enemies with fore Dismay  
from the Sight and shun the Day ;  
lift your Heads, ye Saints, on high,  
sing, for your Redemption's nigh.

A L M XCVII. Third Version. Second Part.

'H' Almighty reigns exalted high  
O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky ;  
Clouds and Darkness veil his Feet,  
Dwelling is the Mercy-Seat.

, who love his holy Name,  
: ev'ry Work of Sin and Shame :  
guards the Souls of all his Friends,  
from the Snares of Hell defends.

- 5 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,  
 With all that Seas contain :  
 The Earth, and all that dwell therein  
 Join Confort with the Main.
- 6 With Joy let Riv'lets swell to Streams,  
 To spreading Torrents they ;  
 And echoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,  
 Redoubled Shouts convey.
- 7 To welcome down the World's great Judge,  
 Who does with Justice come,  
 And with impartial Equity,  
 Both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVIII. Third Version. First Part. Watts.

*Praise for the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**O our Almighty Maker, God,  
 New Honors be address'd ;  
 His great Salvation shines abroad,  
 And makes the Nations blest,
- 2 He spake the Word to *Abraham* first,  
 His Truth fulfils the Grace :  
 The *Gentiles* make his Name their Trust,  
 And learn his Righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole Earth his Love proclaim  
 With all her different Tongues ;  
 And spread the Honors of his Name  
 In Melody and Songs.

PSALM XCVIII. Third Version. Second Part.

*The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.*

- 1 **J**OY to the World ; the Lord is come ;  
 Let Earth receive her King :  
 Let ev'ry Heart prepare him Room,  
 And Heav'n and Nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns ;  
 Let Men their Songs employ ;  
 While Fields and Floods, Rocks, Hills, and Plains  
 Repeat the sounding Joy.

To more let Pain and Sorrow grow,  
 Nor Violence abound:  
 He comes to make his Blessings flow  
 Wherever Man is found.  
 He rules his Church with Truth and Grace,  
 And makes his People prove  
 The Glories of his Righteousness,  
 And Wonders of his Love.

## PSALM XCIX. First Version. MERRICK.

*Jehovah reigneth.*

**J**EHOVAH reigns: Ye Nations own,  
 With prostrate Hearts, his Sway:  
 Betwixt the Cherubs stands his Throne;  
 Earth! tremble and obey.

His Rule, in *Sion* long confest,  
 O'er all extends; his Name  
 Shall hallow with its Fear each Breast,  
 Each Tongue with Zeal inflame.

Thy Pow'r with Equity ally'd,  
 Through Time's long Course has stood:  
 Thy Judgments *Jacob*, Lord, has try'd,  
 And knows them just and good.

Let each, with humble Joy elate,  
 Before thy Footstool bow;  
 Thee, ceaseless, praise: for who so great,  
 So holy, Lord, as thou?

## PSALM XCIX. Second Version. First Part. WATTS.

**T**HE God *Jehovah* reigns,  
 Let all the Nations fear;  
 Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,  
 And Saints be humble there.

The God *Jehovah* reigns,  
 Let Earth adore its Lord;  
 Bright Cherubs his Attendants stand,  
 Swift to fulfil his Word.

In *Zion* is his Throne,  
 His Honors are divine;

His

His Church shall make his Wonders known,  
For there his Glories shine.

- 4 How holy is his Name !  
How awful is his Praise !  
Justice and Truth and Judgment join  
In all his Works of Grace.

PSALM XCIX. Second Version. Second Pa

*Reverential Worship.*

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,  
And worship at his Feet;  
His Nature is all Holiness,  
And Mercy is his Seat.
- 2 When *Israel* was his Church,  
When *Aaron* was his Priest,  
When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,  
He gave his People Rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their Sins,  
Nor would destroy their Race;  
And oft he made his Judgments known  
When they abus'd his Grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose Grace is still the same;  
Still he's a God of Holiness,  
And jealous for his Name.

PSALM C. First Version. MERRICK.

*Praise to our Creator.*

- 1 **Y**E Tribes of Earth, in God rejoice,  
His Presence hail with thankful Voice;  
To him your willing Homage pay,  
And wake the tributary Lay;  
Submissive to his Will, in him  
Behold the God of Gods supreme.
- 2 With conscious Wonder oft survey'd,  
He, not ourselves, our Frame has made:  
The Subjects of his Pow'r we stand,  
The Sheep that own his guiding Hand;

- O, enter then his Gates with Praise,  
To him your loudest Accents raise.
- 3 With grateful Hearts his Love proclaim,  
And bless, O bless, his awful Name;  
For Truth in him and Mercy live:  
That Truth shall Time itself survive;  
That Mercy thro' the Length of Days  
Unclouded pour its healing Rays.

## P S A L M C. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **W**ITH one Consent let all the Earth  
To God their chearful Voices raise,  
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,  
And sing before him Songs of Praise:
- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed;  
We, whom he chuses for his own,  
The Flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his Temple-Gate,  
Thence to his Courts devoutly press,  
And still your grateful Hymns repeat,  
And still his Name with Praises bless:
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,  
His Mercy is for ever sure;  
His Truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless Ages shall endure.

## P S A L M C. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **Y**E Nations round the Earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King:  
Serve him with chearful Heart and Voice,  
With all your Tongues his Glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God: 'Tis he alone  
Doth Life and Breath and Being give:  
We are his Work, and not our own;  
The Sheep that on his Pastures live.
- 3 Enter his Gates with Songs of Joy,  
With Praises to his Courts repair;

And



And make it your divine Employ  
To pay your Thanks and Honors there.

- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;  
Great is his Grace, his Mercy sure ;  
And the whole Race of Man shall find  
His Truth from Age to Age endure.

PSALM C. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord with joyful Voice ;  
Let ev'ry Land his Name adore :  
The *British* Isles shall send the Noise  
Across the Ocean to the Shore.
- 2 Nations, attend before his Throne  
With solemn Fear, with sacred Joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 3 His sov'reign Pow'r without our Aid  
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men :  
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his Fold again.
- 4 We are his People, we his Care,  
Our Souls and all our mortal Frame :  
What lasting Honors shall we rear  
Almighty Maker, to thy Name !
- 5 We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,  
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise ;  
And Earth, with her ten thousand Tongues  
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.
- 6 Wide as the World is thy Command,  
Vast as Eternity thy Love ;  
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand.  
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

PSALM C. Fifth Version. TOLLET.

- 1 **Y**E Nations all whose various Climates glow  
With sultry Suns, or freeze with solid Snow :  
The Heav'n's eternal Law your Bounds divides  
With Range of Mountains or resounding Tides,  
Let pious Joy your grateful Bosoms raise ;  
And join in Hymns of universal Praise.

- 1 Not self-created, self-existent we;  
God's wond'rous Goodness caused us to be;  
His People we, his Flock peculiar share  
The plenteous Herbage, and the Pastor's Care:  
With humble Joy and Veneration wait  
To tread his Courts, and to approach his Gate.
- 2 Adore the sacred Name, from whose Dispose  
An unexhausted Stream of Bounty flows:  
While Ages roll his Mercy shall remain;  
No Period limits his extended Reign:  
His Truth shall last, while with successive Birth  
The Race of Mortals shall renew the Earth.

P S A L M C I. First Version. MERRICK.

*The Resolution and Prayer of the Upright.*

- 1 **M**ERCY, Judgment, now my Tongue  
Makes the Subject of its Song:  
Lord! to whom then shall I sing,  
But to thee, th' eternal King?
- 2 Wisdom shall my Footsteps guide,  
Nor permit my Feet to slide,  
Or from thy all-perfect Way,  
Lost in Paths of Sin, to stray.
- 3 When, O when, celestial Guest,  
Shall my House with thee be blest?  
Lo! my Heart with studious Care  
For thy Presence I prepare.
- 4 Ne'er may my presumptuous Hand  
Dare to break thy just Command;  
Ne'er within me may'st thou find  
Aught that speaks a faithless Mind.

P S A L M C I. Second Version. TATE.

*The Resolution of a Patriot King.*

- 1 **O**F Mercy's never-failing Spring,  
And steadfast Judgment, I will sing;  
And since they both to thee belong,  
To thee, O Lord, address my Song.
- 2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,  
Wise Discipline my Reign shall guide;  
With blameless Life myself I'll make  
A Pattern for my Court to take.

- 3 No ill Design will I pursue,  
Nor those my Fav'rites make who do ;  
Who to Reproof bears no Regard,  
Him will I totally discard.
- 4 The private Slanderer shall be  
In public Justice doom'd by me :  
From haughty Looks I'll turn aside,  
And mortify the Heart of Pride :
- 5 But Honesty call'd from her Cell,  
In Splendor at my Court shall dwell :  
Who Virtue's Practice make their Care,  
Shall have the first Preferments there.
- 6 No Politics shall recommend  
His Country's Foe to be my Friend :  
None e'er shall to my Favor rise  
By flatt'ring or malicious Lies.
- 7 All those who wicked Courses take,  
An early Sacrifice I'll make :  
Cut off, destroy, 'till none remain  
God's holy City to prophane.

PSALM CI. Third Version. WATTS.

*A Psalm for a Master of a Family.*

- 1 **O**F Justice and of Grace I sing,  
And pay my God my Vows ;  
Thy Grace and Justice, heav'nly King,  
Teach me to rule my House.
- 2 Now to my Tent, O God, repair,  
And make thy Servant wise ;  
I'll suffer nothing near me there  
That shall offend thine Eyes.
- 3 The Man who doth his Neighbour Wrong  
By Falshood or by Force,  
The scornful Eye, the sland'rous Tongue,  
I'll thrust them from my Doors.
- 4 I'll seek the Faithful and the Just,  
And will their Help enjoy ;  
These are the Friends that I shall trust,  
The Servants I'll employ.

- 27 Thy Care, great God, sustains them all ;  
 As, urg'd by Hunger's furious Call,  
 Expectant of the known Supply,  
 To thee they lift the asking Eye,  
 28 And reap from thy extended Hand  
 Whate'er their various Wants demand :  
 How good thou art, what Tongue can frame  
 An equal Honor to thy Name.

## P A U S E.

- 29 By thee, O Lord, all Creatures live,  
 And from thy Hand all Good receive ;  
 But if thy Face thou turn away,  
 Their troubled Looks their Grief betray :  
 30 If thou the vital Air deny,  
 Behold them sicken, faint, and die ;  
 Dust to its kindred Dust returns,  
 And Earth her ruin'd Offspring mourns.  
 31 But soon thy Breath her Loss supplies ;  
 She sees a new-born Race arise,  
 And, o'er her Regions scatter'd wide,  
 The Blessings of thy Hand divide.  
 32 Thy Glory, fearless of Decline,  
 Thy Glory, Lord, shall ever shine,  
 Thy Works in changeless Order lie,  
 And glad their great Creator's Eye.  
 33 Earth at thy Look shall trembling stand,  
 Conscious of sov'reign Pow'r at Hand,  
 And, touch'd by thee, almighty Sire,  
 The cloud-top'd Hills in Smoke aspire.  
 34 To God in ceaseless Strains my Tongue  
 Shall meditate the grateful Song,  
 And, long as Breath informs my Frame,  
 The wonders of his Love proclaim ;  
 35 Assur'd that his paternal Ear  
 With full Regard my Voice will hear ;  
 His Acts its unexhausted Theme,  
 His Favor my Delight supreme:  
 36 Awake, my Soul, to Hymns of Praise,  
 To God the song of Triumph raise,  
 And let consenting Nations join  
 To bless with me the Name divine.

## P S A L M CII. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **T**HRO' endless Years thou art the same,  
O thou eternal God !  
Ages to come shall know thy Name,  
And tell thy Works abroad.
- 2 The strong Foundations of the Earth  
Of old by thee were laid ;  
By thee the beauteous Arch of Heav'n  
With matchless Skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly Frame of Things,  
Form'd by thy powerful Hand,  
Be, like a Vesture, laid aside,  
And chang'd at thy Command.
- 4 But thy eternal State, O Lord,  
No Length of Time shall waste ;  
Thy Wisdom, Pow'r, Truth and Grace  
From Age to Age shall last.
- 5 Thou, to the Children of thy Saints  
Shalt lasting Comfort give,  
Whose happy Race, securely fix'd,  
Shall in thy Presence live.

## P S A L M CII. Third Version. WATTS.

*God eternal and Man mortal.*

- 1 **I**T is the great Creator's Hand  
Weakens our Strength amidst the Race ;  
Disease and Death at his Command  
Arrest us, and cut short our Days.
- 2 Yet in the Midst of Death and Grief  
This Thought our Sorrow shall assuage,  
" Our Father and our Saviour lives :  
" God is the same thro' every Age."
- 3 'Twas he this Earth's Foundations laid ;  
Heav'n is the Building of his Hand :  
This Earth grows old, these Heav'ns shall fade,  
And all be chang'd at his Command.
- 4 The starry Curtains of the Sky  
Like Garments shall be laid aside ;

- 2 The Heav'ns are for his Curtains spread;  
Th' unfathom'd Deep he makes his Bed:  
Clouds are his Chariot, when he flies  
On winged Storms a-cross the Skies,
- 3 Angels, whom his own Breath inspires,  
His Ministers, are flaming Fires;  
And swift as Thought their Armies move  
To bear his Judgments or his Love.
- 4 The Worlds Foundations by his Hand  
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand:  
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,  
Lest it should drown the Earth again.
- 5 When Earth was cover'd with the Flood  
Which high above the Mountains stood,  
He thunder'd; and the Ocean fled,  
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.
- 6 The swelling Billows know their Bound,  
And in their Channels walk their Round;  
Yet thence convey'd by secret Veins,  
They spring on Hills, and drench the Plains.
- 7 He bids the chrystal Fountains flow,  
And cheer the Vallies as they go:  
Tame Heifers there their Thirst allay,  
And for the Stream wild Asses bray.
- 8 From pleasant Trees, which shade the Brink,  
The Lark and Linnet light to drink;  
Their Songs the Lark and Linnet raise,  
And chide our Silence in his Praise.

## P A U S E I.

- 9 God from his cloudy Cistern pours  
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs:  
The Grove, the Garden and the Field  
A thousand joyful Blessings yield.
- 10 He makes the grassy Food arise,  
And gives the Cattle large Supplies;  
With Herbs for Man of various Pow'r,  
To nourish Nature, or to cure.

11 What

- 2 Their shining Wonders all shall fade;  
By thy controuling Pow'r,  
Chang'd like a Vesture quite decay'd;  
But thou shalt still endure.
- 3 Thy bright Perfections, all divine,  
Eternal as thy Days,  
Thro' everlasting Ages shine,  
With undiminish'd Rays.
- 4 Thy Servant's Children, still thy Care,  
Shall own their Father's God;  
To latest Times thy Favor share,  
And spread thy Praise abroad.
- 5 Thou, Lord, our Lord, shalt still endure,  
Thy Truth shall ne'er decay;  
Thy Love unalterably sure,  
While Ages roll away.

## P S A L M CII. Sixth Version.

- 1 **A**L L-powerful self-existent God,  
Who dost o'er all Creation reign,  
Thou wert, and art, and art to come,  
Thro' all Eternity the same.
- 2 Fix'd and eternal as thy Days  
Each glorious Attribute divine  
Through Ages infinite shall still  
With undiminish'd Lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of Being, Source of Good,  
Immutable thou dost remain,  
Nor can the Shadow of a Change  
Obscure the Glories of thy Reign.
- 4 Sooner may Nature's Laws reverse,  
Revolving Seasons cease their Round,  
Nor Spring appear with blooming Pride,  
Nor Autumn with rich Plenty crown'd.
- 5 Yon shining Orbs forget their Course,  
The Sun his destin'd Path forsake,  
And burning Desolation mark  
Amid the World his devious Track.

Earth may with all her Pow'rs dissolve,  
 If such the great Creator's Will;  
 But thou for ever art the same,  
 I AM is thy Memorial still.

## P S A L M CII. Seventh Version. DANIEL.

*God's Power, Eternity, and Immutability.*

- 1 **T**HOU wilt fulfil each wise and kind Decree,  
 For what can be too hard, great God, for thee?  
 Didst thou not poise in Air this wond'rous Ball,  
 And out of nothing speak this beauteous All?  
 Didst thou not give the Sun his quick'ning Ray,  
 To flame around, and bless the World with Day?
- 2 By thee the lovely Lamps of Heav'n arise,  
 Shine through the Gloom, and glitter in the Skies.  
 What though the Race of Man shall feel Decay?  
 And like their changing Garments melt away;  
 What though the flaming Sun should lose its Light,  
 Shorn of its Beams, and sink in endless Night!
- 3 Though the wreck'd Orbs should in Confusion lie,  
 And all their fading Glories wink, and die;  
 Ev'n in the Crush of Worlds thy glorious Name  
 Shall still survive, eternal and the same:  
 No Time to thee can any Change impart,  
 Who self-existent independent art.
- 4 O thou, great God, for ever good and just,  
 In thee thy Servants may securely trust:  
 Tell it ye Hills, repeat it all ye Woods;  
 Tell it ye Seas, repeat it all ye Floods:  
 Hail, hail, the mighty Lord, with loud Acclaim,  
 And let our Children's Children bless his Name.

## PSALM CIII. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*A Song of Praise.*

- 1 **A**WAKE to praise, my Soul, and sing  
 The Mercies of th' eternal King:  
 O deep throughout thine inmost Frame  
 Bless, bless the great *Jehovah's* Name;

2 Nor



- 2 Nor cease with studious Thought to trace  
 The Acts of that stupendous Grace,  
 Whence countless Blessings round thee rise,  
 Which ev'ry Wish with Good supplies ;  
 Thy Years renews in their Decline,  
 And makes the Eagle's Vigor thine,  
 That, stript of Age, exulting springs,  
 And heav'nward spreads his recent Wings.
- 4 His Seat above th' empyreal Plain  
 Our God has fix'd ; his equal Reign  
 Creation's utmost Bounds confess :  
 His Name, ye Tribes Angelic, blest.
- 5 Him praise, ye bright ethereal Band,  
 That rang'd beneath his Banner stand,  
 And ye who round his Throne of State  
 With dutious Zeal ministrant wait.
- 6 Ye Works of God, where'er his Sway  
 Extends, your Maker's Fame display ;  
 Nor thou, my Soul, forget to sing  
 The Mercies of th' eternal King.

PSALM CIII. First Version. Second Part.

*God's everlasting Mercy to the Humble and Penitent*

- 1 **G**OD's Ways to *Moses* stood reveal'd ;  
 Thou, *Israel*, hast his Works beheld,  
 His Breast with Mercy fraught hast known,  
 To Anger slow, to Pity prone.
- 2 He ne'er with erring Mortals knew  
 A ceaseless Contest to pursue,  
 But, when their Crimes his Judgments raise,  
 Judgment in mid Effusion stays.
- 3 If e'er our Trespas he chastise,  
 Not to its Weight proportion'd rise  
 The just Corrections of his Hand,  
 But bounded by his Mercy stand,
- 4 Which high as to the starry Pole  
 Extends, and, far as from its Goal  
 The Sun in daily Circuit roves,  
 The humbled Sinner's Guilt removes.

ondness for his infant Care  
 er's Bosom learns to share,  
 om th' eternal Monarch claim  
 ils that rev'rent own his Name.

his Eye our Texture knows ;  
 t the Dust's light Grains compose  
 me ; and marks the Days of Man  
 ed to a narrow Span :

asures to the Herb its Date,  
 the Flow'r in vig'rous State  
 its vernal Pride resign,  
 h'ring on the Earth recline :

Decay behold it waste ;  
 ws the Soil, whose Bed it grac'd,  
 es to th' Inquirer's View,  
 ate the short-liv'd Wonder grew.

Compassions, Lord, the Just  
 ge to Age with steadfast Trust  
 n ; thy Righteousness their Race,  
 Descent, shall joy to trace.

ALM CIII. Second Version. TATE.

*Divine Goodness adored.*

Soul inspir'd with sacred Love,  
 God's holy Name for ever blest ;  
 is Favors mindful prove,  
 thy grateful Thanks express.

who all thy Sins forgives,  
 er Sicknefs makes thee found :  
 anger he thy Life retrieves,  
 with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

d abounds with tender Love,  
 exempl'd Acts of Grace,  
 en'd Judgments slowly move,  
 ing Mercy flows apace.

as Heav'n its Arch extends  
 his little Spot of Clay,  
 his boundless Grace transcends  
 : Obedience we can pay.

O

5 Let

- 5 Let every Creature join to bleſs  
The mighty Lord ; and thou, my Heart,  
With grateful Joy thy Thanks expreſs,  
And in this Conſort bear thy Part.

PSALM CIII. Third Verſion. Firſt Part. WATTS.

*Praife to God for his Goodneſs.*

- 1 **B**LESS, O my Soul, the living God,  
Call Home thy Thoughts that rove abroad,  
Let all the Pow'rs within me join,  
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.
- 2 Bleſs, O my Soul, the God of Grace;  
His Favors claim thy higheſt Praiſe:  
Nor let the Wonders he hath wrought  
Be loſt in Silence and forgot?
- 3 The Vices of the Mind he heals,  
And cures the Pains that Nature feels;  
Redeems the Soul from Guilt, and ſaves  
Our waſting Life from threat'ning Graves.
- 4 Our Youth decay'd his Pow'r repairs;  
His Mercy crowns our growing Years:  
He ſatiſfies our Mouth with Good,  
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food,
- 5 He ſees th' Oppreſſor and th' Oppreſt,  
And often gives the Suff'rers Reſt:  
But will his Juſtice more diſplay,  
In the laſt great rewarding Day.
- 6 [His Pow'r he ſhew'd by *Moses* Hands,  
And gave to *Iſrael* his Commands;  
But ſent his Truth and Mercy down  
To all the Nations by his Son.
- 7 Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confeſs,  
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;  
The *Gentile* with the *Jew* ſhall join  
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.]

PSALM CIII. Third Verſion. Second Part.

*God's tender Mercy.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wond'rous are his Ways!  
How firm his Truth! how large his Grace!

- He takes his Mercy for his Throne,  
And thence he makes his Glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his Pow'r hath spread  
The starry Heav'ns above our Head,  
As his rich Love exceeds our Praise,  
Exceeds the highest Hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath Nature plac'd  
The rising Morning from the West,  
As his forgiving Grace removes  
The Pangs of Guilt from those he loves.
- 4 Amidst his Justice Mercy shines,  
His Strokes are lighter than our Sins :  
And while his Rod corrects his Saints,  
His Ear indulges their Complaints.
- 5 So Fathers their young Sons chastise  
With gentle Hand and melting Eyes :  
The Children weep beneath the Smart,  
And move the Pity of their Heart.
- 6 The mighty God, the Wise and Just,  
Knows' that our Frame is feeble Dust ;  
And will no heavy Loads impose  
Beyond the Strength that he bestows.
- 7 He knows how soon our Nature dies,  
Blasted by ev'ry Wind that flies ;  
Like Grass we spring, and die as soon ;  
Or Morning Flow'rs that fade at Noon.
- 9 But his eternal Love is sure  
To all his Saints, and shall endure :  
From Age to Age his Truth shall reign,  
Nor Childrens' Children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. Fourth Version. First Part. WATTS.

*Praise for temporal and spiritual Mercies.*

- 1 **O** Bless the Lord, my Soul ;  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my Tongue to bless his Name,  
Whose Favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my Soul ;  
Nor let his Mercies lie


O 2

Forgotten

- Forgotten in Unthankfulness,  
And without Praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy Sins,  
'Tis he relieves thy Pain,  
'Tis he who heals thy Sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy Life with Love,  
When ransom'd from the Grave ;  
He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell  
Hath sov'reign Pow'r to save.
- 5 He fills the Poor with Good ;  
He gives the Suff'ers Rest ;  
The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,  
And Justice for th' Opprest.
- 6 His wond'rous Works and Ways  
He made by *Moses* known ;  
But sent the World his Truth and Grace,  
By his beloved Son.

## PSALM CIII. Fourth Version. Second Part.

*The abounding Compassion of God.*

- 1 **M**Y Soul, repeat his Praise  
Whose Mercies are so great ;  
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;  
And when his Strokes are felt,  
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,  
And lighter than our Guilt.
- 3 High as the Heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the Ground we tread,  
So far the Riches of his Gface  
Our highest Thoughts exceed.
- 4 His Pow'r subdues our Sins,  
And his forgiving Love  
Far as the East is from the West  
Doth all our Guilt remove.
- 5 The Pity of the Lord  
To those who fear his Name
- 

- Is such as tender Parents feel;  
He knows our feeble Frame.
- 6 He knows we are but Dust,  
Scatter'd with ev'ry Breath;  
His Justice like a rising Wind  
Can send us swift to Death.
- 7 Our Days are as the Grass,  
Or like the Morning-Flow'r;  
If one sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field,  
It withers in an Hour.
- 8 But thy Compassions, Lord,  
To endless Years endure;  
And Children's Children ever find  
Thy Words of Promise sure.

## P S A L M CIII. Fourth Version. Third Part.

*God's universal Dominion.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sov'reign King  
Hath fix'd his Throne on high;  
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,  
And all beneath the Sky.
- 2 Ye Angels, great in Might,  
And swift to do his Will,  
Bless ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,  
Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3 While all his wond'rous Works  
Thro' his vast Kingdoms shew  
Their Maker's Glory, thou my Soul,  
Shalt sing his Graces too.

## P S A L M CIII. Fifth Version. DODDRIDGE.

*Human Frailty, and God's tender Regard to it.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy wond'rous Name,  
And make that Name our Trust,  
Which rais'd at first this curious Frame,  
From mean and lifeless Dust.
- 2 By Dust supported, still it stands,  
Wrought up to various Forms,  
Prepar'd by thy creating Hands  
To nourish mortal Worms.

- 3 A while these frail Machines endure,  
The Fabric of a Day ;  
Then know their vital Pow'rs no more,  
But moulder back to Clay.
- 4 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,  
This Thought is our Repose,  
That he, by whom this Frame was rear'd,  
Its various Weakness knows.
- 5 Thou view'st us with a pitying Eye,  
While struggling with our Load ;  
In Pains and Dangers thou art nigh,  
Our Father, and our God.
- 6 Gently supported by thy Love,  
We tend to Realms of Peace ;  
Where ev'ry Pain shall far remove,  
And ev'ry Frailty cease.

## P S A L M CIII. Sixth Version. STEELE.

*Praise to God for his Mercy and Goodness.*

- 2 **A** WAKE my Soul, awake my Tongue,  
My God demands the grateful Song ;  
Let all my inmost Pow'rs record  
The wond'rous Mercy of the Lord.
- 2 Divinely free, his Mercy flows,  
Forgives my Crimes, allays my Woes,  
And bids approaching Death remove,  
And crowns me with indulgent Love.
- 2 He fills my longing Soul with Good,  
Substantial Bliss ! immortal Food !  
Youth smiles renew'd in active Prime,  
And triumphs o'er the Pow'r of Time.
- 3 In him the Poor oppress'd shall find  
A Friend almighty, just and kind ;  
His glorious Acts, his wond'rous Ways,  
By *Moses* taught, proclaim his Praise.
- 5 How far beyond our low Deserts,  
Is ev'ry Gift, his Hand imparts !  
High as the bright expanded Skies,  
His vast unbounded Mercies rise.

- 5 As distant as creating Pow'r  
Has fix'd the East and Western Shore;  
So far our num'rous Crimes remove,  
At the sweet Voice of pard'ning Love.
- 7 The tend'rest Yearning Nature knows,  
A Father's Love, too faintly shows  
The ever-kind, indulgent Care,  
Which God's own happy Children share.

## P A U S E.

- 8 God knows our Frame, surveys our Birth,  
Compos'd of Dust, frail Sons of Earth;  
Man like a fair, but short-liv'd Flow'r,  
Springs up and blooms one smiling Hour.
- 9 But if a noxious Blast arise,  
Sudden its transient Glory flies;  
Those Charms which made the Scenes so gay,  
Steal from the Sight and die away.
- 10 But Mercy with unchanging Rays  
For ever shines, while Time decays;  
And Children's Children shall record  
The Truth and Goodness of the Lord.
- 11 To those, who with delightful Awe,  
Love and obey his sacred Law,  
Whose Hearts with warm Devotion glow,  
Whose Lives their grateful Duty show.
- 12 The Lord is King, his Hand alone  
Has fix'd in Heav'n his radiant Throne;  
He sends his sov'reign Laws abroad,  
And Heav'n and Earth confess the God.
- 13 Immortal form'd by Pow'r divine,  
Attending Angels round him shine,  
Observant wait his sacred Will,  
And his Commands with Joy fulfil.
- 14 Ye heav'nly Hosts, adore the Lord,  
Who form'd you to obey his Word;  
Let everlasting Praises rise  
Thro' the bright Armies of the Skies.



- 3 Rejoice in his almighty Name,  
Alone to be ador'd;  
And let your Hearts o'erflow with Joy,  
Who humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving Strength  
Devoutly still implore;  
And, since he's ever present, seek  
His Face for evermore.

## P S A L M CV. Third Version. WATTS.

*God's Conduct and Protection of his Church.*

- 1 **G**IVE Thanks to God, invoke his Name,  
And tell the World his Grace;  
Sound thro' the Earth his Deeds of Fame,  
That all may seek his Face.
- 2 His Cov'nant, which he kept in Mind  
For num'rous Ages past,  
To num'rous Ages yet behind  
In equal Force shall last.
- 3 He swore to *Abraham* and his Seed;  
And made the Blessing sure:  
*Gentiles* the antient Promise read,  
And find his Truth endure.
- 4 "Thy Seed shall make all Nations blest,"  
Said the almighty Voice,  
"And *Canaan's* Land shall be their Rest,  
"The Type of heav'nly Joys.
- 5 "Touch mine Anointed, and my Arm  
"Shall soon redress the Wrong;  
"The Man who does my Servants Harm  
"Shall know their God is strong."
- 6 Then let the World forbear its Rage,  
Nor put the Church in Fear;  
*Israel* must live thro' ev'ry Age,  
And be th' Almighty's Care.

JLT.

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## P S A L M CV. Fourth Version. STEELE.

*Strength and Safety in God alone.*

- 1 **P**ERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy Face,  
Obedient to thy Call,

To

To seek the Presence of thy Grace,  
My Strength, my Life, my All.

All I can wish is thine to give;  
My God, I ask thy Love,  
That greatest Bliss I can receive,  
That Bliss of Heav'n above.

To Heav'n my restless Heart aspires:  
O for a quick'ning Ray,  
T' invigorate my faint Desires,  
And cheer the tiresome Way.

My Guardian, my almighty Friend, **B**  
On thee my Soul would rest;  
On thee alone my Hopes depend,  
Be near, and I am blest.

P S A L M CVI. First Version. MERRICK.

*Praise to God, and Communion with Saints.*

**L**ET Songs of Joy to God ascend,  
Whose Love nor Limit knows, nor End;  
But O what Tongue in equal Lay  
His Acts can speak, his Praise display?

O still our Father, still our Friend,  
To all our Wants, great God, attend:  
Thrice happy, who with steadfast Will  
The Dictates of thy Law fulfil!

With these, thy chosen Flock, assign'd  
May we our Lot for ever find:  
O grant us, Lord, with these to prove  
The Pow'r of thy redeeming Love:

And, while thy Mercy on our Heads  
The Fulness of its Blessing sheds,  
With them th' accepted Hymn to sing  
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

O thankful hail th' almighty Lord,  
The God by *Jacob's* Sons ador'd:  
His Fame, ere Time its Course began,  
O'er Heav'n's wide Region echoing ran.

- 6 To him through endless Ages raise  
One Song of oft-repeated Praise ;  
And let consenting Nations join  
To bless with us the Pow'r divine.

P S A L M CVI. Second Version. TATE.

*The final Prosperity of the Righteous.*

- 1 **O** Render Thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal Love :  
Whose Mercy firm thro' Ages past  
Has stood and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty Deeds express,  
Not only vast but numberless ?  
What mortal Eloquence can raise  
His Tribute of immortal Praise !
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from thy Judgments never stray ;  
Who know what's right, nor only so,  
But always practise what they know.
- 4 Be this my Happiness to see  
Thy Saints in full Prosperity !  
That I the joyful Choir may join,  
And count thy People's Triumph mine !
- 5 Let *Israel's* God be ever blest,  
His Name eternally confest :  
Let all his Saints with full Accord,  
Exalt their Voice to praise the Lord.

P S A L M CVI. Third Version. WATTS.

*Praise to God, and Communion with Saints.*

- 1 **T**O God the Great, the Ever-blest,  
Let Songs of Honor be address'd :  
His Mercy firm for ever stands ;  
Give him the Thanks his Love demands.
- 2 Who knows the Wonders of thy Ways ?  
Who shall fulfil thy boundless Praise ?  
Blest are the Souls that fear thee still,  
And pay their Duty to thy Will,

3 Remen

Remember what thy Mercy did  
For *Jacob's* Race, thy chosen Seed ;  
And with the same Salvation blefs  
The meanest Suppliant of thy Grace.

O may I see thy Tribes rejoice,  
And aid their Triumphs with my Voice !  
This is my Glory, Lord, to be  
Join'd to thy Saints, and near to thee.

PSALM CVII. First Version. MERRICK.

*God's providential Dealings in various Instances recorded.*

PART I.

*Israel led through the Wilderness to Canaan.*

- 1 **T**O God above from all below  
Let Hymns of Praise ascend ;  
Whose Blessings unexhausted flow,  
Whose Mercy knows no End.
- 2 But chief by those his Name be blest,  
To whom his Aid he gave :  
Whom he beheld by Foes oppress'd,  
And reach'd his Arm to save.
- 3 To East, to West, to South, to North,  
Condemn'd a while to roam,  
His Hand in Pity brought them forth,  
And call'd the Wand'ers Home.
- 4 Behold them o'er the Desert stray,  
A helpless, hopeless Train :  
Some City, where their Steps to stay,  
They seek, but seek in vain.
- 5 Ah ! what shall cheer their fainting Mind,  
Or what their Woes assuage,  
To Thirst's afflictive Pain consign'd,  
And Famine's fiercest Rage ?
- 6 Distress'd to God they make their Pray'r :  
He guides, direct, their Feet ;  
And, safe in his protecting Care,  
They reach their destin'd Seat.

- 7 O then that all would blefs his Name,  
 Whose Mercy thus they prove,  
 And pleas'd from Age to Age proclaim  
 The Wonders of his Love.
- 8 That Love, whose Gifts with thankful Breaſt  
 The Sons of Want divide,  
 And find their ev'ry Grief redreſs'd,  
 Their ev'ry Wiſh ſupply'd.

## P A R T II.

*Captives Released.*

- 1 How juſt the Doom to thoſe aſſign'd,  
 Who, frantic, durſt withſtand  
 The Counſels of th' almighty Mind,  
 And ſpurn his juſt Command.
- 2 Theſe erſt he bade th' Avenger's Hand  
 In Death's dark Shades detain;  
 And added to the Iron Band  
 Affliction's heavier Chain.
- 3 O'erwhelm'd with deepeſt Woe they lie,  
 And ſinking to the Grave:  
 No pitying Ear attends their Cry;  
 No Hand is nigh to ſave.
- 4 Diſtreſs'd, to God they make their Pray'r;  
 He, inſtant, near them ſtands,  
 Diſpels the Gloom of black Deſpair,  
 And breaks their ſtubborn Bands.
- 5 O then that all would blefs his Name,  
 Whose Mercy thus they prove,  
 And pleas'd from Age to Age proclaim  
 The Wonders of his Love:
- 6 That Love, which oft its Succour gives,  
 The Captive's Woes to heal,  
 The Gates of Braſs in ſunder cleaves,  
 And burſts the Bars of Steel.

## P A R T III.

*Intemperance chaſtiſed and reformed.*

- 1 Beneath his Terrors bid to groan,  
 Behold th' intemp'rate Band  
 The Fruits of Folly reap, and own  
 The Juſtice of his Hand.
- 2 Eſtrang

Estrang'd from Food, their languid Soul  
 The needful Meal foregoes :  
 Life feels its Current faintly roll,  
 And hastens to its Clofe.

Distress'd, to God they make their Pray'r ;  
 And Nature, joyous, fees  
 His Word her ruin'd Strength repair,  
 Her fiercest Tortures ease.

- O then that all would blefs his Name,  
 Whose Mercy thus they prove,  
 And pleas'd from Age to Age proclaim  
 The Wonders of his Love :

5 That Realms of various Tongue would sing  
 His Acts in frequent Lays,  
 And yield to Heav'n's eternal King  
 The Sacrifice of Praise.

## P A R T IV.

*Mariners preserved from Shipwreck.*

1 Who o'er the Waves from Shore to Shore  
 The Gifts of Commerce bear,  
 The Wonders of the Deep explore,  
 And own that God is there.

2 By these his Works are seen ; his Ways  
 By these are understood :  
 He speaks the Word ; the Storm obeys,  
 And rising lifts the Flood.

3 Now high as Heav'n the Bark ascends,  
 Now seeks the Depth below :  
 Each Heart beneath the Terror bends,  
 And melts with inward Woe.

4 As gorg'd with Wine, in wild Amaze  
 They reel from Side to Side :  
 Nor Hope survives, their Souls to raise,  
 Nor Reason wakes to guide.

5 Distress'd, to God they make their Pray'r ;  
 Obedient to his Will,  
 The Storms that rag'd, their Rage forbear,  
 The Seas that roar'd are still.

- 6 Each Grief, each Fear, at once resign'd,  
 They see their Labor o'er ;  
 Then led by him their Haven find,  
 And touch the wish'd-for Shore.
- 7 O then that all would bless his Name,  
 Whose Mercy thus they prove,  
 And pleas'd from Age to Age proclaim  
 The Wonders of his Love.
- 8 That *Salem* in her sacred Shrine  
 His Praise with thankful Tongue  
 Would utter ; while her Elders join  
 To swell the festal Song.

## P A R T V.

*Sinful Nations dispersed, and on Repentance re-established*

- 1 God bids ; and lo a burning Waste,  
 Where roll'd the Floods before ;  
 And, touch'd by the descending Blast,  
 The Springs are seen no more.
- 2 Sad Witness of some dire Offence,  
 Behold the fertile Soil  
 No more its wonted Gifts dispense,  
 But mock the Tiller's Toil.
- 3 He bids ; and o'er the Desert wide  
 The liquid Lake is spread :  
 New Springs the thirsty Earth divide,  
 And murm'ring lift the Head.
- 4 There Myriads, late with Hunger wan,  
 By him assembled, meet ;  
 There pleas'd the future City plan,  
 And fix their sure Retreat.
- 5 And now they sow the foodful Grain,  
 The tender Vine they rear ;  
 Now waves the Harvest o'er the Plain,  
 And Plenty crowns the Year.
- 6 Blest in his Care, the Sires with Joy  
 A num'rous Race behold ;  
 Nor dares Disease their Herds annoy,  
 Or waste the peopled Fold.

- Anon, if, sunk with heaviest Woe,  
 They feel Oppression's Pow'r ;  
 If civil Rage, or conqu'ring Foe,  
 Their boasted Strength devour ;  
 His Hand affords the wish'd Release ;  
 Collects their scatter'd Train ;  
 And bids them like the Flocks increase,  
 That fill the verdant Plain.
- 9 Such Truths his Servants shall attest,  
 And, joyful, wake the Song ;  
 While Shame the Impious shall invest,  
 And chain their speechless Tongue.
- 10 His Works attentive while it sees,  
 The Heav'n-instructed Mind  
 Shall own how equal his Decrees,  
 His Providence how kind.

## PSALM CVIL. Second Version. TATE.

## P A R T I

*God's providential Goodness towards bewildered Travellers.*

- 1 **T**O God your grateful Voices raise,  
 Who does your daily Patron prove ;  
 And let your never-ceasing Praise  
 Attend on his eternal Love.
- 2 Let those give Thanks whom he from Bands  
 Of proud oppressing Foes releas'd ;  
 And brought them back from distant Lands,  
 From North and South, and West and East.
- 3 Thro' lonely desert Ways they went,  
 Nor could a peopled City find ;  
 Till quite with Thirst and Hunger spent,  
 Their fainting Souls with them were pin'd.
- 4 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear  
 Did they their mournful Cry address ;  
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,  
 And freed them from their deep Distress.
- 5 From crooked Paths he led them forth,  
 And in the certain Way did guide,  
 To wealthy Towns of great Resort,  
 Where all their Wants were well supply'd.



- 6 O then that all the Earth with me  
 Would God for this his Goodness praise!  
 And for the mighty Works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring World displays.
- 7 For he from Heav'n the sad Estate  
 Of longing Souls with Pity views;  
 'To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,  
 His Goodness daily Food renews.

## P A R T II.

*Prisoners.*

- 1 Some lie, with Darkness compass'd round,  
 In Death's uncomfortable Shade;  
 And with unwieldy Fetters bound,  
 By pressing Cares more heavy made;
- 2 Because God's Counsel they defy'd,  
 And lightly priz'd his holy Word;  
 With these Afflictions they were try'd;  
 They fell, and none could Help afford.
- 3 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear,  
 Did they their mournful Cry address;  
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,  
 And freed them from their deep Distress.
- 4 From dismal Dungeons, dark as Night,  
 And Shades as black as Death's Abode,  
 He brought them forth to chearful Light,  
 And welcome Liberty bestow'd.
- 5 O then that all the Earth with me,  
 Would God for this his Goodness praise;  
 And for the mighty Works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring World displays.
- 6 For he with his almighty Hand  
 The Gates of Brass in Pieces broke;  
 Nor could the massy Bars withstand,  
 Or temper'd Steel resist his Stroke.

## P A R T III.

*The Sick.*

- 1 Remorseless Sinners, void of Sense,  
 With bold Transgressions, God defy;

And

And for their multiply'd Offence,  
Opprest with sore Diseases lie.

Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear,  
Abhors to taste the choicest Meats ;  
And they, by swift Degrees, draw near  
To Death's inhospitable Gates.

Then strait to God's indulgent Ear  
Do they their mournful Cry address ;  
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,  
And frees them from their deep Distress.

He all their sad Distempers heals,  
His Word both Health and Safety gives ;  
And when all human Succour fails,  
From near Destruction them retrieves.

O then, that all the Earth with me,  
Would God for this his Goodness praise,  
And for the mighty Works which he  
Throughout the wond'ring World displays.

## P A R T IV.

*Mariners.*

They who in Ships, with Courage bold,  
O'er swelling Waves their Trade pursue :  
The Lord's amazing Works behold,  
And in the Deep his Wonders view.

No sooner his Command is past,  
But forth a dreadful Tempest flies,  
Which sweeps the Sea with rapid Haste,  
And makes the stormy Billows rise.

Sometimes the Ships, toss'd up to Heav'n,  
On Tops of lofty Waves appear,  
Then down the steep Abyss are driv'n,  
While every Soul dissolves with Fear.

They reel and stagger to and fro,  
Like Men with Fumes of Wine opprest :  
Nor do the skilful Seamen know  
Which Way to steer, what Course is best.

Then strait to God's indulgent Ear,  
They do their mournful Cry address ;

- Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,  
And frees them from their deep Distress.
- 6 He does the raging Storm appease,  
And makes the Billows calm and still:  
With Joy they see their Fury cease,  
And their intended Course fulfil.
- 7 O then, that all the Earth with me  
Would God for this his Goodness praise!  
And for the mighty Works which he  
Throughout the wond'ring World displays.

## P A R T V.

*Public Communities.*

- 1 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,  
Justice divine, if People sin,  
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,  
To punish those who dwell therein.
- 2 The parch'd and desert Heath he makes:  
To flow with Streams and springing Wells,  
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,  
And in strong Cities safely dwells.
- 3 He sows the Field, the Vineyard plants,  
Which gratefully his Toil repay;  
Nor can, while God his Blessing grants,  
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
- 4 But if by Sin he Heav'n provoke,  
His Health and Substance fade away:  
He feels th' Oppressor's galling Yoke,  
And is of Grief the wretched Prey.
- 5 The Prince, who slights what God commands,  
Expos'd to Scorn, must quit his Throne;  
And over wild and desert Lands,  
Where no Path offers, stray alone:
- 6 While God, from all afflicting Cares,  
Sets up the humble Man on high;  
And makes in Time his num'rous Heirs  
With his encreasing Flocks to vie.
- 7 Then Sinners shall have nought to say,  
The Just a decent Joy shall show:  
The Wise these strange Events shall weigh,  
And thence God's Goodness fully know.

## PSALM CVII. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.*

- 1 **G**IVE Thanks to God : He reigns above,  
Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is Love;  
His Mercy Ages past have known,  
And Ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the Redeemed of the Lord  
The Wonders of his Grace record;  
*Israel*, the Nation whom he chose,  
And rescu'd from their mighty Foes.
- 3 When God's almighty Arm had broke  
Their Fetters and th' *Egyptian* Yoke,  
They trac'd the Desert, wand'ring round,  
A wild and solitary Ground.
- 4 There they could find no leading Road,  
Nor City for a fix'd Abode;  
Nor Food, nor Fountain to assuage  
Their burning Thirst, or Hunger's Rage.
- 5 In their Distress to God they cry'd,  
God was their Saviour and their Guide;  
He led their March far wand'ring round;  
'Twas the right Path to *Canaan's* Ground.
- 6 His Grace the same, he's now our Guide,  
By him are all our Wants supply'd;  
He guards us with a pow'rful Hand,  
And brings us to the heav'nly Land.
- 7 O let us then with Joy record  
The Truth and Goodness of the Lord!  
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!  
Let ev'ry Tongue pronounce his Praise.

## PSALM CVII. Third Version. Second Part.

*Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.*

- 1 **F**ROM Age to Age exalt his Name,  
God and his Grace are still the same :  
He fills the hungry Soul with Food,  
And feeds the Poor with ev'ry Good.

- 2 But if their Hearts rebel and rise  
Against the God who rules the Skies,  
If they reject his heav'nly Word,  
And slight the Counsels of the Lord ;
- 3 He'll bring their Spirits to the Ground,  
And no Deliv'rer shall be found ;  
Laden with Grief they waste their Breath:  
In Darknefs and the Shades of Death.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their Cries,  
He makes the dawning Light arise,  
And scatters all that dismal Shade  
Which hung so heavy round their Head!.
- 5 He cuts the Bars of Brass in two,  
And lets the smiling Pris'ners thro' :  
Takes off the Load of Guilt and Grief,  
And gives the lab'ring Soul Relief..
- 6 O may the Sons of Men record.  
The wond'rous Goodness of the Lord !  
How great his Works ! how kind his Ways !  
Let ev'ry Tongue pronounce his Praise..

## P S A L M CVII. Third Version. Third Part.

*Intemperance punished and pardoned.*

- 1 **V**AIN Man on foolish Pleasures bent,  
Prepares for his own Punishment:  
What Pains, what loathsome Maladies  
From Luxury and Lust arise !
- 2 The Drunkard feels his Vitals waste,  
Yet drowns his Health to please his Taste,  
Till all his active Pow'rs are lost,  
And fainting Life draws near the Dust:
- 3 The Glutton groans, and loaths to eat ;  
His Soul abhors delicious Meat :  
Nature with heavy Loads oppress'd  
Would yield to Death to be releas'd :
- 4 Then how the frighted Sinners fly  
To God for Help with earnest Cry !  
He hears their Groans, prolongs their Breath,  
And saves them from approaching Death.

- 5 No Med'cines could effect the Cure  
 So quick, so easy, or so sure :  
 The deadly Sentence God repeals,  
 He sends his sov'reign Word and heals.
- 6 O may the Sons of men record  
 The wond'rous Goodness of the Lord !  
 And let their thankful Off'rings prove:  
 How they adore their Maker's Love..

P S A L M CVII. Third Version. Fourth Part.

*Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck,*

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the Works of God,  
 His Wonders in the World abroad,  
 Go with the Mariners, and trace  
 The unknown Regions of the Seas.
- 2 They leave their native Shores behind,  
 And seize the Favor of the Wind ;  
 Till God command, and Tempests rise  
 That heave the Ocean to the Skies.
- 3 Now to the Heav'ns they mount amain,  
 Now sink to dreadful Deeps again ;  
 What strange Affrights young Sailors feel,  
 And like a stagg'ring Drunkard reel !
- 4 When Land is far, and Death is nigh,,  
 In their Distress, to God they cry :  
 His Mercy hears the loud Address,,  
 And sends Salvation in Distress.
- 5 He bids the Winds their Wrath assuage,  
 The furious Waves forget their Rage ;  
 'Tis calm ; and Sailors smile to see  
 The Haven where they wish'd to be.
- 6 O may the Sons of Men record  
 The wond'rous Goodness of the Lord !  
 Let them their thankful Off'rings bring,  
 And in the Church his Glory sing.

P S A L M

## P S A L M CVII. Third Version. Fifth Part.

*Nations punished, and restored on Repentance.*

- 1 **W**HEN God, provok'd with daring Crimes,  
Scourges the Madneſs of the Times,  
He turns their Fields to barren Sand,  
And dries the Rivers from the Land.
- 2 His Word can raiſe the Springs again,  
And make the wither'd Mountains green,  
Send ſhow'ry Bleſſings from the Skies;  
And Harveſts in the Deſart riſe.
- 3 They ſow the Fields, and Trees they plant,  
Whoſe yearly Fruit ſupplies their Want:  
Their Race grows up from fruitful Stocks,  
Their Wealth increaſes with their Flocks.
- 4 Thus they are bleſt; but if they ſin,  
He lets ſome foreign Nation in,  
A hostile Crew invades their Lands,  
Their Princes die by barb'rous Hands.
- 5 Their captive Sons expoſ'd to Scorn  
Wander unpity'd and forlorn:  
The Country lies unfenc'd; untill'd,  
And Deſolation ſpreads the Field.
- 6 Yet if the humbled Nation mourns,  
Again his dreadful Hand he turns;  
Again he makes their Cities thrive,  
And bids a dying People live.
- 7 The Righteous with a joyſul Senſe  
Admire the Works of Providence;  
And Tongues of Sinners ſhall no more  
Blaspheſme the God whom Saints adore.
- 8 How few with pious Care record  
Theſe wond'rous Dealings of the Lord?  
But wiſe Obſervers ſtill ſhall find  
The Lord is holy, juſt, and kind.

## P S A L M CVII. Fourth Version. WATTS.

*The Mariner's Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HY Works of Glory, mighty Lord,  
Thy Wonders in the Deeps

- The Sons of Courage shall record  
Who trade in floating Ships.
- 2 At thy Command the Winds arise,  
And swell the tow'ring Waves;  
The Men astonish'd mount the Skies  
And sink in gaping Graves.
- 3 Again they climb the wat'ry Hills,  
And plunge in Deeps again;  
Each like a tott'ring Drunkard reels,  
And finds his Courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the Tempest roar,  
They pant with flutt'ring Breath,  
And hopeless of the distant Shore  
Expect immediate Death.
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their Cries;  
He hears the loud Request,  
And orders Silence through the Skies,  
And lays the Floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their Fears,  
And see the Storm allay'd:  
Now to their Eyes the Port appears;  
There let their Vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God who brings them safe to Land;  
Let thoughtless Mortals know  
That Waves are under his Command,  
And all the Winds that blow.
- 8 O that the Sons of Men would praise  
The Goodness of the Lord!  
And those who see thy wond'rous Ways,  
Thy wond'rous Love record!

PSALM CVII. Fifth Version. WATTS.

*God's Dominion over the Sea.*

- 1 **G**OD of the Seas, thy thund'ring Voice  
Makes all the roaring Waves rejoice!  
And one soft Word of thy Command  
Can sink them silent in the Sand.
- 2 If but a *Moses* wave thy Rod,  
The Sea divides, and owns its God;  
The stormy Floods their Maker knew,  
And let his chosen Armies through.

3 The



- 3 The scaly Flocks amidst the Sea  
To thee, their Lord, a Tribute pay;  
The meanest Fish that swims the Flood  
Leaps up, and means a Praise to God.
- 4 [The larger Monsters of the Deep  
On thy Commands Attendance keep;  
By thy Permission, sport and play,  
And cleave along their foaming Way.
- 5 If God his Voice of Tempest rears,  
*Leviathan* lies still, and fears;  
Anon he lifts his Nostrils high,  
And spouts the Ocean to the Sky.]
- 6 How is thy glorious Pow'r ador'd  
Amidst these wat'ry Nations, Lord!  
Yet the bold Men who trace the Seas,  
Thoughtless forget their Maker's Praise.
- 7 Oh, for some Signal of thine Hand,  
That Pow'r which form'd both Sea and Land!  
To manifest, lest such deny,  
That there's a God who rules the Sky.

PSALM CVII. Sixth Version. DODDRIDGE.

*Praise to God for his wonderful Works.*

- 1 **Y**E Sons of Men, with Joy record  
The various Wonders of the Lord;  
And let his Pow'r and Goodness sound  
Thro' all your Tribes the Earth around.
- 2 Let the high Heav'ns your Songs invite,  
Those spacious Fields of brilliant Light;  
Where Sun, and Moon, and Planets roll,  
And Stars that glow from Pole to Pole.
- 3 Sing Earth in verdant Robes array'd,  
Its Herbs and Flow'rs, its Fruit and Shade;  
Peopled with Life of various Forms,  
Fishes and Fowl, and Beasts and Worms.
- 4 View the broad Sea's majestic Plains,  
And think how wide its Maker reigns;  
That Band remotest Nations joins,  
And on each Wave his Goodness shines.

Ye Sons of Men, with Joy record  
 The various Wonders of the Lord ;  
 And let his Pow'r and Goodness sound  
 Thro' all your Tribes the Earth around.

P S A L M CVII. Seventh Version. ADDISON.

*the Traveller's Psalm, or preserving Goodness acknowledged.*

**H**OW are thy Servants blest, O Lord !  
 How sure is their Defence !  
 Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,  
 Their Help Omnipotence.

In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,  
 Supported by thy Care ;  
 Through burning Climes I pass'd unhurt,  
 And breath'd in tainted Air.

Thy Mercy sweeten'd ev'ry Soil,  
 Made ev'ry Region please ;  
 The hoary frozen Hills it warm'd,  
 And smooth'd the boist'rous Seas.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,  
 How with affrighted Eyes,  
 Thou saw'st the wide extended Deep,  
 In all its Horrors rise !

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry Face,  
 And Fear in ev'ry Heart ;  
 When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs on Gulphs,  
 O'ercame the Pilot's Art.

Yet then from all my Griefs, O Lord,  
 Thy Mercy set me free ;  
 While in the Confidence of Pray'r  
 My Soul took Hold on thee.

For though in dreadful Whirls we hung,  
 High on the broken Wave ;  
 I knew thou wer't not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save.

The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd,  
 Obedient to thy Will ;  
 The Sea that roar'd at thy Command,  
 At thy Command was still.

- 9 In Midst of Dangers, Fears, and Death,  
 Thy Goodness I'll adore ;  
 And praise thee for thy Mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.
- 10 My Life, while thou preserv'st my Life,  
 Thy Sacrifice shall be ;  
 And Death, when Death shall be my Doom,  
 Shall join my Soul to thee.

## P S A L M CVII. Eighth Version.

*God's wonderful Goodness to the Children of B*

- B**<sup>1</sup> **T**HRO' all the various shifting Scene  
 Of Life's mistaken Ill or Good,  
 Thy Hand, O God, conducts unseen  
 The beautiful Vicissitude.
- 2 God portions with paternal Care,  
 Howe'er unjustly we complain,  
 To each their necessary Share  
 Of Joy and Sorrow, Health and Pain.
- 3 Trust we to Youth, or Friends, or Pow'r;  
 Fix we our Feet on Fortune's Ball ?  
 When most secure, the coming Hour,  
 If he sees fit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest sunk with Grief and Shame,  
 Fill'd with Affliction's bitter Cup,  
 Lost to Relations, Friends, and Fame,  
 His pow'rful Hand can raise us up.
- 5 Before his Throne the Poor oppress  
 With slanderous Rage acquitted stand ;  
 He guides the Exile to his Rest  
 And Country, in a foreign Land.
- 6 His pow'rful Consolations cheer,  
 His Smiles erect th' afflicted Head ;  
 His Hand can wipe away the Tear,  
 That secret wets the widow'd Bed.
- 7 All Things on Earth, and all in Heav'n  
 On his eternal Will depend,

And all for greater Good were giv'n,  
Would Man pursue th' appointed End.

This be my Care ; to all beside  
Indiff'rent let my Wishes be ;  
Passion be calm ; and dumb be Pride,  
And fix'd, O God, my Soul on thee. B

## P S A L M CVIII. TATE.

*An Anthem of Praise.*

**O** GOD, my grateful Soul aspires  
To magnify thy Name ;  
My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praise  
Shall celebrate thy Fame.

Awake, my Heart ; and thou, my Voice,  
Thy willing Tribute pay ;  
And let a Hymn of sacred Joy,  
Salute the op'ning Day.

To all the list'ning World, O God,  
Thy Goodness I'll proclaim ;  
While ev'ry joyful Tongue shall join  
To spread the glorious Theme :

Because thy Mercy's boundless Height  
The highest Heav'n transcends ;  
And far beyond the flying Clouds  
Thy Faithfulness extends,

Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the starry Frame ;  
And let the World, with one Consent,  
Confess thy glorious Name.

## P S A L M CIX. WATTS.

*Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.*

**G**OD of my Mercy and my Praise,  
Thy Glory is my Song ;  
Tho' Sinners speak against thy Grace  
With a blaspheming Tongue.

2 When.

- 2 When in the Form of mortal Man  
Thy Son on Earth was found,  
With cruel Slanders, false and vain  
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their Mis'ries his Compassion move,  
Their Peace he still pursu'd ;  
They render Hatred for his Love,  
And Evil for his Good.
- 4 Their Malice rag'd without a Cause,  
Yet with his dying Breath  
He pray'd for Murd'ers on his Cross,  
And blest his Foes in Death.
- 5 Let not his bright Example shine  
In vain before our Eyes ;  
May we like him to Peace incline,  
And love our Enemies..

## PSALM CX. First Version. TATE.

*The Messiah King for ever.*

- 1 **T**HUS spake *Jehovah* to our Lord :  
(Let Heav'n and Earth attend his Word  
" At my right Hand assume thy Seat ;  
" Rule thou supreme amidst thy Foes ;  
" The Pow'rs who dare thy Reign oppose  
" Shall fall confounded at thy Feet."
- 2 We hail his great triumphant Day ;  
The willing Nations own his Sway,  
And joy his rising Beams to view ;  
Rescu'd by him from Error's Night,  
They shine as numberless and bright  
As chrystal Drops of Morning Dew.
- 3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,  
That, like *Melchisedec's*, his Reign  
And Priesthood should no Period know ;  
God will exalt his glorious Head,  
Thro' the whole Earth his Kingdom spread,  
And lay each haughty Rebel low.

With private Friends, and in the Throng  
Of Saints, his Praise shall be my Song.

His Works, for Greatness, tho' renown'd,  
His wond'rous Works with Ease are found  
By those who seek for them aright,  
And in the pious Search delight.

His Works are all of matchless Fame,  
And universal Glory claim :  
His Truth confirm'd thro' Ages past,  
Shall to eternal Ages last.

1 By Precept he has us injoin'd,  
To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind ;  
And to Posterity record,  
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5 Who Wisdom's sacred Prize would win,  
Must with the Fear of God begin ;  
Immortal Praise, and heav'nly Skill  
Have they who know and do his Will.

PSALM CXI. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*The Wisdom of God in his Works.*

1 SONGS of immortal Praise belong  
To my almighty God ;  
He has my Heart, and he my Tongue  
To spread his Name abroad.

2 How great the Works his Hand has wrought !  
How glorious in our Sight !  
And Men in ev'ry Age have fought  
His Wonders with Delight.

3 How most exact is Nature's Frame !  
How wise th' eternal Mind !  
His Counsels never change the Scheme  
That his first Thoughts design'd.

4 Nature and Time and Earth and Skies  
Thy heav'nly Skill proclaim :  
What shall we do to make us wise,  
But learn to read thy Name ?

- 5 To fear thy Pow'r, to trust thy Grace  
Is our divinest Skill;  
And he's the wisest of our Race  
Who best obeys thy Will.

P S A L M CXI. Third Version. Second Part

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, his Works of Might  
Demand our noblest Songs;  
Let his assembled Saints unite  
Their Harmony of Tongues.
- 2 Great is the Mercy of the Lord,  
He gives his Children Food;  
And ever mindful of his Word,  
He makes his Promise good.
- 3 His Son the great Redeemer came  
To seal his Cov'nant sure:  
Holy and rev'rend is his Name,  
His Ways are just and pure.
- 4 They who would grow divinely wise  
Must with his Fear begin;  
Our fairest Proof of Knowledge lies  
In hating ev'ry Sin.

P S A L M CXII. First Version. MERRICK.

*The Pious and Charitable truly blessed.*

- 1 **H**OW blest the Man, his God who fears!  
Thy Precept, on his Thoughts impress'd,  
Eternal King, his Spirit cheers;  
And Peace perpetual fills his Breast.
- 2 His Sons the Reins of Pow'r shall hold,  
Transmissive Blessings on their Line  
Be pour'd, his Treasures swell with Gold,  
His Righteousness for ever shine.
- 3 How, to thy Saints, just, kind, and good,  
Has Light amidst the Gloom upsprung!  
Their Hands have amplest Gifts bestow'd,  
And fair Discretion guides their Tongue.
- 4 Secure from Fall the Just shall stand,  
Nor e'er from thy Remembrance slide:

No rumour'd Ills his Fear demand,  
 Whose Hopes in thee, great God, reside.

Inrich'd by what he gives, his Hands  
 Deal to the Sons of Want his Bread :  
 His Innocence unfullied stands ;  
 And lasting Honors crown his Head.

## P S A L M CXII. Second Version. TATE.

**T**HAT Man is blest'd, who stands in Awe  
 Of God, and loves his sacred Law ;  
 His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,  
 And with successive Honors crown'd.

His House the Seat of Wealth shall be,  
 An inexhausted Treasury :  
 His Justice, free from all Decay,  
 Shall Blessings to his Heirs convey.

The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,  
 Shines brightest in Affliction's Night ;  
 To pity the Distress'd inclin'd,  
 As well as just to all Mankind.

His lib'ral Favors he extends,  
 To some he gives, to others lends ;  
 Yet what his Charity impairs,  
 He saves by Prudence in Affairs.

Beset with threat'ning Dangers round,  
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground ;  
 The sweet Remembrance of the Just,  
 Shall flourish when he sleeps in Dust.

His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,  
 His Glory's future Harvest sow'd ;  
 Whence he shall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,  
 A temp'ral and eternal Crown.

## P S A L M CXII. Third Version. WATTS.

**T**HAT Man is blest, who stands in Awe  
 Of God, and loves his sacred Law :

Q

His



His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd;  
 His House, the Seat of Wealth, shall be  
 An unexhausted Treasury,  
 And with successive Honours crown'd.

- 2 His lib'ral Favors he extends,  
 To some he gives, to others lends :  
 A gen'rous Pity fills his Mind :  
 Yet what his Charity impairs,  
 He saves by Prudence in Affairs,  
 And thus he's just to all Mankind.
- 3 His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,  
 His Glory's future Harvest sow'd ;  
 The sweet Remembrance of the Just  
 Like a green Root revives and bears  
 A Train of Blessings for his Heirs,  
 When dying Nature sleeps in Dust.
- 4 Befet with threat'ning Dangers round,  
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground ;  
 His Conscience holds his Courage up :  
 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,  
 Shines brightest in Affliction's Night,  
 And sees in Darkness Beams of Hope.

PSALM CXII. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HREE happy Man, who fears the Lord,  
 Loves his Commands, and trusts his Word  
 Honor and Peace his Days attend,  
 And Blessings to his Seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his Mind,  
 To Works of Mercy still inclin'd :  
 He lends the Poor some present Aid,  
 Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When Times grow dark, and Tidings spread  
 That fill his Neighbours round with Dread,  
 His Heart is arm'd against the Fear,  
 For God with all his Pow'r is there.
- 4 His Soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,  
 Draws heav'nly Courage from his Word :  
 Amidst the Darkness Light shall rise  
 To cheer his Heart and bless his Eyes.

- 7 He hath dispers'd his Alms abroad,  
His Works are still before his God;  
His Name on Earth shall long remain,  
While envious Sinners fret in vain.

## P S A L M CXII. Fifth Version. WATTS.

- **H**APPY is he who fears the Lord,  
And follows his Commands,  
Who lends the Poor without Reward,  
Or gives with lib'ral Hands.
- 2 As Pity dwells within his Breast  
To all the Sons of Need;  
So God shall answer his Request  
With Blessings on his Seed.
- 3 No evil Tidings shall surprize  
His well-establish'd Mind;  
His Soul to God his Refuge flies, +  
And leaves his Fears behind.
- 4 In Times of gen'ral Distress  
Some Beams of Light shall shine,  
To shew the World his Righteousness,  
And give him Peace divine.
- 5 His Works of Piety and Love  
Remain before the Lord;  
Honor on Earth and Joys above  
Shall be his sure Reward.

## P S A L M CXII. Sixth Version.

- 1 **B**EST is the Man who fears the Lord,  
And walks with Pleasure in his Ways,  
Who trembles at his holy Word,  
Yet gladly his Command obeys:  
His House with Blessings shall abound,  
His Seed be mighty and renown'd.
- 2 A gen'rous Pity warms his Heart;  
His Kindness widely he extends;  
The Poor in all his Wealth have Part,  
To some he gives, to others lends:  
Yet what his Bounty wastes, repairs  
By wisely ord'ring his Affairs.

- 3 Nor is that lost which he bestows  
 With lib'ral Heart to help the Poor ;  
 His Hand a future Harvest sows,  
 And scatters to augment his Store ;  
 His Bounty shall himself survive,  
 And Blessings on his Heirs derive.
- 4 When Times with dismal Face appear,  
 With frightful Clouds, and Gloom o'erspread,  
 His Heart shall entertain no Fear,  
 Above the Gloom he'll lift his Head :  
 His Faith shall bear his Courage up,  
 And God approves and crowns his Hope.
- 5 Some friendly Beams of cheering Light,  
 Will thro' the Darknefs make their Way ;  
 And in Affliction's darkest Night,  
 Their greatest Lustre Saints display :  
 That Heart ill Tidings can't surprize  
 Which with firm Trust on God relies.

P S A L M CXIII. First Version. MERRICK

*A Psalm of Praise.*

- 1 **Y**E faithful Servants of your God,  
 On him be all your Praise bestow'd ;  
 Through Time's extended Course, his Name  
 Shall Praise, and Thanks, and Homage claim :
- 2 Its Circuit from the East begun,  
 To farthest West his Fame shall run,  
 His glory Earth's wide Realms o'erflow,  
 Nor highest Heav'ns its Limit know.
- 3 O whom to him shall Mortals dare  
 To equal ? Whom to him compare ?  
 Who sits aloft, o'er Gods a God,  
 Eternity his dread Abode.
- 4 Ye faithful Servants of your God,  
 On him be all your Praise bestow'd ;  
 Through Time's extended Course, his Name  
 Shall Praise, and Thanks, and Homage claim

P S A I

## P S A L M CXIII. Second Version. TATE.

*God sovereign and gracious.*

- 1 **Y**E Saints and Servants of the Lord,  
The Triumphs of his Name record ;  
His sacred Name for ever blefs ;  
Where'er the circling Sun displays  
His rising Beams, or setting Rays,  
Due Praise to his great Name address.
- 2 God thro' the World extends his Sway,  
The Regions of eternal Day  
But Shadows of his Glory are :  
With him whose Majesty excels,  
Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,  
Let no created Pow'r compare.
- 3 Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view,  
In highest Heav'n, what Angels do,  
Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care :  
He takes the Needy from his Cell,  
Advancing him in Courts to dwell  
Companion to the greatest there.

## P S A L M CXIII. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **Y**E who delight to serve the Lord,  
The Honors of his Name record,  
His sacred Name for ever blefs :  
Where'er the circling Sun displays  
His rising Beams, or setting Rays,  
Let Lands and Seas his Pow'r confess.
- 2 Not Time, nor Nature's narrow Rounds  
Can give his vast Dominion Bounds ;  
The Heav'ns are far below his Height :  
Let no created Greatness dare  
With our eternal God compare,  
Arm'd with his uncreated Might.
- 3 He bows his glorious Head to view  
What the bright Hosts of Angels do,  
And bends his Care to mortal Things ;  
His sov'reign Hand exalts the Poor,  
He takes the Needy from the Door,  
And makes them Company for Kings.

Q<sub>3</sub>

4 When

- 4 [When childless Families despair,  
 He sends the Blessing of an Heir  
 To rescue their expiring Name;  
 The Mother with a thankful Voice  
 Proclaims his Praises and her Joys:  
 Let ev'ry Age advance his Fame.]

P S A L M CXIII. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **Y**E Servants of th' Almighty King,  
 In ev'ry Age his Praises sing;  
 Where'er the Sun shall rise or set,  
 The Nations shall his Praise repeat.
- 2 Above the Earth, beyond the Sky  
 Stands his high Throne of Majesty:  
 Nor Time nor Place his Pow'r restrain,  
 Nor bound his universal Reign.
- 3 [Which of the Sons of *Adam* dare,  
 Or Angels with their God compare?  
 His Glories how divinely bright,  
 Who dwells in uncreated Light!]
- 4 Behold his Love: He stoops to view  
 What Saints above and Angels do;  
 And condescends yet more to know  
 The mean Affairs of Men below.
- 5 From Dust and Cottages obscure  
 His Grace exalts the humble Poor;  
 Gives them the Honor of his Sons,  
 And fits them for their heav'nly Thrones.

P S A L M CXIV. First Version. MERRICK.

*Miracles attending Israel's Journey.*

- 1 **W**HEN *Jacob's* Sons through Paths unknown  
 From *Egypt* took their Way,  
 In *Judab's* Tribe his Presence shone,  
 And *Israel* own'd his Sway.
- 2 Old Ocean saw them, as they came;  
 He saw, and backward fled:  
 Recoiling *Jordan* turn'd his Stream,  
 And fought his Fountain-Head.

The Mountains feel the sudden Shock ;  
 As Rams, from off the Ground  
 They spring : As Younglings of the Flock,  
 The Hills affrighted bound.

Thou Ocean, say, why, as they came,  
 Thy Billows backward fled :  
 And what, O *Jordan*, urg'd thy Stream  
 To seek its Fountain-Head ?

Ye Mountains, whence the sudden Shock ?  
 Why leap ye from the Ground  
 As Rams ? As Younglings of the Flock,  
 Say why, O Hills, ye bound.

Earth, instant, to thy lowest Base  
 Convuls'd, avow thy Fear,  
 While Heav'n's high Lord reveals his Face,  
 While *Jacob's* God is near :

Dissolv'd beneath whose potent Stroke  
 The Flint a Torrent gave ;  
 Who spake ; and from the yielding Rock  
 Gush'd forth the bidden Wave.

PSALM CXIV. Second Version. TATE.

WHEN *Israel*, by th' Almighty led,  
 Enrich'd with their Oppressor's Spoil,  
 From *Egypt* march'd, and *Jacob's* Seed  
 From Bondage in a foreign Soil.

*Jehovah*, for his Residence,  
 Chose out imperial *Judah's* Tent,  
 His Mansion-Royal, and from thence  
 Thro' *Israel's* Camp his Orders sent.

The distant Sea with Terrors saw,  
 And from th' Almighty's Presence fled ;  
 Old *Jordan's* Streams, surpriz'd with Awe,  
 Retreated to their Fountain Head.

The taller Mountains skip'd like Rams,  
 When Danger near the Fold they hear ;  
 The Hills skip'd after them, like Lambs  
 Affrighted by their Leader's Fear.

- 1 *When Israel from Sinai's Hand,  
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,  
The Tribes with cheerful Rapture own  
Their King, and Jashar was his Throne.*
- 2 *Across the Deep their Journey lay;  
The Deep divides to make them Way;  
Jordan beheld their March, and fled  
With backward Current to his Head.*
- 3 *The Mountains shook like frightened Sheep,  
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;  
Not Sinai on her Base could stand,  
Conscious of sov'reign Pow'r at Hand.*
- 4 *What Pow'r could make the Deep divide?  
Make Jordan backward roll his Tide?  
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?  
And whence the Fright that Sinai feels?*
- 5 *Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood  
Retire, and know th' approaching God,  
'The King of Israel: See him here;  
'Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.*

PSALM CXX. Third Version. WATTS

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Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,  
The Tribes with cheerful Rapture own  
Their King, and Jashar was his Throne.*
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Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?  
And whence the Fright that Sinai feels?*
- 5 *Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood  
Retire, and know th' approaching God,  
'The King of Israel: See him here;  
'Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.*

e thunders, and all Nature mourns;  
 he Rock to standing Pools he turns;  
 ints spring with Fountains at his Word,  
 nd Fires and Seas confefs the Lord.

LM CXV. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*The extreme Folly of Idol Worship.*

**W**HY should the Heathen Tribes demand,  
 "Where's now the God of *Israel's* Land?"  
 Heav'n our God has fix'd his Throne,  
 hat Lord whose Will and Act are one.

ot such the Gods whom ye adore,  
 hat, once a Mass of shapeless Ore,  
 ow crown'd with furtive Honors stand,  
 he Creatures of the Artift's Hand;

f Sense-belying Parts possess'd;  
 useless Imagery exprefs'd;  
 f Mouth, but not for Speech design'd;  
 f Ears and Eyes, yet deaf and blind:

hose Nostrils, as along the Fane  
 breathes, the Incense greets in vain;  
 hose Feet, whose Hands ne'er aught essay'd,  
 hose Throat has never Sound convey'd:

nvisited by Wisdom's Ray  
 heir Breast, nor less insensate they,  
 ho made their mimic Forms, or, made,  
 ith fruitless Pray'r invoke their Aid.

e happier Sons of *Israel's* Line,  
 onducted by the Light divine,  
 n God your firm Reliance build;  
 im own your Refuge, him your Shield.

PSALM CXV. First Version. Second Part.

*Ascribe to God the Refuge and Confidence of the Righteous.*

**Y**E Souls with pure Devotion warm,  
 Whose Lives to his Decrees conform,  
 n God your firm Reliance build;  
 im own your Refuge, him your Shield.



- 2 Behold his Beams around us shine :  
He, *Jacob*, he shall bless thy Line,  
From him whose Hand the Scepter guides,  
To him who in the Cot resides.
- 3 To you, to yours, till Time shall end,  
His Love its Blessings shall extend,  
Heirs of the changeless Promise giv'n  
By him who form'd the Earth and Heav'n :
- 4 That Heav'n, within whose awful Bound  
Himself, with brightest Glory crown'd,  
His Seat has rear'd ; while *Adam's* Sons  
The Earth (his Gift) its Tenants owns.
- 5 Not those whom Death has snatch'd away  
The Debt of hallow'd Praise shall pay,  
Or wake his Wonders to disclose,  
But silent in the Dust repose :
- 6 'Tis Ours, who still those Wonders view,  
The grateful Labor to pursue ;  
Nor ever shall our Lips decline  
To crown with Hymns the Name divine.

## P S A L M CXV. Second Version. TATE.

*Idolatry reprov'd.*

- 1 **L**ORD, not to us, we claim no Share,  
But to thy sacred Name,  
Give Glory for thy Mercy's Sake,  
And Truth's eternal Fame.
- 2 Why should the Heathen cry, where's now  
The God whom we adore ?  
Convince 'em that in Heav'n thou art,  
And uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.
- 3 Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,  
The Works of mortal Hands :  
With speechless Mouth and sightless Eyes  
The molten Idol stands.
- 4 The Pageant hath both Ears and Nose,  
But neither hears nor smells ;  
Its Hands and Feet nor feel nor move ;  
No Life within it dwells.

Such senseless Stocks they are, that we  
Can nothing like 'em find;  
But those who on their Help rely,  
And them for Gods design'd.

6 O *Israel*, make the Lord your Trust,  
Who is your Help and Shield;  
Both high and low trust him alone,  
Who only Help can yield.

7 Let all who truly fear the Lord,  
On him they fear rely;  
Who them in Danger can defend,  
And all their Wants supply.

8 On them, and on their Heirs, he will  
Increase of Blessings bring;  
Thrice happy they, who Fav'rites are  
Of this almighty King.

9 Heav'n's highest Orb of Glory, he  
His Empire's Seat design'd;  
And gave this lower Globe of Earth  
A Portion to Mankind.

10 They who in Death and Silence sleep,  
To him no Praise afford:  
But we will bless for evermore  
Our ever living Lord.

## P S A L M CXV. Third Version. WATTS.

1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but Dust,  
Not to ourselves is Glory due;  
Eternal God, thou only Just,  
Thou only Gracious, Wise, and True.

2 Shine forth in all thy glorious Name;  
Why should a Heathen's haughty Tongue  
Insult us, and to raise our Shame  
Say, "*Where's the God you've serv'd so long?*"

3 The God we serve maintains his Throne  
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies,  
Thro' all the Earth his Will is done,  
He knows our Pains, he hears our Cries.

- 4 But the vain Idols they adore  
Are senseless Shapes of Stone and Wood ;  
At best a Mass of glitt'ring Ore,  
A silver Saint, or golden God.
- 5 [With Eyes and Ears they carve their Head,  
Deaf are their Ears, their Eyes are blind;  
In vain are costly Off'rings made,  
And Vows are scatter'd in the Wind.]
- 6 Their Feet were never made to move,  
Nor Hands to save when Mortals pray;  
Mortals who pay them Fear or Love  
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
- 7 O *Israel*, make the Lord thy Hope,  
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Rest;  
The Lord shall build thy Ruins up,  
And bless the People and the Priest.
- 8 The Dead no more can speak thy Praise,  
They dwell in Silence and the Grave,  
But we shall live to sing thy Grace,  
And tell the World thy Pow'r to save.

## P S A L M CXV. Fourth Version. WATTS

- 1 **N**OT to our Names, thou only, Just and True  
Not to our Names, Great God, is Glory due  
Thy Pow'r and Grace, thy Truth and Justice claim  
Immortal Honors to thy sov'reign Name.  
Shine thro' the Earth from Heav'n thy blest Abode  
Nor let the Heathens say, "*And where's your God*"
- 2 Heav'n is thine higher Court : There stands thy Throne  
And thro' the lower Worlds thy Will is done :  
Our God fram'd all this Earth, these Heav'ns he fix'd  
But Fools adore the Gods their Hands have made:  
The kneeling Crowd with Looks devout behold  
Their Silver Saviours, and their Saints of Gold.
- 3 [Vain are those artful Shapes of Eyes and Ears;  
The molten Image neither sees nor hears :  
Their Hands are helpless, nor their Feet can move  
They have no Speech, nor Thought, nor Pow'r, nor

Yet sottish Mortals make their long Complaints  
To their deaf Idols, and their moveless Saints.

■ The Rich have Statues well adorn'd with Gold;  
The Poor content with Gods of coarser Mould,  
With Tools of Iron carve the senseless Stock,  
Lopt from a Tree, or broken from a Rock:  
People and Priest drive on the solemn Trade,  
And trust the Gods which Saws and Hammers made.]

5 Be Heav'n and Earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say  
Which is more stupid, or their Gods, or they.  
O *Israel*, trust the Lord; he hears and sees,  
He knows thy Sorrows, and restores thy Peace:  
His Worship does a thousand Comforts yield,  
He is thy Help, and he thy Heav'nly Shield.

6 O *Britain*, trust the Lord: Thy Foes in vain  
Attempt thy Ruin, and oppose his Reign;  
Had they prevail'd, Darknefs had clos'd our Days,  
And Death and Silence had forbid his Praise:  
But we are sav'd, and live: Let Songs arise,  
And *Britain* bless the God who built the Skies.

PSALM CXVI. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*Praise for Deliverance from Death.*

1 **H**OW glows with grateful Love my Breast!  
For God the Voice of my Request.  
Accepts, and, while my Hands I rear,  
Bows to my Plaint the willing Ear;  
For this, to Life's extremest Hour  
My Lips to him the Pray'r shall pour.

2 While Death its Snares around me threw,  
The Grave its Horrors to my View  
Presenting, press'd with heaviest Grief,  
From thee, great God, I sought Relief:  
"O save me, heav'nly Sire, I cry'd,  
"And turn th' impending Stroke aside."

3 Thou, mightiest Father, thou wert nigh,  
To save my Soul from Death, mine Eye  
From Tears, to guard from Lapse my Feet,  
And bid me in this earthly Seat

(Life's

(Life's wide Dominion) still reside,  
To thee in filial Fear ally'd.

- 4 His Mercies, 'midst thy deepest Woe,  
By blest Experience taught to know,  
Turn, turn thee to thy Rest, my Soul;  
For he who sits above the Pole  
(Tremendous Name) has o'er thy Head  
The Fulness of his Bounty shed.
- 5 Just, good, and kind, is *Israel's* Lord,  
His Breast with tend'rest Pity stor'd,  
And prompt his Arm, when Ills invade,  
The Guileless and the Meek to aid;  
For this, my Soul, from Day to Day  
The Sacrifice of Praise shall pay.

PSALM CXVI. First Version. Second Part.

*Public Praise for private Deliverance.*

- 1 **W**HILE, struck with Terrors as I stood,  
A Sea of Sorrows round me flow'd,  
To God my Heart resign'd its Care,  
To him my Tongue address'd its Pray'r.
- 2 By thee from each Distress enlarg'd,  
The Cup with Benediction charg'd  
I take, and, touch'd with holy Flame,  
Invoke my great Deliv'rer's Name.
- 3 E'en now, before th' assembled Train,  
E'en now, within thy sacred Fane,  
Behold me in thy Presence bow,  
And, pleas'd, absolve my offer'd Vow.
- 4 Who thy Decrees, great God, obey,  
Secure on thee their Hope shall stay;  
Great is thy Care on such bestow'd,  
Nor worthless in thine Eye their Blood.
- 5 In me thy Servant, Lord, in me  
The Offspring of thy Handmaid see,  
Who, late in heaviest Fetters bound,  
From thee my full Release have found.

5 O, what Requital at my Hand  
Shall Mercy, Lord, like thine demand?  
For this, my Soul from Day to Day  
The Sacrifice of Praise shall pay.

7 E'en now, before th' assembled Train,  
E'en now, within thy sacred Fane,  
Behold me in thy Presence bow,  
And, pleas'd, absolve my offer'd Vow.

P S A L M CXVI. Second Version. First Part. TATE.  
*Deliverance from Trouble, and Sickness gratefully acknowledged.*

1 **M**Y Soul with grateful Thoughts of Love-  
Entirely is possess'd;  
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear  
The Voice of my Request.

2 Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,  
I never will despair;  
But still in all the Straits of Life  
To him address my Pray'r.

3 With deadly Sorrows compass'd round,  
With keenest Pains oppress'd;  
When Troubles seiz'd my aching Heart,  
And Anguish rack'd my Breast;

4 On God's almighty Name I call'd,  
And thus to him I pray'd;  
"Lord, I beseech thee, save my Soul,  
"With Sorrows quite dismay'd."

5 How just and merciful is God,  
How gracious is the Lord!  
Who saves the Harmless, and to me  
Does timely Help afford.

6 Then, free from penfive Cares, my Soul,  
Resume thy wonted Rest;  
For God has wond'rously to thee  
His bounteous Love express'd.

## PSALM CXVI. Second Version. Second Part.

*Public Praise for private Deliverance.*

- 1 **W**HEN Death alarm'd me, God remov'd  
My Dangers and my Fears;  
My Feet from falling he secur'd,  
And dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
- 2 Therefore, my Life's remaining Years  
Which God to me shall lend,  
Will I in Praises to his Name,  
And in his Service, spend.
- 3 In God I trusted, and of him  
In greatest Straits did boast;  
For then to me all Hopes of Aid  
From my best Friends were lost.
- 4 Then what Return to him shall I  
For all his Goodness make?  
I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal  
The Cup of Blessing take.
- 5 I'll pay my Vows among his Saints,  
Whose Life (howe'er despis'd  
By wicked Men) in God's Account  
Is always highly priz'd.
- 6 To thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praise,  
And while I bless thy Name,  
The just Performance of my Vows  
To all thy Saints proclaim.
- 7 They in thy sacred House shall meet  
There in thy Presence join  
To bless thy Name with one Consent,  
And mix their Songs with mine.

## PSALM CXVI. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*Recovery from Sickness.*

- 1 **I** Love the Lord: He heard my Cries,  
And pity'd ev'ry Groan:  
Long as I live, when Troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his Throne.

I love

e the Lord : He bow'd his Ear  
 and chas'd my Grievs away :  
 : my Heart no more despair,  
 hile I have Breath to pray !

Flesh declin'd, my Spirits fell,  
 and I drew near the Dead,  
 e inward Pangs and Fears of Hell  
 rplex'd my wakeful Head.

/ God, I cry'd, thy Servant save,  
 Thou ever good and just ;  
 y Pow'r can rescue from the Grave,  
 Thy Pow'r is all my Trust."

Lord beheld me fore distress'd,  
 : bid my Pains remove :  
 rn, my Soul, to God thy Rest,  
 r thou hast known his Love.

God hath sav'd my Soul from Death,  
 and dry'd my falling Tears ;  
 to his Praise I'll spend my Breath,  
 and my remaining Years.

A L M CXVI. Third Version. Second Part.

*Public Praise for private Deliverance.*

WHAT shall I render to my God

For all his Kindness shown ?

'eet shall visit thine Abode,

' Songs address thy Throne.

g the Saints who fill thine House

' Off'rings shall be paid ;

e shall my Zeal perform the Vows

' Soul in Anguish made.

much is Mercy thy Delight,

ou ever-blessed God !

dear thy Servants in thy Sight !

w precious is their Blood !

happy all thy Servants are !

w great thy Grace to me ?

ife which thou hast made thy Care, +

d, I devote to thee.

5 Now



- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
Nor shall my Purpose move;  
Thy Hand hath loos'd my Bonds of Pain,  
And bound me with thy Love.
- 6 Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,  
And thy rich Grace record;  
+ Witness, ye Saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM CXVL. Fourth Version. First Part. DODD.  
*The pious Soul returning to its Rest in a grateful Sense of divine Bounties.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, my Soul, and seek thy Rest  
Upon thy Heav'nly Father's Breast:  
Indulge me, Lord, in that Repose,  
The Soul which loves thee only knows.
- 2 Lodg'd in thine Arms, I fear no more  
The Tempest's Howl, the Billows Roar:  
Those Storms must shake the Almighty's Seat,  
Which violate the Saints Retreat.
- 3 Thy Bounties, Lord, to me surmount.  
The Pow'r of Language to recount;  
From Morning-Dawn, the setting Sun,  
Sees but my Work of Praise begun.
- 4 The Mercies, all my Moments bring,  
Ask an Eternity to sing;  
What Thanks those Mercies can suffice,  
Which thro' Eternity shall rise?
- 5 Rich in ten thousand Gifts possess'd,  
In future Hopes more richly blest'd,  
I'll sit and sing, till Death shall raise  
A Note of more proportion'd Praise.

PSALM CXVI. Fourth Version. Second Part.  
*Deliverance celebrated.*

- 1 **G**REAT Source of Life, our Souls confess  
The various Riches of thy Grace;  
Crown'd with thy Mercy, we rejoice,  
And in thy Praise exalt our Voice.

y thee Heav'n's shining Arch was spread ;  
 y thee were Earth's Foundations laid,  
 and all the Charms of Men's Abode  
 roclaim the wife, the gracious God.

'hy tender Hand restores our Breath,  
 When trembling on the Verge of Death ;  
 iently it wipes away our Tears,  
 and lengthens Life to future Years.

'hese Lives are sacred to the Lord ;  
 indled by him, by him restor'd ;  
 and, while our Hours renew their Race,  
 till would we walk before his Face.

o when at length by him we're led  
 'thro' unknown Regions of the Dead,  
 With Joy triumphant shall we move  
 'o Seats of nobler Life above.

PSALM CXVI. Fifth Version. DODDRIDGE.

[ LOOK back, my Soul, with grateful Love,  
 On what thy God has done ;  
 raise him for his unnumber'd Gifts,  
 And praise him for his Son.

ow oft hath his indulgent Hand  
 My flowing Eye-Lids dry'd,  
 and rescu'd from impending Death,  
 When I in Danger cry'd !

hen on the Bed of Death I lay,  
 With Sickneſs ſore oppreſs'd,  
 how oft hath he aſſuag'd my Grief,  
 And lull'd my Eyes to Reſt !

ack from Deſtruction's yawning Pit  
 At his Command I came ;  
 he fed th' expiring Lamp anew,  
 And rais'd its feeble Flame.

My broken Spirit he hath chear'd,  
 When torn with inward Grief ;  
 And, when Temptations preſs'd me fore,  
 Hath brought me ſwift Relief.

- 6 My Soul from everlasting Death  
Is by his Mercy brought,  
To tell in *Zion's* sacred Gates  
The Wonders he hath wrought.
- 7 Still will I walk before his Face,  
While he this Life prolongs ;  
Till Grace shall all its Work compleat,  
And teach me heav'nly Songs.

## P S A L M CXVI. Sixth Version. Dodd

*Recovery from Sicknefs.*

- 1 **M**Y God, thy Service well demands  
The Remnant of my Days ;  
Why was this fleeting Breath renew'd,  
But to renew thy Praise ?
- 2 Thine Arms of everlasting Love  
Did this weak Frame sustain,  
When Life was hov'ring o'er the Grave,  
And Nature sunk with Pain.
- 3 Thou, when the Pains of Death were felt,  
Didst chase the Fears of Hell ;  
And teach my pale and quiv'ring Lips  
Thy matchless Grace to tell.
- 4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting Head:  
On thy dear faithful Breast ;  
Pleas'd to obey my Father's Call  
To his eternal Rest.
- 5 Into thy Hands, my Saviour God,  
Did I my Soul resign,  
In firm Dependence on that Truth,  
Which made Salvation mine.
- 6 Back from the Borders of the Grave  
At thy Command I come :  
Nor would I urge a speedier Flight  
To my celestial Home.
- 7 Where thou determin'ft mine Abode,  
There would I chuse to be ;  
For in thy Presence Death is Life,  
And Earth is Heav'n with thee.

S A L M CXVI. Seventh Version. STEELE.

**T**HE Lord preserves, with tender Care,  
The Weak, the Humble, and Sincere ;  
Now in the Dust my Hopes were laid,  
But God-appear'd with timely Aid.

Thy Mercy, Lord, preserv'd my Breath,  
And snatch'd my fainting Soul from Death,  
Remov'd my Sorrows, dry'd my Tears,  
And sav'd me from surrounding Snares.

Now will I walk before the Lord,  
A living Witness to his Word ;  
With Faith and Pray'r I sought his Face,  
My Grievs were great, and great his Grace.

What shall I render to the Lord ?  
Or how his wond'rous Grace record ?  
To him my grateful Voice I'll raise,  
And pour Libations to his Praise.

His croud'd Courts shall see me pay  
The Vows of my distressful Day ;  
In Life and Death the Saints shall find  
Their guardian God for ever kind.

Thy Servant, Lord, is wholly thine,  
By Nature's Ties, and Bonds divine ;  
From deep Distress and Sorrow free,  
Anew I give myself to thee.

To thee, with Sacrifice of Praise,  
My Invocations I will raise ;  
To thee my Vows shall warm ascend,  
While Crowds the solemn Rites attend.

O Salem, in thy sacred Courts,  
Where Glory dwells and Joy resorts,  
To Notes divine I'll tune the Song,  
And Praise shall flow from ev'ry Tongue.

P S A L M CXVII. First Version. MERRICK.

*Universal Praise.*

**L**ET thy various Realms, O Earth,  
Praises yield to Heav'n's high Lord ;  
Praise him all of human Birth,  
And his wond'rous Acts record.

2 See

- 2 See his Mercy o'er our Land  
 Spread its ever-healing Wing,  
 And his Truth thro' Ages stand ;  
 Praise, O praise th' eternal King.

P S A L M CXVII. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **W**ITH chearful Notes let all the Earth  
 To Heav'n their Voices raise :  
 Let all, inspir'd with godly Mirth,  
 Sing solemn Hymns of Praise.
- 2 God's tender Mercy knows no Bound ;  
 His Truth shall ne'er decay :  
 Then let the willing Nations round,  
 Their grateful Tribute pay.

P S A L M CXVII. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **O** All ye Nations, praise the Lord  
 Each with a diff'rent Tongue ;  
 In ev'ry Language learn his Word,  
 And let his Name be sung.
- 2 His Mercy reigns thro' ev'ry Land ;  
 Proclaim his Grace abroad ;  
 For ever firm his Truth shall stand ;  
 Praise ye the faithful God.

P S A L M CXVII. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the Skies  
 Let the Creator's Praise arise :  
 Let the Redeemer's Name be sung  
 Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord ;  
 Eternal Truth attends thy Word ;  
 Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore  
 Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M CXVII. Fifth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HY Name, almighty Lord,  
 Shall sound thro' distant Lands ;  
 Great is thy Grace, and sure thy Word ;  
 Thy Truth for ever stands.

Far be thine Honor spread,  
And long thy Praise endure,  
Till morning-Light and Ev'ning-Shade  
Shall be exchange'd no more.

## PSALM CXVIII. First Version. MERRICK.

*Praise to God.*

- **L**IFT your Voice, and thankful sing  
Praises to your heav'nly King;  
For his Mercies far extend,  
And his Bounty knows no End.
- 2 *Israel*, thy Creator blest,  
And with joyous Tongue confess,  
That his Mercies far extend,  
And his Bounty knows no End.
- 3 Ye who make his Will your Care,  
With assenting Voice declare,  
That his Mercies far extend,  
And his Bounty knows no End.
- 4 O, how safe the Man, whose Mind  
Rests on *Jacob's* God reclin'd!  
Safer far than they who trust  
On the Help of breathing Dust.
- 5 Thee, the God inthron'd above,  
Thee my Lips shall sing, whose Love  
To my Voice Attention gave,  
Prompt to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Safe in *Israel's* Lord confide;  
He is God, and none beside:  
Thee, my God, in lengthen'd Lays,  
Thee my raptur'd Lips shall praise.
- 7 Lift your Voice, and thankful sing  
Praises to your heav'nly King;  
For his Mercies far extend,  
And his Bounty knows no End.

## PSALM CXVIII. Second Version. TATE.

*Public Praise flowing from a liberal Catholic Spirit.*

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, for he is good,  
His Mercies ne'er decay:

That

- 2 To thee in my Distress I cry'd,  
And thou hast bow'd thine Ear ;  
Thy pow'rful Word my Life prolong'd,  
And brought Salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye Gates of Righteousness,  
That, with the pious Throng,  
I may record my solemn Vows,  
And tune my grateful Song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle Hand  
Renews our lab'ring Breath :  
Praise to the Lord, who makes his Saints  
Triumphant e'en in Death.
- 5 My God, in thine appointed Hour  
Those heav'nly Gates display,  
Where Pain and Sin, and Fear and Death  
For ever flee away.
- 6 There, while the Nations of the Bless'd  
With Raptures bow around,  
My Anthems to deliv'ring Grace  
In sweeter Strains shall found.

PSALM CXIX. First Version. MERRICK.

PART I.

*Holy Resolutions and Prayer for divine Aid.*

- 1 **H**OW blest, who thee, great God, obey,  
And stedfast walk th' all-perfect Way !  
How blest, whose Hearts with Will intire  
Thy Presence seek, almighty Sire.
- 2 My Feet thy Guidance own ; my Mind  
Has each nefarious Act declin'd :  
My Steps conform'd to thy Decrees,  
Nor Shame nor Dread my Soul shall seize.
- 3 Thy Voice has charg'd me to fulfil  
The Dictates of thy heav'nly Will :  
Such, Lord, thy Charge ; and O may I  
Attentive to the Task apply.
- 4 Thy Precepts on my Mind impress'd  
Shall swell with Joy my faithful Breast,  
Thy Justice prompt my Tongue to raise  
The Song of Gratitude and Praise.

- 5 Thy Law my Love shall claim : Do thou  
 Thy Ear to my Petition bow ;  
 Ne'er leave me, helpless and forlorn,  
 The Absence of thy Grace to mourn.

## P A R T II.

*God's Word the surest Guide of Youth, and the best Treasure.*

- 1 How, early wise, shall Youth, O say,  
 In Innocence direct its Way ?  
 Thy Word its Steps, to thee resign'd,  
 The ever faithful Guide shall find.
- 2 Hail, best Instructor ! Thee my Thought  
 With full Desire; great God, has sought :  
 O let me not, by Error's Sway  
 Impell'd, from thy Direction stray.
- 3 Thy Precept, in my Breast conceal'd,  
 From Sin's Assault my Heart shall shield ;  
 Blest is thy Name, eternal Lord !  
 O write within my Mind thy Word ;
- 4 That Word, whose Rules from Day to Day  
 My Lips with grateful Zeal display :  
 These, my best Wealth, my treasur'd Store,  
 I keep, and view them o'er and o'er :
- 5 Thy Dictates still, my constant Joy,  
 My Soul's Attention shall employ ;  
 Nor aught shall from my Sight withdraw  
 Thy Path, or from my Thought thy Law.

## P A R T III.

*Imploring divine Guidance.*

- 1 Thy Mercy let thy Servant see,  
 Grant me to live conform'd to thee,  
 And let my Soul, each Mist away,  
 The Wonders of thy Law survey.
- 2 Behold me, absent from my Home,  
 Thro' Life's wild Maze a Pilgrim roam,  
 Nor thou to my desiring Eye  
 Thy Word's directing Beams deny.

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3 With



- 3 With ardent Zeal, with strong Desire,  
My Thoughts to thy Decrees aspire ;  
My Life, thy Will its fix'd Pursuit,  
Shall each opprobrious Tongue refute.
- 4 Thy Laws my ev'ry Thought controul,  
While, fill'd with sacred Joy, my Soul  
Its ever faithful Friends in these  
And Inmates of its Counsel sees.

## PART IV.

*Hope in divine Mercy.*

- 1 Low in the Dust my Soul is laid ;  
O reach me, Lord, thy promis'd Aid ;  
Thou, as my Heart its Guilt avow'd,  
Thy pitying Ear, great God, hast bow'd ;
- 2 O let me, lesson'd in thy Way,  
The Wonders of thy Grace survey :  
While on my Soul, that melts with Woe,  
That Grace its Succours shall bestow,
- 3 (Such Hope thy Word has bid me form ;)  
Let me, with holy Transport warm,  
And privileg'd thy Law to learn,  
From Falseness's Path abhorrent turn.
- 4 Truth, Lord, my steady Thoughts pursue,  
Thy Judgments fix'd before my View  
In full Display : Exempt from Shame  
O give me thou by these to frame
- 5 My Course ; and mark with what Delight,  
(As onward these my Steps invite)  
Its Bands by thee dissolv'd, my Soul  
Anticipates the distant Goal.

## PART V.

*Imploring divine Instruction.*

- 1 Teach me, O teach me, Lord, thy Way ;  
So to my Life's remotest Day,  
By thy unerring Precepts led,  
My willing Feet thy Paths shall tread.

2 Inform'



- 2 Inform'd by thee, with sacred Awe  
My Heart shall meditate thy Law,  
And with celestial Wisdom fill'd  
To thee its full Obedience yield.
- 3 Give me to know thy Words aright,  
Thy Words, my Soul's supreme Delight,  
That, purg'd from Thirst of Gold, my Mind  
In them its better Wealth may find.
- 4 O turn from Vanity mine Eye,  
To me thy quick'ning Strength supply,  
And with thy promis'd Mercy cheer  
A Heart devoted to thy Fear.
- 5 Thy wise Commands my Breast inflame;  
O haste, and to my inmost Frame  
Permit thy Justice to dispense  
Its all-reviving Influence.

## PART VI.

*Devotedness to the divine Law.*

- 1 O let me, Lord, thy Mercy know;  
Thy promis'd Health, great God, bestow;  
So from my Soul, on thee reclin'd,  
Shall each Reproach an Answer find.
- 2 My Trust thy Judgments, mightiest Lord,  
Support; O let not then thy Word  
(Thy Word, by Truth eternal seal'd)  
Be ever from my Lips withheld:
- 3 That Word to Life's extremeſt Stage  
My juſt Remembrance ſhall engage,  
My Soul to thy Decrees incline,  
And make the Paths of Freedom mine.
- 4 The Heav'n-taught Truths that warm my Breſt  
My Tongue to others ſhall ſuggeſt,  
Thy Law, *Yehovah*, ſtill ſhall ſhare  
My ardent Love, my conſtant Care;
- 5 And while from thee with liſted Hands  
Pleaſ'd I receive its juſt Commands,  
My Life, ſubmitted to its Rein,  
Shall ſpeak them not receiv'd in vain.

## PART VII.

*Trust in the divine Promises.*

- + 1 Thy Promises, almighty Sire,  
 Accomplish : These my Hope inspire ;  
 These, when oppress'd with Ills I lie,  
 With vital Strength my Soul supply :
- 2 Amid my Woes, through Ages past  
 In long Memorial backward trac'd,  
 Thy Judgments have my Trust upheld,  
 And Sorrow's heaviest Cloud dispell'd.
- 3 Long as within this Seat of Clay,  
 My House of Pilgrimage, I stay,  
 Thy Statutes are my Song ; thy Name  
 Wakes in my Breast the holy Flame ;
- 4 That heav'nward lifts my thoughtful Soul,  
 When Night's dark Shades invest the Pole ;  
 What Hopes, great God, are mine, what Joy,  
 While thy Commands my Care employ !

## PART VIII.

*Seeking God in the Night Season.*

- 1 My Heart's best Portion, Lord, art thou ;  
 To thee my Thoughts Obedience vow :  
 To thee with ardent Zeal I pray ;  
 Thy promis'd Mercy, Lord, display,
- 2 While back my yet unfinish'd Race  
 With Scrutiny severe I trace,  
 Thy Law with full Acceptance greet,  
 And turn to thee my willing Feet.
- 3 With studious Haste I ran, I flew,  
 Intent thy Dictates to pursue,  
 Nor these forget, though Troops of Foes  
 Amid their Snare my Steps inclose.
- 4 Thy just Decrees within my Breast  
 Revolv'd, I quit my Bed of Rest,  
 And pleas'd, at Midnight's awful Hour,  
 In Thanks to thee my Spirit pour.

- ; I mark where'er the Souls I find  
 To thy Commands, great God, inclin'd;  
 I mark them, and with such reside  
 In Friendship's strictest Bands allied.
- 5 That Mercy, Lord, whose Beams extend  
 Far as to Earth's remotest End,  
 That Mercy to my Soul impart,  
 And grave thy Precepts on my Heart.

## P A R T IX.

*The Benefit of divine Correction.*

- 1 My grateful Heart thy Love has known,  
 O thou, whose Words and Deeds are one:  
 O still that Love impart, and store  
 My Soul with thy celestial Lore,  
 Whose Thought its full Assent resigns  
 To what thy sacred Will enjoins.
- 2 In devious Paths awhile I trod,  
 Ere yet corrected by thy Rod,  
 But disciplin'd; great Sire, by thee  
 Obsequious bow to thy Decree;  
 Thee, Lord, I seek; by thy Command  
 My Acts, my Thoughts, directed stand:
- 3 Blest be thy Hand, severely kind,  
 Whose Stroke recall'd my erring Mind,  
 And urg'd me, as to thee I turn,  
 Thy hallow'd Institutes to learn,  
 And, taught their Worth, to prize them more  
 Than Heaps of *Ophir's* richest Ore.

## P A R T X.

*Divine Chastisement mixed with Mercy.*

- 1 Thy plastic Art, throughout my Frame,  
 Each Limb, each Nerve, great God, proclaim;  
 O give me thou with Mind sincere  
 To learn th' Instructions of thy Fear:
- 2 So shall the Souls, that Fear who know,  
 With social Joy, my God, o'erflow,  
 And pleas'd my constant Heart approve,  
 That waits, with them, thy plighted Love.

- 3 Thy Judgments Praise eternal claim,  
Wife, just, and good ; with friendliest Aim  
Thy faithful Hand each Woe I feel  
Inflicts, and wounds me but to heal.
- 4 O let thy promis'd Mercy shed  
Its quick'ning Effluence on my Head,  
And Comfort to my Soul infill,  
That loves the Dictates of thy Will.
- 5 With me in sacred Friendship join  
The Souls that to thy Fear incline,  
And from the Well-Spring of thy Law  
Exhaustless Streams of Knowledge draw.
- 6 O let my Heart, to thee subdu'd,  
Guilt, and its Offspring Shame, exclude ;  
Thine Aid I ask, eternal Lord,  
And treasure in my Heart thy Word.

## PART XI.

*Prayer in Affliction.*

- 1 Behold, while wearied with Delay  
My Soul, my Sight, consume away,  
Thy Servant o'er th' ethereal Plain  
Send the long Look, but send in vain.
- 2 O when to my expecting Eyes,  
When, shall thy wish'd Salvation rise,  
Through struggling Clouds its promis'd Ray  
Transmit, and o'er me pour the Day ?
- 3 Fast as the Wine-exhausted Hide  
Amid the circling Smoke is dry'd,  
I waste ; yet never from my Heart  
Shall thy Commands, great God, depart.
- 4 O let thy Mercy to my Heart  
Its life-sustaining Pow'r impart ;  
So shall my Soul with sacred Awe,  
And just Observance, hear thy Law.

## PART XII.

*The Excellence of divine Precepts.*

- 1 Fix'd in the Heav'ns, eternal Lord,  
On firmest Basis rests thy Word ;

Thy .

Thy Truth, unconscious of Decay,  
Sees waſting Ages roll away :

- 2 Pois'd on its Centre by thy Hand  
Earth long has ſtood, and yet ſhall ſtand :  
For Earth, and Heav'n, and Seas, each Hour  
Subſervient own thy ſov'reign Pow'r.
- 3 How had I periſh'd, 'midſt my Woes,  
But that within my Boſom roſe  
The Joys which thy Injunctions yield,  
And each invading Grief diſpell'd !
- 4 O never, never, ſhall my Heart,  
Forgetful, from thy Law depart,  
Which, inſtant, kindeſt Succour gave,  
And wrought my Reſcue from the Grave.
- 5 Behold me, Lord, behold me thine ;  
Thy Ear to my Requeſt incline,  
And ſave a Soul whoſe wakeful Thought  
With fervent Zeal thy Truths has ſought.
- 6 Mine Eyes Perfection's Limit ſee  
Through Nature's Works ; but thy Decree  
No Period, mightieſt Monarch, knows,  
Nor Bounds of Space its Breadth incloſe.

## P A R T XIII.

*Delight in God's Law.*

- 1 With what Deſire, great God, I burn  
Thy ſacred Oracles to learn !  
Each Day, each Hour, with ſtedfaſt Mind  
Thy Truths I meditate, and find.
- 2 My Teachers, while from out thy Law  
The Leſſons of my Life I draw,  
My Guidance aſk ; the Aged Me  
Their Elder in Diſcretion ſee ;
- 3 As, onward led, with ſteady Pace  
The Heav'n-appointed Paths I trace,  
How have I kept my Feet from Ill,  
Intent thy Mandate to fulfil,

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4 My

- 4 My Ear to Discipline resign'd,  
Nor ever from its Rules declin'd !  
In full Satiety of Joy  
Absorpt, thy Words my Thought employ,
- 5 And sweeter on my Palate dwell  
Than Honey dropping from its Cell :  
My Soul, by thy Instruction wise,  
From Error's Path abhorrent flies.

## PART XIV.

*God's Law a Light to the Soul.*

- 1 Thy Law, from highest Heav'n reveal'd,  
A Lantern to my Feet shall yield,  
A Light, whose Beams shall o'er me dwell,  
And Night's incircling Shades dispel ;
- 2 Thy Precepts (thus my Tongue has sworn,  
Nor aught my Purpose, Lord, shall turn ;)   
Thy Precepts, just, and wise, and true,  
My Steps, unweary'd, shall pursue.
- 3 My Lips their willing Off'rings pay :  
Accept them gracious ; and display  
Thy Judgments to my longing Eyes :  
While ceaseless Dangers round me rise,
- 4 My Soul just ready to resign,  
To these my Thoughts I still incline,  
Nor impious Force, or hostile Snare,  
Shall alienate from these my Care.
- 5 These, while their Worth my Soul inflames,  
Its lasting Heritage it claims,  
And pleas'd the Dictates of thy Will  
To Life's last Period shall fulfil.

## PART XV.

*A Resolution to be directed by Scripture, and not by Superstition.*

- 1 Far hence each Superstition vain,  
Wild Offspring of the Human Brain ;  
The Truths that fill thy hallow'd Page  
My happier Choice, great God, engage.

- 2 Safe on thy Word my Trust I build,  
O thou, my Refuge, and my Shield;  
Whoe'er Religion's Cause betray;  
My Soul shall God's Behests obey.
- 3 O ever faithful to thy Word,  
Do thou thy vital Strength afford;  
Thy Help impart, eternal Sire,  
Nor let my Hope in Shame expire.
- 4 Sustain'd by thy almighty Aid,  
What Danger shall my Soul invade?  
In vain shall Sin its Arts apply  
To turn from thy Decrees mine Eye.

## P A R T XVI.

*Imploring divine Influence.*

- 1 While Justice o'er my Life presides,  
Each Act, each Word, each Purpose guides,  
My wakeful Eyes with earnest View  
Thy promis'd Health, my God, pursue:
- 2 Thy Mercies to thy Servant show,  
And give, O give me, Lord, to know  
Each Heav'n-taught Rule: Behold me thine,  
And let thy Influence on me shine;
- 3 Till, each Illusion purg'd away,  
My Soul thy mystic Truths survey;  
Thy Dictates on my Thought impress'd  
With sweet Delight shall fill my Breast;
- 4 Not Gold like these my Love shall claim,  
Gold seven times tortur'd in the Flame:  
These, Lord, I keep, and, fix'd, decree  
To shun each Path that leads from thee.

## P A R T XVII.

*Scripture a Source of the best and purest Knowledge.*

- 1 O how the Wonders of thy Law  
My Heart to just Obedience awe!  
What Streams of purest Knowledge yield  
Thy Words in full Display reveal'd!



- 2 With sacred Thirst my Bosom burn'd ;  
 To these my op'ning Mouth I turn'd,  
 And from thy Precept wise and true  
 Its Life-imparting Spirit drew :
- 3 By these the Souls untaught before  
 To Heights of heav'nly Science soar :  
 What Grace thy Saints are blest to know,  
 That Grace on me, great God, bestow.
- 4 Thy Dictates to my Soul convey,  
 And level to my Steps thy Way ;  
 Redeem from Error's Growth my Mind,  
 Nor leave one baleful Root behind.
- 5 O save me from Oppression's Hand ;  
 So shall my Soul thy wise Command  
 Observe : Indulgent on me shine,  
 And make the Paths of Knowledge mine.

## PART XVIII.

*The divine Law true, just, and eternal.*

- 1 Hail, Arbiter supreme ! thy Will  
 Truth, Equity, and Justice seal :  
 Truth, Justice, Equity, thy Voice  
 Prescribes to favor'd *Israel's* Choice.
- 2 O how thy Precepts, in the Fire  
 Long prov'd, thy Servant's Love inspire !  
 My Heart to thy Decrees resign'd,  
 These still I'll seek with studious Mind.
- 3 Eternal Rectitude is thine ;  
 Truth to thy Laws adjusts its Line ;  
 Thy just Decrees shall Time survive ;  
 Them teach me, and my Soul shall live.

## PART XIX.

*Support and Comfort from God's Word.*

- 1 O Maker, Guide, and Judge of All !  
 With earnest Voice to thee I call :  
 To thee I call : propitious hear ;  
 So shall the Precepts of thy Fear  
 My Soul inform, and, Thou my Aid,  
 My ev'ry Act by these be sway'd.

Ere yet the Dawn has streak'd the Sky,  
 God of my Life, to thee I cry ;  
 On thy Decrees, great God, intent,  
 My Thoughts the early Watch prevent :  
 My Hope (nor shall that Hope be vain)  
 Thy sacred Promises sustain.

O let thy Mercy, while I pray,  
 My Night illumine, guide my Day,  
 Thy Word within my inmost Frame  
 Awake the ever-living Flame ;  
 Long has my Soul thy Precepts view'd,  
 And owns them wise, and just, and good.

## P A R T XX.

*God's Favor unattainable without Repentance and a sincere  
 Regard to the divine Precepts.*

In vain thy Grace the Souls would heal,  
 Whose Crimes their just Rejection seal ;  
 Who, bold each impious Deed to try,  
 Thy Laws oppose, thy Pow'r defy.

O let thy Mercy, Lord, (how great  
 That Mercy !) on thy Servant wait,  
 Its Beams in full Effusion give,  
 And teach my fainting Heart to live.  
 Behold what Love, what full Delight,  
 Thy Precepts in my Breast excite,  
 And let thy Favor o'er my Head  
 Its vital Pow'r incessant shed.

With Truth thy Word, great God, was crown'd,  
 E'er Time began its restless Round :  
 Thy Laws through Length of Days extend,  
 First, midst, and last, and without End.

## P A R T XXI.

*Confidence in God.*

My Heart with secret Transport swells,  
 While studious on thy Word it dwells ;  
 Nor wealthiest Spoils such Joy bestow,  
 New wrested from the prostrate Foe.

## PSALM CXIX. Third Version.\* First Part.

*The Blessedness of the Righteous.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the Undefil'd in Heart,  
Whose Ways are right and clean ;  
Who never from thy Law depart,  
But fly from ev'ry Sin.
- 2 Blest are the Men who keep thy Word,  
And practise thy Commands ;  
With their whole Heart they seek the Lord,  
And serve thee with their Hands.
- 3 Great is their Peace who love thy Law ;  
How firm their Souls abide !  
Nor can a bold Temptation draw  
Their steady Feet aside.
- 4 Then shall my Heart have inward Joy,  
And keep my Face from Shame,  
When all thy Statutes I obey,  
And honor all thy Name.

## PSALM CXIX. Third Version. Second

*Secret Devotion, and constant Converse with*

- 1 **T**O thee, before the dawning Light,  
My gracious God, I pray ;  
I meditate thy Name by Night,  
And keep thy Law by Day.
- 2 My Spirit waits to see thy Grace,  
Thy Promise bears me up ;  
And while Salvation long delays,  
Thy Word supports my Hope.

\* In a Note prefixed to this Version the Author expresses as follows : I have collected and disposed the most useful this Psalm, under different Heads, and formed a divine each of them, but the Verses are much transposed.

Each Day I lift my Heart and Hands  
 And pay my Thanks to thee ;  
 Thy righteous Providence demands  
 Repeated Praise from me.

When Midnight-Darkness veils the Skies,  
 I call thy Works to Mind ;  
 My Thoughts in warm Devotion rise,  
 And sweet Acceptance find.

P S A L M CXIX. Third Version. Third Part.

*Professions of Sincerity, Repentance, and Obedience.*

**T**HOU art my Portion, O my God ;  
 Soon as I know thy Way,  
 My Heart makes Haste t' obey thy Word,  
 And suffers no Delay.

I chuse the Path of heav'nly Truth,  
 And glory in my Choice :  
 Not all the Riches of the Earth  
 Could make me so rejoice.

The Testimonies of thy Grace  
 I set before my Eyes ;  
 Thence I derive my daily Strength  
 And there my Comfort lies.

If once I wander from thy Path,  
 I think upon my Ways.  
 Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,  
 And trust thy pard'ning Grace.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
 O save thy Servant, Lord ;  
 Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-Place ;  
 My Hope is in thy Word.

Thou hast inclin'd this Heart of mine  
 Thy Statutes to fulfil ;  
 And thus till mortal Life shall end  
 Would I perform thy Will.

## P S A L M CXIX. Third Version. Fourth Pa

*Instruction from Scripture.*

- 1 **H**OW shall the Young secure their Hearts,  
And guard their Lives from Sin?  
Thy Word the choicest Rules imparts  
To keep the Conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the Mind,  
It spreads such Light abroad,  
The meanest Souls Instruction find,  
And raise their Thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the Sun, a heav'nly Light,  
That guides us all the Day;  
And thro' the Dangers of the Night,  
A Lamp to lead our Way.
- 4 The Men who keep thy Law with Care,  
And meditate thy Word,  
Grow wiser than their Teachers are,  
And better know the Lord.
- 5 Thy Precepts make me truly wise;  
I hate the Sinners Road;  
I hate my own vain Thoughts that rise,  
But love thy Law, my God.
- 6 The starry Heav'ns thy Rule obey,  
The Earth maintains her Place;  
And these thy Servants Night and Day  
Thy Skill and Pow'r express.
- 7 But still thy Law and Gospel, Lord,  
Have Lessons more divine:  
Not Earth stands firmer than thy Word,  
Nor Stars so nobly shine.
- 8 Thy Word is everlasting Truth;  
How pure is every Page!  
That holy Book shall guide our Youth,  
And well support our Age.



## P S A L M CXIX. Third Version. Fifth Part.

*Delight in Scripture.*

How I love thy holy Law !  
 'Tis daily my Delight ;  
 And thence my Meditations draw  
 Divine Advice by Night.

My waking Eyes prevent the Day  
 To meditate thy Word ;  
 My Soul with Longing melts away  
 To hear thy Gospel, Lord.

How doth thy Word my Heart engage !  
 How well employ my Tongue !  
 And in my earthly Pilgrimage  
 Yields me a heav'nly Song :

Am I a Stranger, or at Home,  
 'Tis my perpetual Feast ;  
 Not Honey dropping from the Comb  
 So much allures the Taste.

O Treasures so enrich the Mind ;  
 Nor shall thy Word be sold.  
 Or Loads of Silver well refin'd,  
 Nor Heaps of choicest Gold.

When Nature sinks and Spirits droop,  
 Thy Promises of Grace  
 Are Pillars to support my Hope,  
 And there I write thy Praise.

## P S A L M CXIX. Third Version. Sixth Part.

*Holiness and Comfort from the Word.*

O R D, I esteem thy Judgments right,  
 And all thy Statutes just ;  
 Hence I maintain a constant Fight  
 With ev'ry flatt'ring Lust.

Thy Precepts often I survey ;  
 I keep thy Law in Sight,  
 'Thro' all the Business of the Day,  
 To form my Actions right.

- 3 My Heart in Midnight Silence cries,  
 "How sweet thy Comforts be!"  
 My Thoughts in holy Wonder rise,  
 And bring their Thanks to thee.
- 4 And when my Spirit drinks her Fill  
 At some good Word of thine,  
 Not mighty Men who share the Spoil  
 Have Joys compar'd to mine.

P S A L M CXIX. Third Version. Seventh  
*The Perfection of Scripture, and Imperfection of  
 Knowledge.*

- 1 **L**ET all the Heathen Writers join  
 To form one perfect Book,  
 Great God, if once compar'd with thine,  
 How mean their Writings look!
- 2 I've seen an End of what we call  
 Perfection here below;  
 How short the Pow'rs of Nature fall,  
 And can no further go:
- 3 Yet Men would fain be just with God  
 By Works their Hands have wrought  
 But thy Commands, exceeding broad,  
 Extend to ev'ry Thought.
- 5 Our Faith and Love, and ev'ry Grace  
 Fall far below thy Word;  
 But perfect Truth and Righteousness  
 Dwell only with the Lord.

P S A L M CXIX. Third Version. Eighth  
*The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy Word my Choice  
 My lasting Heritage:  
 There shall my noblest Pow'rs rejoice,  
 My warmest Thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the Hist'ries of thy Love,  
 And keep thy Laws in Sight,  
 While thro' the Promises I rove  
 With ever-fresh Delight.

s a broad Land of Wealth unknown,  
 Where Springs of Life arise,  
 eds of immortal Blifs are sown,  
 And hidden Glory lies.

e best Relief that Mourners have,  
 It makes our Sorrows blest;  
 r fairest Hope beyond the Grave,  
 And our eternal Rest.

PSALM CXIX. Third Version. Ninth Part.

*Desire of Knowledge.*

[HY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,  
 How good thy Works appear!  
 en mine Eyes to read thy Word,  
 And see thy Wonders there.

r Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,  
 My Service is thy Due:  
 make thy Servant understand  
 The Duties he must do.

ce I'm a Stranger here below,  
 Let not thy Path be hid,  
 t mark the Road my Feet should go,  
 And be my constant Guide.

en I confess'd my wand'ring Ways,  
 Thou heard'st my Soul complain;  
 ant me the Teachings of thy Grace,  
 Or I shall stray again.

God to me his Statutes shew,  
 And heav'nly Truth impart,  
 s Work for ever I'll pursue,  
 His Law shall rule my Heart.

is was my Comfort when I bore  
 Variety of Grief;  
 made me learn thy Word the more,  
 And fly to that Relief.

hen I have learn'd my Father's Will,  
 I'll teach the World his Ways;  
 r thankful Lips inspir'd with Zeal  
 Shall loud pronounce his Praise.

PSALM



## P S A L M CXIX. Third Version. Tenth Pa

*Pleading the Promises.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting Servant, Lord,  
Devoted to thy Fear;  
Remember and confirm thy Word,  
For all my Hopes are there.
- 2 Hast thou not writ Salvation down,  
And promis'd quick'ning Grace?  
Doth not my Heart address thy Throne?  
And yet thy Love delays.
- 3 Mine Eyes for thy Salvation fail;  
O bear thy Servant up;  
Nor let the scoffing Lips prevail,  
Who dare reproach my Hope.
- 4 Didst thou not raise my Faith, O Lord?  
Then let thy Truth appear:  
Saints shall rejoice in my Reward,  
And trust as well as fear.

## P S A L M CXIX. Third Version. Eleventh P:

*Breathing after Holiness...†.*

- 1 **O** That the Lord would guide my Ways  
To keep his Statutes still!  
O that my God would grant me Grace  
To know and do his Will!
- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy Law upon my Heart!  
Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,  
Nor act the Liars Part.
- 3 From Vanity turn off my Eyes;  
Let no corrupt Design,  
Nor covetous Desires arise  
Within this Soul of mine.
- 4 Order my Footsteps by thy Word,  
And make my Heart sincere;  
Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,  
But keep my Conscience clear.



My Soul hath gone too far astray,  
 My Feet too often slip;  
 Since I've not forgot thy Way,  
 Restore thy wand'ring Sheep.  
 Take me to walk in thy Commands,  
 'Tis a delightful Road;  
 Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands  
 Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. Third Version. Twelfth Part.

*Seeking Comfort and Deliverance.*

**M**Y God, consider my Distress,  
 Let Mercy plead my Cause;  
 As I have sinn'd against thy Grace,  
 I can't forget thy Laws.  
 Forbid, forbid the sharp Reproach  
 Which I so justly fear;  
 Uphold my Life, uphold my Hopes,  
 Nor let my Shame appear.  
 My Eyes with Expectation fail,  
 My Heart within me cries,  
 When will the Lord his Truth fulfil,  
 "And make my Comforts rise?"  
 Look down upon my Sorrows, Lord,  
 And shew thy Grace the same  
 As thou art ever wont to afford  
 To those who love thy Name.

PSALM CXIX. Third Version. Thirteenth Part.

*Holy Fear and Tenderneſs of Conſcience.*

**W**ITH my whole Heart I've sought thy Face,  
 O let me never stray  
 From thy Commands, O God of Grace,  
 Nor tread the Sinners Way.  
 Thy Word I've hid within my Heart  
 To keep my Conscience clean,  
 And be an everlasting Guard  
 From ev'ry rising Sin.

3 While

- 3 While Sinners do thy Gospel Wrong,  
My Spirit stands in Awe;  
My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,  
But loves thy righteous Law.
- 4 My Heart with sacred Rev'rence hears  
The Threat'nings of thy Word;  
My Flesh with holy Trembling fears  
The Judgments of the Lord.
- 5 My God, I long, I hope, I wait  
For thy Salvation still;  
While thy whole Law is my Delight,  
And I obey thy Will.

## PSALM CXIX. Third Version. Fourteenth I

*Benefit of Afflictions.*

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my Sorrows, Lord,  
And thy Deliv'rance send;  
My Soul for thy Salvation waits,  
When will my Troubles end?
- 2 Yet I have found, 'tis good for me  
To bear my Father's Rod;  
Afflictions make me learn thy Law,  
And lean upon my God.
- 3 This is the Comfort I enjoy  
When new Distress begins,  
I read thy Word, I run thy Way,  
And hate my former Sins.
- 4 Had not thy Word been my Delight  
When earthly Joys were fled,  
My Soul oppress'd with Sorrow's Weight  
Had sunk among the Dead.
- 5 I know thy Judgments, Lord, are right,  
Tho' they may seem severe;  
The sharpest Suff'rings I endure  
Flow from thy faithful Care.
- 6 Before I knew thy chast'ning Rod  
My Feet were apt to stray;  
But now I learn to keep thy Word,  
Nor wander from thy Way.

## PSALM CXIX. Third Version. Fifteenth Part.

*Holy Resolutions.*

O That thy Statutes ev'ry Hour  
Might dwell upon my Mind !  
Thence I derive a quick'ning Pow'r, +  
And daily Peace I find.

To meditate thy Precepts, Lord,  
Shall be my sweet Employ ;  
My Soul shall ne'er forget thy Word,  
Thy Word is all my Joy.

How would I run in thy Commands,  
If thou my Heart discharge  
From Sin's Deceit, and Folly's Bands,  
And set my Feet at large.

My Lips with Courage shall declare  
Thy Statutes and thy Name ;  
'll speak thy Word tho' Kings should hear,  
Nor yield to sinful Shame.

Let Bands of Persecutors rise  
To rob me of my Right,  
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lies,  
Thy Law is my Delight.]

Depart from me, ye wicked Race,  
Whose Hands and Hearts are ill :  
I love my God, I love his Ways,  
And must obey his Will.

## PSALM CXIX. Third Version. Sixteenth Part.

*A Prayer for divine Assistance.*

MY Soul lies cleaving to the Dust ;  
Lord, give me Life divine ;  
From vain Desires and ev'ry Lust  
Turn off these Eyes of mine.

I need the Influence of thy Grace  
To speed me in thy Way,  
Lest I should loiter in my Race,  
Or turn my Feet astray.

S

3 When

- 3 When sore Afflictions prefs me down,  
I need thy quick'ning Pow'rs;  
Thy Word that I have rested on  
Shall help my heaviest Hours.
- 4 Are not thy Mercies sov'reign still?  
And thou a faithful God?  
Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal  
To run the heav'nly Road?
- 5 Does not my Heart thy Precepts love,  
And long to see thy Face?  
And yet how slow my Spirits move  
Without enliv'ning Grace!
- 6 Then shall I love thy Gospel more,  
And ne'er forget thy Word,  
When I have felt its quick'ning Pow'r  
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. Third Version. Seventeenth P.

*Sanctified Afflictions.*

- 1 **F**ATHER I blefs thy gentle Hand;  
How kind was thy chastising Rod  
That forc'd my Conscience to a Stand,  
And brought my wand'ring Soul to God!
- 2 Foolish and vain I went astray  
Ere I had felt thy Scourges, Lord,  
I left my Guide and lost my Way;  
But now I love and keep thy Word.
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,  
For Pride is apt to rise and swell;  
'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke,  
That I might learn his Statutes well.
- 4 The Law that issues from thy Mouth  
Shall raise my chearful Passions more  
Than all the Treasures of the South,  
Or *Western* Hills of Golden Ore.
- 5 Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,  
Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within;  
Teach me to love thine holy Name,  
And guard me safe from Death and Sin.

- Then those who fear and love the Lord  
At my Salvation shall rejoice;  
For I have hoped in thy Word,  
And made thy Grace my only Choice.

PSALM CXIX. Fourth Version. First Part. DODDRIDGE.

*Regard to Scripture pressed on young Persons.*

- I**NDULGENT God, with pitying Eye  
The Sons of Men survey,  
And see how youthful Sinners sport  
In a destructive Way.
- Ten thousand Dangers lurk around  
To bear them to the Tomb,  
How soon the Hour they think not of  
To their Surprise may come.
- Reduce, O Lord, their wand'ring Minds,  
Amus'd with airy Dreams,  
That heav'nly Wisdom may dispel,  
Their visionary Schemes.
- With holy Caution may they walk,  
And be thy Word their Guide;  
Till each, the Desert safely pass'd,  
On Zion's Hill abide.

PSALM CXIX. Fourth Version. Second Part.

*Perfection nowhere to be found but in the Path of true Religion.*

- P**ERFECTION! 'Tis an empty Name,  
Nor can repay our Cares;  
And he, who seeks it here below,  
Must end the Search with Tears.
- Great David on his royal Throne,  
The valiant, and the strong,  
Rich in the Spoils of conquer'd Foes,  
Amidst the applauding Throng,
- With all his Mind's capacious Pow'rs,  
Pursu'd the Shade in vain;  
Nor heard it his melodious Voice,  
Or Harp's Angelic Strain.

- 4 From public to domestic Scenes  
Th' impatient Monarch turns ;  
The Friend, the Husband, and the Sire  
In sad Succession mourns.
- 5 At length thy Law, Eternal God,  
He thro' his Tears describes,  
And, wrapt amidst those sacred Folds,  
He finds the heav'nly Prize.
- 6 There will I seek Perfection too,  
Where *David's* God is known ;  
Nor envy, with this Volume blest,  
His Treasures and his Throne.

## P S A L M CXXI. First Version. MERRICK.

*God our Preserver.*

- 1 **L**O! from the Hills my Help descends ;  
To them I lift mine Eyes ;  
My Strength on him alone depends,  
Who form'd the Earth and Skies.
- 2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,  
Forbids thy Feet to slide ;  
Nor Sleep nor Slumber seals the Eye  
Of *Israel's* Guard and Guide.
- 3 He at thy Hand, array'd in Might,  
His Shield shall o'er thee spread :  
Nor Sun by Day, nor Moon by Night,  
Shall hurt thy favor'd Head.
- 4 Safe shalt thou go, and safe return,  
While he thy Life defends,  
Whose Eyes thy ev'ry Step discern,  
Whose Mercy never ends.

## P S A L M CXXI. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **T**O *Sion's* Hill I lift my Eyes,  
From thence expecting Aid ;  
From *Sion's* Hill and *Sion's* God,  
Who Heav'n and Earth has made.
- 2 Then thou, my Soul, in Safety rest,  
Thy Guardian will not sleep ;  
His watchful Care, his pow'rful Hand,  
Will all his Servants keep.

3 Shelt

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,  
 Thou shalt securely rest,  
 Where neither Sun nor Moon shall thee  
 By Day or Night molest.

From ev'ry Danger, ev'ry Snare,  
 His Care shall guard thee still,  
 From open Violence preserve,  
 And from each latent Ill.

At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,  
 Thy God shall thee defend;  
 Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage,  
 Safe to thy Journey's End.

## P S A L M CXXI. Third Version. WATTS.

UP to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,  
 Th' eternal Hills beyond the Skies;  
 Whence all her Help my Soul derives;  
 Where my almighty Refuge lives.

He lives; the everlasting God,  
 Who built the World, who spread the Flood;  
 The Heav'ns with all their Hosts he made,  
 And the dark Regions of the Dead.

He guides our Feet, he guards our Way;  
 His Morning-Smiles bless all the Day;  
 He spreads the Ev'ning Veil, and keeps  
 The silent Hours while *Israel* sleeps.

*Israel*, a Name divinely blest,  
 May rise secure, securely rest;  
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful Eyes  
 Admit no Slumber nor Surprise.

No Sun shall smite thy Head by Day,  
 Nor the pale Moon with sickly Ray  
 Shall blast thy Couch; no baleful Star  
 Dart his malignant Fire so far.

Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,  
 Still thou shalt go and still return  
 Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly Care  
 Defends thy Life from ev'ry Snare.



## P S A L M CXXI. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **T**O Heav'n I lift my waiting Eyes,  
There all my Hopes are laid :  
The Lord, who built the Earth and Skies  
Is my perpetual Aid:
- 2 Their Feet shall never slide to fall,  
Whom he designs to keep ;  
His Ear attends the softest Call,  
His Eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest Pow'rs  
With his almighty Arm,  
And watch our most unguarded Hours  
Against surprizing Harm.
- 4 *Israel* rejoice and rest secure,  
Thy Keeper is the Lord ;  
His wakeful Eyes employ his Pow'r  
For thine eternal Guard.
- 5 Nor scorching Sun, nor sickly Moon  
Shall have his Leave to smite ;  
He shields thy Head from burning Noon,  
From blasting Damps at Night.
- 6 He guards thy Soul, he keeps thy Breath  
Where thickest Dangers come ;  
Go and return, secure from Death,  
Till God command thee Home.

## P S A L M CXXI. Fifth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine Eyes,  
From God is all my Aid ;  
The God that built the Skies,  
And Earth and Nature made ;  
God is the Tow'r  
To which I fly ;  
His Grace is nigh  
In ev'ry Hour.
- 2 My Feet shall never slide  
And fall in fatal Snares,  
Since God my Guard and Guide  
Defends me from my Fears.

Those wakeful Eyes  
That never sleep  
Shall *Israel* keep  
When Dangers rise.

No burning Heats by Day,  
Nor Blasts of Evening-Air  
Shall take my Health away,  
If God be with me there :

Thou art my Sun,  
And thou my Shade,  
To guard my Head  
By Night or Noon.

Hast thou not giv'n thy Word  
To save my Soul from Death ?  
And I can trust my LORD  
To keep my mortal Breath :  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from on high,  
Thou call me Home

PSALM CXXII. First Version. MERRICK.

*Zeal for God's House, and Delight in his Worship.*

**T**HE joyful Morn, my God, is come,  
That calls me to thy honor'd Dome  
Thy Presence to adore :

My Feet the Summons shall attend,  
With willing Steps thy Courts ascend ;  
And tread the hallow'd Floor.

Hither from *Judab's* utmost End,  
The Heav'n-protected Tribes ascend ;

Their Off'rings hither bring :  
Here, eager to attest their Joy,  
In Hymns of Praise their Tongues employ,  
And hail th' immortal King.

Be Peace implor'd by each on thee,  
O *Sion*, while with bended Knee

To *Jacob's* God we pray :  
How blest'd, who calls himself thy Friend !  
Success his Labor shall attend,  
And Safety guard his Way.

- 4 O may'st thou, free from hostile Fear,  
Nor the loud Voice of Tumult hear,  
Nor War's wild Wastes deplore :  
May Plenty nigh thee take her Stand,  
And in thy Courts, with lavish Hand,  
Distribute all her Store.
- 5 Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail !  
How can my Tongue, O *Sion*, fail  
To bless thy lov'd Abode ?  
How cease the Zeal that in me glows,  
Thy Good to seek, whose Walls inclose  
The Mansions of my God ?

## P S A L M CXXII. Second Version. WATTS.

*Going to Church.*

- 1 **H**OW did my Heart rejoice to hear  
My Friends devoutly say,  
" In *Zion* let us all appear,  
" And keep the solemn Day !"
- 2 I love her Gates, I love the Road ;  
The Church adorn'd with Grace  
Stands like a Palace built for God  
To shew his milder Face.
- 3 Peace be within this sacred Place,  
And Joy a constant Guest !  
With holy Gifts and heav'nly Grace  
Be her Attendants blest !
- 4 My Soul shall pray for *Zion* still,  
While Life or Breath remains ;  
There my best Friends, my Kindred dwell,  
There God my Saviour reigns.

## P S A L M CXXII. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I  
To hear the People cry,  
Come, let us seek our God To-Day ;  
Yes, with a chearful Zeal  
We haste to *Zion's* Hill,  
And there our Vows and Honors pay.

*Zion*, thrice happy Place,  
Adorn'd with wond'rous Grace,  
And Walls of Strength embrace thee round ;  
In thee our Tribes appear  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred Gospel's joyful Sound.

May Peace attend thy Gate,  
And Joy within thee wait  
To bless the Soul of ev'ry Guest !  
The Man who seeks thy Peace,  
And wishes thine Encrease,  
A thousand Blessings on him rest !

My Tongue repeats her Vows,  
Peace to this sacred House !  
Where my Friends and Kindred dwell ;  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee his blest Abode,  
Soul shall ever love thee well.

PSALM CXXIV. First Version. MERRICK.

*Praise for Deliverance from an invading Enemy.*

**I**AD God abandon'd from his Care  
Our Cause, when adverse Hosts to war  
Rose ; had God, may *Israel* say,  
Our Cause abandon'd ; in the Day  
When o'er the Plain their Troops were pour'd,  
It'd been by hostile Rage devour'd.

When we had sunk ; and o'er our Head  
The swelling Floods their Waves had spread ;  
When we had sunk, but blest be God,  
Thy Arm the timely Help bestow'd,  
And each Invader chas'd away,  
Tch'd from their Jaws th' expected Prey.

! as the Bird with sudden Spring  
Flies mounting upon the Wing,  
Rescu'd from the Fowler's Art,  
In triumph we, with thankful Heart,  
Are sav'd by his preventing Care,  
And from our Feet the broken Snare.

- 2 For as the Hills on ev'ry Side  
*Jerusalem* inclose,  
 So stands the Lord around his Saints,  
 To guard them from their Foes.
- 3 The Wicked may afflict the Just,  
 But ne'er too long oppress,  
 Nor force him by Despair to seek  
 Base Means for his Redress.
- 4 Be good, O righteous God, to those  
 Who righteous Deeds affect;  
 The Heart that Innocence retains,  
 Let Innocence protect.
- 5 All those who walk in crooked Paths,  
 The Lord shall soon destroy;  
 Cut off th' Unjust, but crown the Saints  
 With lasting Peace and Joy.

## P S A L M CXXV. Third Version. WATTS.

- + 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred Hill,  
 And firm as Mountains be,  
 Firm as a Rock the Soul shall rest  
 That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not Walls nor Hills could guard so well  
 Old *Salem's* sacred Ground,  
 As those eternal Arms of Love  
 Which ev'ry Saint surround.
- 3 While Tyrants are a smarting Scourge  
 To drive them near to God,  
 Divine Compassion does allay  
 The Fury of the Rod.
- 4 Protect, O Lord, the Souls sincere,  
 And lead them safely on  
 To the bright Gates of Paradise  
 Where *Christ* their Lord is gone.

## P S A L M CXXV. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 FIRM and unmov'd are they  
 Who rest their Souls on God;  
 Firm as the Mount where *David* dwelt,  
 Or where the Ark abode.

- 1 As Mountains stood to guard  
The City's sacred Ground,  
So God and his almighty Love  
Embrace his Saints around.
- 2 What tho' the Father's Rod  
Drop a chastising Stroke,  
Yet lest it wound their Souls too deep,  
Its Rigour shall be broke.
- 3 The Lord, will those preserve  
Whose Faith and pious Fear,  
Whose Hope, and Love, and ev'ry Grace  
Proclaim their Hearts sincere.

## P S A L M CXXVII. First Version. MERRICK.

*Success and Prosperity only from God.*

- 1 **A** Race by God unblest who rear,  
A fruitless Toil sustain ;  
If God to shield the Town forbear,  
The Watchman wakes in vain.
- 2 Why rise ye early, late take Rest,  
And eat the Bread of Care ?  
The Balm of Sleep, his Gift confess,  
His Children only share.
- 3 Know too thy Sons, that round thee stand,  
A Gift by him prepar'd ;  
Nor Arrows in the Giant's Hand  
Can yield so sure a Guard.
- 4 Blest, who his Quiver stores with these :  
When hostile Troops are near,  
His Gate the Storm approaching sees,  
Yet sees without a Fear.

## P S A L M CXXVII. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **W**E build with fruitless Cost, unless  
The Lord the Pile sustain ;  
Unless the Lord the City keep,  
The Watchman wakes in vain.

- 2 In vain we rise before the Day,  
And late to Rest repair,  
Allow no Respite to our Toil,  
And eat the Bread of Care.
- 3 Supplies of Life with Ease to them,  
He on his Saints bestows ;  
He crowns their Labors with Success,  
Their Night with sound Repose.
- 4 Children, those Comforts of our Life,  
Are Presents from the Lord ;  
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,  
As Piety's Reward.
- 5 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand,  
When marching forth to War,  
E'en so the Sons of sprightly Youth,  
Their Parents Safeguard are.
- 6 Happy the Man, whose Quivers fill'd  
With these prevailing Arms ;  
He needs not fear to meet his Foe  
At Law, or War's Alarms.

## P S A L M CXXVII. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **I**F God succeed not, all the Cost  
And Pains to build the House are lost ;  
If God the City will not keep,  
The watchful Guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What if you rise before the Sun,  
And work and toil when Day is done,  
Careful and sparing eat your Bread  
To shun that Poverty you dread ;
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest ;  
He can make rich, yet give us Rest :  
Children and Friends are Blessings too,  
If God our Sov'reign make them so.
- 4 Happy the Man to whom he sends  
Obedient Children, faithful Friends !  
How sweet our daily Comforts prove  
When they are season'd with his Love !

## P S A L M CXXVII. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **I**F God to build the House deny,  
The Builders work in vain ;  
And Towns without his wakeful Eye  
An useless Watch maintain.
- 2 Before the Morning-Beams arise  
Your painful Work renew,  
And till the Stars ascend the Skies  
Your tiresome Toil pursue ;
- 3 Short be your Sleep, and coarse your Fare ;  
In vain, till God has blest ;  
But if his Smiles attend your Care,  
You shall have Food and Rest.
- 4 Then Children, Relatives, and Friends  
Shall real Blessings prove,  
When all the earthly Joys he sends,  
Are crown'd with heav'nly Love.

## P S A L M CXXVIII. First Version. MERRICK.

*The happy Man, and Family Blessing.*

- 1 **H**OW blest the Souls, their God who fear,  
His Pow'r confess, his Law revere !  
O happy thou ! ordain'd to share  
Thy Maker's ever constant Care ;  
Thou privileg'd from Want shalt stand,  
And eat the Labor of thy Hand ;  
The Object of thy wedded Love  
Prolific as the Vine shall prove ;
- 2 Whose Foliage, o'er thy Walls display'd,  
Spreads wide its amicable Shade ;  
While, as the Olive-Branches fair,  
Around thy Board thy Infant Care  
Shall croud, and bid thy Heart o'erflow  
With Joys that only Parents know ;  
Such Blessings, Lord, thy Hands provide  
For each who makes thy Fear his Guide.
- 3 Hail, favor'd Man ! From *Sion's* Tow'r  
Thy God on thee his Gifts shall show'r :

Thou,



Thou, thankful, to thy latest Day  
 Shalt *Salem's* prosp'ring State survey;  
 With lengthen'd Joy, thine aged Eyes  
 Shall see thy Children's Children rise,  
 And Peace her healing Wings expand  
 O'er *Judab's* Heav'n-distinguish'd Land.

PSALM CXXVIII. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **T**HE Man is blest who fears the Lord,  
 Nor only Worship pays;  
 But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care  
 To his appointed Ways:
- 2 He shall upon the sweet Returns  
 Of his own Labor feed;  
 Without Dependance live, and see  
 His Wishes all succeed.
- 3 His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,  
 Her lovely Fruit shall bring;  
 His Children, like young Olive-Plants,  
 About his Table spring.
- 4 Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus;  
 Him *Sion's* God shall bless;  
 And grant him all his Days to see  
*Jerusalem's* Success.
- 5 He shall live on, 'till Heirs from him  
 Descend with vast Increase:  
 Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous State,  
 And more in *Britain's* Peace.

PSALM CXXVIII. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **O** Happy Man, whose Soul is fill'd  
 With Zeal and rev'rent Awe:  
 His Lips to God their Honors yield,  
 His Life adorns the Law.
- 2 A careful Providence shall stand  
 And ever guard thy Head,  
 Shall on the Labors of thy Hand  
 Its kindly Blessings shed.

Thy Wife shall be a fruitful Vine ;  
 Thy Children round thy Board  
 Each like a Plant of Honor shine,  
 And learn to fear the Lord.

The Lord shall thy best Hopes fulfil  
 For Months and Years to come ;  
 The Lord, who dwells on *Zion's Hill*  
 Shall send thee Blessings home.

This is the Man whose happy Eyes  
 Shall see his House encrease,  
 Shall see the sinking Church arise,  
 Then leave the World in Peace.

## P S A L M CXXIX. TATE.

*The Safety of God's Church, and Persecutors punish'd.*

FROM my Youth up, may *Israel* say,  
 They oft have me assail'd ;  
 Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,  
 But never quite prevail'd.

Defeat, Confusion, shameful Rout  
 Shall be the Doom of those,  
 The righteous Doom, who *Sion* hate,  
 And *Sion's* God oppose.

Like Corn upon our Houses Tops.  
 Untimely they shall fade ;  
 Which too much Heat, and Want of Root,  
 Has blasted in the Blade :

Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,  
 But unregarded leaves ;  
 Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains  
 To fold it into Sheaves.

No Traveller that passes by,  
 Vouchsafes a Minute's Stop,  
 To give it one kind Look, or crave  
 Heav'n's Blessing on the Crop.

## P S A L M CXXX. First Version. MERRICK.

*Pardoning Grace.*

TO thee from out the Deeps I pray,  
 With heavy Woes oppress'd :

Lord,

Lord, let thine Ears attentive weigh  
The Voice of my Request.

- 2 If thou from Sons of human Birth  
All thy just Debts demand,  
Who then, throughout the peopled Earth,  
Before thy Throne shall stand ?
- 3 But Sin's worst Wounds thy Mercy heals :  
As down its Pow'rs descend,  
The grateful Soul their Influence feels,  
And trembles to offend.
- 4 Thee, Lord, I seek, the Wise, the Just ;  
My Soul, by thee upheld,  
Expectant waits (thy Word its Trust)  
Till thou thy Beams shalt yield.
- 5 Not thus intent their longing Sight  
The wearied Watchmen rear,  
Not thus intent the growing Light  
Observe, when Morn is near.
- 6 O trust in God ; for Love in him,  
And Grace abundant, reign :  
He, *Jacob*, shall thy Sons redeem,  
And purge their ev'ry Stain.

P S A L M CXXX. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **F**ROM lowest Depths of Woe,  
To God I sent my Cry ;  
Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,  
And graciously reply.
- 2 Should'st thou severely judge,  
Who can the Trial bear ?  
But thou forgiv'st, that we thy Name  
Might love as well as fear.
- 3 My Soul with Patience waits  
For thee the living Lord ;  
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,  
Thy never-failing Word.
- 4 My longing Eyes look out  
For thy enliv'ning Ray ;

ore duly than the Morning Watch,  
 To spy the dawning Day.  
 Let *Israel* trust in God;  
 No Bounds his Mercy knows;  
 he plenteous Source and Spring from whence  
 Eternal Succour flows;  
 Those friendly Streams to us  
 Supplies in Want convey;  
 healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,  
 And wash our Guilt away.

PSALM CXXX. Third Version. WATTS.

GREAT God, should thy most holy Eye  
 And thine impartial Hand  
 Mark and avenge Iniquity,  
 No mortal Flesh could stand.  
 But there are Pardons with the Lord  
 For Crimes of high Degree;  
 Thou hast reveal'd them in thy Word,  
 To draw us near to thee.  
 I wait for thy Salvation, Lord,  
 With strong Desires I wait;  
 My Soul, invited by thy Word,  
 Stands watching at thy Gate.  
 Just as the Guards that keep the Night  
 Long for the Morning Skies,  
 Watch the first Beams of breaking Light,  
 And meet them with their Eyes.  
 So waits my Soul to see thy Grace,  
 And, more intent than they,  
 Seeks the first Op'nings of thy Face,  
 And finds a brighter Day.]  
 When in the Lord let *Israel* trust,  
 Let *Israel* seek his Face;  
 The Lord is good as well as just,  
 And plenteous is his Grace.  
 There's full Redemption at his Throne  
 For Sinners long enslav'd;  
 The great Redeemer is his Son:  
 And *Israel* shall be sav'd.

PSALM

## PSALM CXXX. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 FROM deep Distress and troubled Thoughts  
To thee, my God, I rais'd my Cries ;  
If thou severely mark our Faults,  
No Flesh can stand before thine Eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy Throne of Grace,  
Free to dispense thy Pardons there ;  
That Sinners may approach thy Face,  
And hope and love as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted Pilgrims wait,  
And long, and wish for breaking Day,  
So waits my Soul before thy Gate ;  
When will my God his Face display ?
- 4 My Trust is fix'd upon thy Word,  
Nor shall I trust thy Word in vain :  
Let mourning Souls address the Lord,  
And find Relief from all their Pain.
- 5 Great is his Love, and large his Grace,  
Thro' the Redemption of his Son :  
He turns our Feet from sinful Ways,  
And pardons what our Hands have done.

## P S A L M CXXX. Fifth Version.

- 1 WITH penitential Grief  
To thee, O God, I cry ;  
In Mercy hear my humble Pray'r,  
Attend my plaintive Sigh.
- 2 Should'st thou severely judge,  
Who could the Trial bear ?  
Beneath thy Frown my Heart would faint,  
And tremble in Despair.
- 3 But Mercy dwells with thee ;  
Hope dawns amidst my Fears ;  
Divine Forgiveness, large and free,  
Shall stop my flowing Tears.
- 4 On thee my Soul shall wait ;  
My Trust is in thy Word ;  
Thy Word of Grace can Light create,  
And sacred Peace afford.

My longing Eyes look out  
 For thy enliv'ning Ray,  
 More eager than the Morning Watch  
 To meet the op'ning Day.

Let mourning Souls on God,  
 With chearful Hope rely;  
 For Penitence can ne'er be vain,  
 Nor hated Sin destroy.

Tho' great our Crimes appear,  
 And fill our Hearts with Pain;  
 His pard'ning Love dispels our Fear,  
 And cleanses ev'ry Stain.

PSALM CXXX. Sixth Version. STEELE.

[O R D, should'st thou call me to thy Face,  
 And mark, with Eye severe,  
 Thy num'rous Faults, what Hope of Grace  
 My mournful Thoughts could cheer?

But sov'reign Mercy dwells with thee,  
 Hope dawns amid my Fears;  
 Divine Forgiveness, large and free,  
 Shall stay my flowing Tears.

On God alone my Soul would wait,  
 His sacred Word my Stay;  
 His sacred Word can Light create,  
 And turn my Night to Day.

As those who wait with longing Eyes,  
 To see the chearful Morn;  
 So shall my ardent Wishes rise,  
 Till thou, my God, return.

Let contrite Sinners on the Lord,  
 With humble Hope recline;  
 For Pow'r and Mercy, in his Word,  
 With boundless Glory shine.

Innumb'rd though their Sins appear,  
 And fill their Hearts with Pain;  
 His saving Love dispels their Fear,  
 And cleanses ev'ry Stain.

## P S A L M CXXX. Seventh Version.

- 1 **O**UT of the Deep of sad Distress,  
The gloomy Mazes of Despair,  
To Heav'n I raise my warm Address—  
Deign, O my God! to hear my Pray'r.  
O let thine Ear indulge my Grief!  
O let thy Mercy bring Relief.
- 2 Should'st thou, O God, minutely scan  
Our Faults, and as severely chide,  
No mortal Seed of sinful Man  
Could such a Scrutiny abide;  
But Mercy shines in all thy Ways;  
Bright Theme of universal Praise!
- 3 With longing Eyes I seek the Lord,  
Before his Throne my Soul attends,  
Firmly on his eternal Word  
My Hope is fix'd, my Faith depends.  
Before the Dawn my Soul shall rise  
In Contemplation to the Skies.
- 4 Yet contrite Minds on God rely;  
In Season he his Grace imparts:  
He'll send Redemption from on high,  
And soothe your penitential Hearts:  
For Mercy shines in all his Ways,  
Bright Theme of universal Praise.

## P S A L M CXXXI. First Version. MERRICK

*Humility, Meekness, Contentment, and Resignation.*

- 1 **T**HINE Eyes in me nor lofty Mind,  
Nor haughty Look, my God, shall find;  
Nor Earth's vain Pomp attracts my View,  
Nor Honor's Prize my Thoughts pursue.
- 2 Behold me of Affections mild,  
Behold me humble as the Child,  
That meek and silent sinks to Rest,  
Wean'd from the tender Parent's Breast.
- 3 O, fonder than the Parent, see  
Thy Maker, *Israel*, cherish thee;  
To latest Times on him depend,  
Thy Guide, thy Guardian, and thy Friend.

PSALM CXXXI. Second Version. WATTS.

Is there Ambition in my Heart?

Search, gracious God, and see;

Or do I act a haughty Part?

Lord, I appeal to thee.

Charge my Thoughts, be humble still,

And all my Carriage mild,

Content, my Father, with thy Will,

And lowly as a Child.

The patient Soul, the humble Mind

Shall have a large Reward:

Let Saints in Sorrow lie resign'd,

And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXI. Third Version.

THOU great and sacred Lord of all,  
Of Life the only Spring;

Creator of unnumber'd Worlds,

Immensely glorious King;

Drive from the Confines of my Heart,

Impenitence and Pride:

Nor let me in erroneous Paths

With thoughtless Sinners glide.

Whate'er thine all-discerning Eye

Sees for thy Creature fit,

I'll bless the Good, and to the Ill

Contentedly submit.

With humane Pleasure let me view

The Prosp'rous and the Great;

Malignant Envy let me fly,

With odious Self-Conceit.

Let not Despair nor fell Revenge

Be to my Bosom known;

O give me Tears for other's Woe

And Patience for my own.

Feed me with necessary Food,

I ask not Wealth nor Fame:

But give me Eyes to view thy Works,

And Sense to praise thy Name.



- 7 May my still Days obscurely pass,  
Without Remorse or Care ;  
And let me for the parting Hour,  
Incessantly prepare.

P S A L M CXXXII. First Version. WATTS

*At the Settlement of a Church, or the Ordination of a Minister.*

- 1 **T**HE God of *Israel* chose the Hill  
Of *Zion* for his antient Rest ;  
And *Zion* is his Dwelling still,  
His Church is with his Presence blest.
- 2 Here will I fix my gracious Throne,  
And reign for ever, saith the Lord ;  
Here shall my Pow'r and Love be known,  
And Blessings shall attend my Word.
- 3 Here will I meet the hungry Poor,  
And fill their Souls with living Bread ;  
Sinners that wait before my Door  
With sweet Provision shall be fed.
- 4 Girded with Truth, and cloth'd with Grace,  
My Priests, my Ministers shall shine ;  
Not *Aaron*, in his costly Dress,  
Made an Appearance so divine.
- 5 The Saints, unable to contain  
Their inward Joys, shall shout and sing ;  
The God of Mercy here shall reign,  
And *Zion* triumph in her King.

P S A L M CXXXII. Second Version. WATTS

*A Church established.*

- 1 **N**O Sleep, nor Slumber to his Eyes  
The Psalmist would afford,  
Till he had found below the Skies  
A Dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his Name,  
His Ark was settled there ;  
To *Zion* the whole Nation came  
To worship thrice a Year.

But we have no such Lengths to go,  
Nor wander far abroad;  
Where'er thy Saints assemble now,  
There is a House for God.

Arise, O King of Grace, arise,  
And enter to thy Rest:  
Lo thy Church waits with longing Eyes  
Thus to be own'd and blest.

Enter with all thy glorious Train,  
Thy Spirit and thy Word;  
All that the Ark did once contain  
Could no such Grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our Vows,  
Here let thy Praise be spread;  
Bless the Provisions of thy House,  
And fill thy Poor with Bread.

PSALM CXXXIII. First Version. TATE.

**H**OW vast must their Advantage be!  
How great their Pleasure prove!  
Who live like Brethren, and consent  
In Offices of Love!

'Tis like refreshing Dew, which does  
On *Hermon's* Top distil;  
Or like the early Drops, that fall  
On *Sion's* fruitful Hill.

For *Sion* is the chosen Seat,  
Where the almighty King,  
The promis'd Blessing has ordain'd,  
And Life's eternal Spring.

PSALM CXXXIII. Second Version. WATTS.

**L**O, what an entertaining Sight  
Are Brethren who agree,  
Brethren whose chearful Hearts unite  
In Bands of Piety!

- 2 Where Streams of Love from God the Spring  
Descend to ev'ry Soul,  
And heav'nly Peace with balmy Wing  
Shades and bedews the Whole :
- 3 'Tis pleasant as the Morning-Dews,  
That fall on *Sion's* Hill,  
Where God his mildest Glory shews,  
And makes his Grace distil.

## P S A L M CXXXIII. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **B**LEST are the Sons of Peace,  
Whose Hearts and Hopes are one,  
Whose kind Designs to serve and please  
Thro' all their Actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious House  
Where Zeal and Friendship meet,  
Their Songs of Praise, their mingled Vows  
Make their Communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heav'nly Hills  
The Saints are blest above,  
Where Joy like Morning-Dew distils  
And all the Air is Love.

## P S A L M CXXXIII. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see  
Kindred and Friends agree,  
Each in their proper Station move,  
And each fulfil their Part  
With sympathising Heart,  
In all the Cares of Life and Love !
- 2 Like fruitful Show'rs of Rain  
That water all the Plain,  
Descending from the neighb'ring Hills ;  
Such Streams of Pleasure roll  
Thro' ev'ry friendly Soul,  
Where Love like heav'nly Dew distils.

PSALM CXXXIII. Fifth Version.

**B**EHOLD with Joy the happy Scene ;  
How pleasing is the Sight,  
Where Brethren live in Love and Peace,  
And all their Hearts unite !

Delightful, as the shining Snow  
On lofty *Herman's* Top ;  
Or pearly Dew on *Zion's* Hills,  
When they with Fatness drop.

For there the Blessing of the Lord  
Rich Plenty doth bestow ;  
And Springs of living Water rise,  
Which shall for ever flow.

PSALM CXXXIII. Sixth Version. STEELE.

**H**OW pleasing is the Scene, how sweet !  
When kindred Souls in Friendship join ;  
Whose Joys and Cares united meet,  
In Bands of Amity divine.

Not flow'ry *Herman* e'er display'd,  
(Impearl'd with Dew) a fairer Sight ;  
Nor *Sion's* beauteous Hills, array'd  
In golden Beams of Morning Light.

'Tis here the Lord indulgent sheds  
His kindest Gifts, a heav'nly Store ;  
With Life immortal crowns their Heads,  
When Earth's frail Comforts please no more.

PSALM CXXXIV. First Version. MERRICK.

*Prayer and Praise.*

**Y**E Servants of th' eternal King,  
Your grateful Hymns triumphant sing :  
Within his Temple's sacred Frame  
With lifted Hands his Praise proclaim.

And he, may he, whose Pow'r has made  
The Earth, and Heav'n's wide Arch display'd,  
From sacred *Sion* bid us prove  
The Blessings of his boundless Love.

## P S A L M CXXXIV. Second Version. WATTS.

*Daily and Nightly Devotion.*

- 1 **Y**E who obey th' immortal King,  
Attend his holy Place,  
Bow to the Glories of his Pow'r,  
And bleſs his wond'rous Grace.
- 2 Lift up your Hands by Morning-Light,  
And ſend your Souls on high ;  
Raiſe your admiring Thoughts by Night  
Above the ſtarry Sky.
- 3 The God of *Zion* cheers our Hearts  
With Rays of quick'ning Grace ;  
The God who ſpreads the Heav'ns abroad,  
And rules the ſwelling Seas.

## P S A L M CXXXV. Firſt Version. MERRICK.

*God's Power and Providence.*

- 1 **Y**E Servants of your God, his Fame  
In Songs of higheſt Praise proclaim :  
Ye who, on his Commands intent,  
The Courts of *Iſrael's* Lord frequent.
- 2 Him praise, the everlaſting King,  
And Mercy's unexhausted Spring :  
Haſte, to his Name your Voices rear ;  
What Name like his the Heart can cheer ?
- 3 Thy Greatneſs, Lord, my Thoughts atteſt,  
With awful Gratitude impreſs'd,  
Nor know, among the Seats divine,  
A Pow'r that ſhall contend with thine :
- 4 O thou, whoſe all-diſpoſing Sway,  
The Heav'ns, the Earth, and Seas obey ;  
Whoſe Might through all Extent extends,  
Sinks through all Depth, all Height tranſcends ;
- 5 From Earth's low Margin to the Skies  
Now bids the pregnant Vapors riſe,  
The Light'ning's pallid Sheet expands,  
And glads with Show'rs the furrow'd Lands :

Now from thy Storehouse, built on high,  
Permits th' imprison'd Winds to fly,  
And, guided by thy Will to sweep  
The Surface of the foaming Deep.

Him praise, the everlasting King,  
And Mercy's unexhausted Spring:  
Haste, to his Name your Voices rear;  
What Name like his the Heart can cheer?

PSALM CXXXV. Second Version. First Part. TATE.

*Praise to God.*

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord with one Consent,  
And magnify his Name;  
Let all the Servants of the Lord  
His highest Praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise him, all ye who in his House  
Attend with constant Care,  
All ye who to his sacred Courts  
With Humble Zeal repair.
- 3 For this our truest Int'rest is,  
Glad Hymns of Praise to sing;  
And with loud Songs to bless his Name,  
A most delightful Thing.
- 4 The Lord with unresisted Strength  
Performs his sov'reign Will:  
In Heav'n, and Earth, and wat'ry Stores,  
That Earth's deep Caverns fill.
- 5 He raises Vapors from the Ground,  
Which, pois'd in liquid Air,  
Fall down at last in Show'rs, thro' which  
His dreadful Light'nings glare!
- 6 That God is good, we often have  
By glad Experience found;  
And know how he with wond'rous Pow'r  
Above all Gods is crown'd.
- 7 O praise the Lord with one Consent,  
And magnify his Name;  
Let all the Servants of the Lord  
His highest Praise proclaim.

## P S A L M CXXXV. Second Version. Second Part.

*Praise due to God, not to Idols.*

- 1 **T**HOSE Idols, whose false Worship spreads  
O'er all the Heathen Lands,  
And made of Silver and of Gold,  
The Work of human Hands.
- 2 'They move not their fictitious Tongues,  
Nor see with polish'd Eyes;  
Their counterfeited Ears are deaf;  
No Breath their Mouth supplies.
- 3 As senseless as themselves are they  
Who all their Skill apply  
To make them, or, in dang'rous Times,  
On them for Aid rely.
- 4 'Their just Returns of Thanks to God  
Let grateful *Britons* pay:  
Let none of *Britain's* happy Sons  
To bless the Lord delay.
- 5 Their Sense of his unbounded Love  
Let pious Souls express;  
And let all those who fear the Lord  
His Name for ever bless.
- 6 Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works  
Within his House proclaim,  
Let them in *Sion*, where he dwells,  
Exalt his holy Name.

## P S A L M CXXXV. Third Version. WATTS.

*The Church is God's Care.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; exalt his Name  
While in his holy Courts ye wait,  
Ye Saints, that to his House belong,  
Or stand attending at his Gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;  
To praise his Name is sweet Employ:  
*Israel* he chose of old, and still  
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

The Lord himself will judge his Saints ;  
 He treats his Servants as his Friends ;  
 And when he hears their sad Complaints,  
 His Grace relieves their drooping Minds.

Thro' ev'ry Age the Lord declares  
 His Name, and breaks th' Oppressor's Rod ;  
 He gives his suff'ring Servants Rest,  
 And will be known *Th' almighty God*.

Bless ye the Lord who taste his Love,  
 People and Priests exalt his Name :  
 Among his Saints he ever dwells ;  
 His Church is his *Jerusalem*.

P S A L M CXXXV. Fourth Version. WATTS.

*Praise due to God, not to Idols.*

**A**WAKE, ye Saints : To praise your King  
 Your sweetest Passions raise,  
 Your pious Pleasure, while you sing,  
 Increasing with the Praise.

Great is the Lord ; and Works unknown  
 Are his divine Employ :  
 But still his Saints are near his Throne,  
 His Treasure and his Joy.

Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, confess his Hand ;  
 He bids the Vapors rise ;  
 Light'ning and Storm at his Command  
 Sweep thro' the sounding Skies.

All Pow'r that Gods or Kings have claim'd  
 Is found with him alone ;  
 But Heathen Gods should ne'er be nam'd  
 Where our *Jehovah's* known.

Which of the Stocks or Stones they trust  
 Can give them Show'rs of Rain ?  
 In vain they worship glitt'ring Dust,  
 And pray to Gold in vain.

Their Gods have Tongues that cannot talk,  
 Such as their Makers gave :  
 Their Feet were ne'er design'd to walk,  
 Nor Hands have Pow'r to save.



- 7 Blind are their Eyes, their Ears are deaf,  
Nor hear when Mortals pray;  
Mortals, who wait for their Relief,  
Are blind and deaf as they.
- 8 O *Britain*, know thy living God,  
Serve him with Faith and Fear;  
He makes thy Churches his Abode,  
And claims thine Honors there.

P S A L M CXXXVI. First Version. MERRICK.

*The Perfections and Providence of God.*

- 1 **L**IFT your Voice, and thankful sing  
Praises to your heav'nly King;  
For his Blessings far extend,  
And his Mercy knows no End.
- 2 Be the Lord your only Theme,  
Who of Gods is God supreme;  
He to whom all Lords beside  
Bow the Knee, and vail their Pride;
- 3 Who asserts his just Command  
By the Wonders of his Hand;  
He whose Wisdom thron'd on high  
Built the Mansions of the Sky;
- 4 He, who bade the wat'ry Deep  
Under Earth's Foundation sleep,  
And the Orbs that gild the Pole  
Through the boundless Æther roll;
- 5 Thee, O Sun, whose pow'rful Ray  
Rules the Empire of the Day;  
You, O Moon and Stars, whose Light  
Gilds the Darkness of the Night.
- 6 He with Food sustains, O Earth,  
All who claim from thee their Birth;  
For his Blessings far extend,  
And his Mercy knows no End.
- 7 Lift your Voice, and thankful sing  
Praise to Heav'n's eternal King;  
For his Blessings far extend,  
And his Mercy knows no End.

P S A L M CXXXVI. Second Version. TATE.

**G**OD the mighty Lord,  
 Your joyful Thanks repeat;  
 O him due Praise afford,  
 As good as he is great:  
 For God will prove  
 Our constant Friend;  
 His boundless Love  
 Shall never end.

O him whose wond'rous Pow'r  
 All other Gods obey,  
 Whom earthly Kings adore,  
 His grateful Homage pay;  
 For God will prove  
 Our constant Friend;  
 His boundless Love  
 Shall never end.

By his almighty Hand,  
 Amazing Works are wrought;  
 He Heav'ns by his Command  
 Were to Perfection brought:  
 And God will prove  
 Our constant Friend;  
 His boundless Love  
 Shall never end.

He spread the Ocean round  
 About the spacious Land;  
 And made the rising Ground  
 Above the Waters stand:  
 And God will prove  
 Our constant Friend;  
 His boundless Love  
 Shall never end.

Thro' Heav'n he doth display  
 His num'rous Hosts of Light;  
 The Sun to rule by Day,  
 The Moon and Stars by Night:  
 And God will prove  
 Our constant Friend;  
 His boundless Love  
 Shall never end.

He doth the Food supply  
 On which all Creatures live :  
 To-God who reigns on high  
 Eternal Praises give ;  
     For God will prove  
     Our constant Friend ;  
     His boundless Love  
     Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVI. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 **G**IVE Thanks to God the sov'reign Lord ;  
     His Mercies still endure.  
 And be the King of Kings ador'd :  
     His Truth is ever sure.
- 2 What Wonders hath his Wisdom done !  
     How mighty is his Hand !  
 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea he fram'd alone :  
     How wide is his Command !
- 3 The Sun supplies the Day with Light ;  
     How bright his Counsels shine !  
 The Moon and Stars adorn the Night :  
     His Works are all divine.
- 4 He saw the Nations dead in Sin ;  
     He felt his Pity move.  
 How sad the State the World was in !  
     How boundless was his Love !
- 5 He sent to save us from our Woe ;  
     His Goodness never fails.  
 From Sin and Death, and ev'ry Foe :  
     And still his Grace prevails.
- 6 Give Thanks to God the heav'nly King ;  
     His Mercies still endure.  
 Let the whole Earth his Praises sing ;  
     His Truth is ever sure.

PSALM CXXXVI. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **G**IVE Thanks to God most high,  
     The universal Lord ;

The

- The sov'reign King of Kings ;  
 And be his Grace ador'd,  
 His Pow'r and Grace  
 Are still the same ;  
 And let his Name  
 Have endless Praise.
- 2 How mighty is his Hand !  
 What Wonders hath he done !  
 He form'd the Earth and Seas,  
 And spread the Heav'ns alone.  
 Thy Mercy, Lord,  
 Shall still endure ;  
 And ever sure  
 Abides thy Word.
- 3 His Wisdom fram'd the Sun  
 To crown the Day with Light ;  
 The Moon and glitt'ring Stars  
 To cheer the darksome Night.  
 His Pow'r and Grace  
 Are still the same ;  
 And let his Name  
 Have endless Praise.
- 4 He saw the Nations lie  
 All perishing in Sin,  
 And pity'd the sad State  
 The ruin'd World was in.  
 Thy Mercy Lord,  
 Shall still endure ;  
 And ever sure  
 Abides thy Word.
- 5 He sent his only Son  
 To save us from our Woe,  
 From Error Sin, and Death,  
 And ev'ry hurtful Foe.  
 His Pow'r and Grace  
 Are still the same ;  
 And let his Name  
 Have endless Praise.
- 6 Give Thanks aloud to God,  
 To God the heav'nly King ;  
 T 6

And

And let the spacious Earth  
 His Works and Glories sing.  
 Thy Mercy, Lord,  
 Shall still endure ;  
 And ever sure  
 Abides thy Word.

P S A L M CXXXVI. Fifth Version. WATTS.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal Praise ;  
 Mercy and Truth are all his Ways :  
 Wonders of Grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of Lords Renown,  
 The King of Kings with Glory crown :  
 His Mercies ever shall endure  
 When Lords and Kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the Earth, he spread the Sky,  
 And fixt the starry Lights on high :  
 Wonders of Grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
- 4 He fills the Sun with Morning-Light,  
 He bids the Moon direct the Night :  
 His Mercies ever shall endure  
 When Suns and Moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with Pow'r to save  
 From Guilt and Darknes and the Grave :  
 Wonders of Grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
- 6 Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet,  
 And leads us to his heav'nly Seat :  
 His Mercies ever shall endure  
 When this vain World shall be no more.

P S A L M CXXXVI. Sixth Version. DODDRIDGE,

- 1 **H**OUSE of our God, with chearful Anthems ring,  
 While all our Lips and Hearts his Praises sing :  
 The op'ning Year his Graces shall proclaim,  
 And all its Days be vocal with his Name.  
 The Lord is good, his Mercy never-ending ;  
 His Blessings in perpetual Show'rs descending.

2 The

- 2 The Heav'n of Heav'ns he with his Bounty fills :  
 Ye Seraphs bright on ever-blooming Hills,  
 His Honors sound ; you to whom Good alone,  
 Unmingled, ever-growing has been known.  
 Thro' your immortal Life, with Love increasing,  
 Proclaim your Maker's Goodness never-ceasing.
- 3 Thou Earth, enlighten'd by his Rays divine,  
 Pregnant with Grasse, and Corn, and Oil, and Wine,  
 Crown'd with his Goodness, let thy Nations meet,  
 And lay their Crowns at his paternal Feet:  
 With grateful Love that lib'ral Hand confessing,  
 Which thro' each Heart diffuseth ev'ry Blessing.
- 4 Zion enrich'd with his distinguish'd Grace,  
 Blest with the Rays of his all-glorious Face,  
 Zion, Jehovah's Portion, and Delight,  
 Grav'n on his Hands, and hourly in his Sight,  
 In sacred Strains exalt that Grace excelling,  
 Which makes thy humble Hill his chosen Dwelling.
- 5 His Mercy never ends ; the Dawn, the Shade  
 Still see new Bounties thro' new Scenes display'd :  
 Succeeding Ages blest this sure Abode,  
 And Children lean upon their Father's God.  
 The active Soul, thro' its immense Duration,  
 Drinks from this Source immortal Consolation.
- 6 Burst into Praise, my Soul ; all Nature join ;  
 Angels and Men in Harmony combine :  
 While human Years are measur'd by the Sun,  
 And while Eternity its Course shall run,  
 His Goodness, in perpetual Show'rs descending,  
 Exalt in Songs, and Raptures never-ending.

P S A L M CXXXVI. Seventh Version. MILTON.

- 1 **L**ET us with a joyful Mind  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind :  
 For his Mercies shall endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound his Name abroad,  
 For of Gods he is the God :  
 For his, &c.

- 3 Who by Wisdom did create  
Th' Heav'ns on high, and all their State:  
For his, &c.
- 4 And the solid Earth ordain  
How to rise above the Main:  
For his, &c.
- 5 Who by his commanding Might,  
Fill'd the new-made World with Light:  
For his, &c.
- 6 Who ordain'd the glorious Sun,  
All the Day his Course to run:  
For his, &c.
- 7 And the Moon to shine by Night,  
Mid her spangled Sisters bright.  
For his, &c.
- 8 All his Creatures God does feed,  
His full Hand supplies their Need:  
For his, &c.
- 9 Let us therefore warble forth  
His high Majesty and Worth:  
For his, &c.
- 10 He his Mansion hath on high,  
'Bove the Reach of mortal Eye:  
And his Mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

## P S A L M CXXXVI. Eighth Version.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, the universal King,  
His Truth and Pow'r and his Salvation sing;  
Him God of Gods, him Lord of Lords proclaim,  
Let it be known he ever reigns supreme.
- 2 What mighty Deeds have by his Pow'r been done!  
Amazing Wonders by his Pow'r alone:  
He by his Wisdom spread abroad the Sky,  
And hung out all the starry Lamps on high.
- 3 He bade the Seas divide from solid Land,  
And made the Earth above the Waters stand:  
He form'd the Sun to bless the Day with Light,  
The Moon to cheer the gloomy Face of Night.

For his People needful Food provides,  
 Towards all their Blessings, all their Steps he guides:  
 Thro' Snares and Dangers safely leads them on  
 To Bliss immortal, and his heav'nly Throne.

PSALM CXXXVIII. First Version. MERRICK.

*Confidence in God, and his Perfections celebrated.*

**I**N low Prostration, tow'rd thy Shrine,  
 My God thy Servant shall incline,  
 And thankful teach the rapt'rous Lay  
 Thy Faith and Mercy to display,  
 Whose Sanctity all Height transcends;  
 Whose Word eternal Truth attends;  
 Whose Pow'r, while thee my Pray'r address'd,  
 Has fill'd with heav'n-born Strength my Breast;  
 Earth's Lords, by thy Instructions led,  
 With *Israel's* Sons thy Path shall tread,  
 And, joyous, as they march along,  
 Thy Glory chaunt in grateful Song:  
 Thee Nature's only Lord attest,  
 Of boundless Excellence possess'd,  
 Enthron'd above the loftiest Sky,  
 Yet wont the Humble to descry,  
 And, from thy distant Seat, deride  
 The frantic Boasts of human Pride.  
 Should threat'ning Dangers raise my Fear,  
 Thy quick'ning Grace my Heart shall cheer:  
 What Bliss thy Promise bids me Share,  
 Hasten, Lord, to yield; nor from thy Care  
 O'er ever faithful, wise and good)  
 The Creature of thy Hands exclude.

PSALM CXXXVIII. Second Version. TATE.

*Use for Mercies received, and humble Confidence in God's  
 continued Goodness.*

**W**ITH our whole Heart, our God and King,  
 Thy Praise we will proclaim;  
 Before thee, Lord, with Joy will sing,  
 And bless thy holy Name.  
 We'll worship at thy sacred Seat,  
 And, with thy Love inspir'd,

The



- The Praises of thy Truth repeat,  
O'er all thy Works admir'd.
- 3 Thou graciously inclin'd'st thine Ear,  
When we to thee did cry;  
And when our Soul was press'd with Fear,  
Did'st inward Strength supply.
- 4 We all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,  
With chearful Songs shall blefs;  
And all thy glorious Acts record,  
Thy awful Pow'r confefs.
- 5 For God, altho' inthron'd on high,  
Does thence the Poor respect;  
The Proud, far off, however high  
Beholds with just Neglect.
- 6 Tho' we with Troubles be oppress'd,  
He will all Ills disarm,  
Relieve his People when distress'd,  
And keep us safe from Harm.
- 7 The Lord, whose Mercies ever last,  
Shall fix our happy State;  
And, mindful of his Favors past,  
Shall his own Works compleat.

## P S A L M CXXXVIII. Third Version. WATT

*Restoring and preserving Grace.*

- 1 **W**ITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue  
I'll praise my Maker in my Song:  
While holy Zeal directs my Eyes  
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.
- 2 I'll sing thy Truth and Mercy, Lord,  
I'll sing the Wonders of thy Word;  
Not all thy Works and Names below  
So much thy Pow'r and Glory show.
- 3 The God of Heav'n maintains his State,  
Frowns on the Proud, and scorns the Great;  
But from his Throne descends to see  
The Sons of humble Poverty.
- 4 Amid a thousand Snares I stand  
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand;

Thy Words my fainting Soul revive, }  
 And keep my dying Faith alive.

Grace will compleat what Grace begins,  
 To save from Sorrows or from Sins :  
 The Work that Wisdom undertakes ;  
 Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXVIII. Fourth Version. STEELE.

*A Song of Praise.*

**T**O thee, my God, my Heart shall bring  
 The lively grateful Song ;  
 Attending Crouds shall hear me sing,  
 With Rapture on my Tongue.

Before thy Throne with humble Joy,  
 I will adore thy Name ;  
 Thy Praise shall be my best Employ,  
 Thy Love and Truth my Theme.

Amid the Glories of thy Name,  
 Thy Truth exalted shines ;  
 A faithful God thy Words proclaim  
 In everlasting Lines.

Th' eternal God looks kindly down,  
 And smiles on humble Souls ;  
 But from afar his piercing Frown  
 The Sons of Pride controuls.

Thou, Lord, wilt all my Hopes fulfil,  
 To thee the Work belongs ;  
 Let endless Mercy guide me still,  
 And tune my grateful Songs.

SALM CXXXVIII. Fifth Version. DODDRIDGE.

*God strengthening the Souls of his praying People.*

**M**Y Soul, review the trembling Days, )  
 In which my God I sought ;  
 I cry'd aloud for Aid divine,  
 And Aid divine he brought.

Thro' all my weak and fainting Heart  
 His secret Strength he spread,  
 And clasp'd me in his Arms of Love,  
 And rais'd my drooping Head.

- 3 He call'd himself my Cov'nant-God,  
His Promises he shew'd ;  
And wide display'd their solemn Seal  
In the Redeemer's Blood.
- 4 I heard his People shout around,  
And join'd their chearful Song ;  
And saw from far the shining Seats,  
Which to his Saints belong.
- 5 My God, what inward Strength thou giv'st  
I to thy Service vow ;  
And in thy Strength would upward march,  
Till at thy Throne I bow.

## PSALM CXXXVIII. Sixth Version. DODDRIE

*Singing in the Ways of God.*

- 1 **N**OW let our Voices join,  
To form one pleasant Song :  
Ye Pilgrims in *Jehovah's* Ways,  
With Music pass along.
- 2 How strait the Path appears !  
How open, and how fair !  
No lurking Gins t'entrap our Feet ;  
No fierce Destroyer there.
- 3 But Flow'rs of Paradise  
In rich Profusion spring ;  
The Sun of Glory gilds the Path,  
And dear Companions sing.
- 4 See *Salem's* golden Spires  
In beauteous Prospect rise ;  
And brighter Crowns than Mortals wear,  
Which sparkle thro' the Skies.
- 5 All Honor to his Name,  
Who drew the shining Trace ;  
To him, who leads the Wand'ers on,  
And cheers them with his Grace.
- 6 Reduce the Nations, Lord,  
Teach all their *KINGS* thy Ways,  
That Earth's full Choir the Notes may swell,  
And Heav'n resound the Praise.

CXXXIX. First Version. First Part. MERRICK.

*God's infinite Knowledge and Omnipresence.*

OW deep thy Knowledge, Lord, how wide !  
Long to the fruitless Talk apply'd,  
mighty Sea my Thoughts explore,  
each its Depth, nor find its Shore.

se my future Thoughts are read ;  
round my Path, and round my Bed,  
lest vigilant ; each Word,  
er I speak, by thee is heard.

shall I shun thy wakeful Eye,  
ither from thy Spirit fly ?  
to Heav'n my Course I bear ;  
n ; for thou, my God, art there :

ne to Hell my Feet descend,  
still my Footsteps shalt attend :  
v, on swiftest Wings upborne,  
the Regions of the Morn ;

ste me to the Western Steep,  
Eve sits brooding o'er the Deep,  
land the Fugitive shall stay,  
dictate to my Steps their Way.

ance within its thickest Veil  
Darkness shall my Head conceal :  
nstant, Thou hast chas'd away  
gloom, and round me pour'd the Day.

iefs, great God, to thee there's none ;  
iefs and Light to thee are one ;  
righter shines to thee display'd  
Noon than Night's obscurest Shade.

nay these Thoughts possess my Breast,  
ere'er I rove, where'er I rest !  
let my weaker Passions dare  
sent to Sin, for God is there.

LM CXXXIX. First Version. Second Part.

*Man wonderfully and divinely made.*

Y Reins, my Fabric's ev'ry Part,  
The Wonders of God's plastic Art

Proclaim

Proclaim, and prompt my willing Tongue  
To meditate the grateful Song :

- 2 While yet a Stranger to the Day  
Within the burthen'd Womb I lay,  
My Bones, familiar to thy View,  
By just Degrees to Firmness grew :
- 3 Day to succeeding Day consign'd  
Th' unfinish'd Birth ; thy mighty Mind  
Each Limb, each Nerve, ere yet they were,  
Contemplated distinct and clear ;
- 4 Those Nerves thy curious Finger spun,  
Those Limbs it fashion'd one by one ;  
And, as thy Pen in fair Design  
Trac'd on thy Book each shad'wy Line,
- 5 Thy Handmaid Nature read them there,  
And made the growing Work her Care,  
Conform'd it to th' unerring Plan,  
And gradual wrought me into Man.
- 6 With what Delight, great God, I trace  
The Acts of thy stupendous Grace !  
To count them, were to count the Sand  
That lies upon the sea-beat Strand.

P S A L M CXXXIX. First Version. Third

*A Prayer to God as the Searcher of Hearts.*

- 1 **S** EARCHER of Hearts, my Thoughts review  
With kind Severity pursue  
Through each Disguise thy Servant's Mind,  
Nor leave one Stain of Guilt behind.
- 2 Life's Maze, before my View outspread,  
Within thy Presence wrapt I tread ;  
Guide thro' th' eternal Path my Feet,  
And bring me to thy blissful Seat.

P S A L M CXXXIX. Second Version. T

*God's wonderful Goodness displayed in our Great  
subsequent Support.*

- 1 **G** O D knows the Texture of my Heart,  
My Reins, and ev'ry vital Part,

Each single Thread, in Nature's Loom,  
 ' Him was cover'd in the Womb.

I praise thee, from whose Hands I came,  
 Work of such a curious Frame;  
 He Wonders thou in me hast shown,  
 y Soul with grateful Joy must own.

Thine Eyes my Substance did survey,  
 While yet a lifeless Mass it lay:  
 Secret how exactly wrought,  
 -e from its dark Enclosure brought.

Thou didst the shapeless Embryo see,  
 : Parts were register'd by thee;  
 Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,  
 Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

Lord, since in my advancing Age  
 -e acted on Life's busy Stage,  
 My Thoughts of Love to me surmount  
 The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.

Could survey the Ocean o'er,  
 And count each Sand that makes the Shore  
 Before my swiftest Thoughts could trace  
 The num'rous Wonders of thy Grace.

These on my Heart are still impress'd,  
 With these I give my Eyes to Rest;  
 And at my waking Hour I find  
 God and his Love possess my Mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*The all-seeing God.*

L ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';  
 Thine Eye commands with piercing View  
 My rising and my resting Hours,  
 My Heart and Flesh with all their Pow'rs.  
 My Thoughts, before they are my own,  
 Are to my God distinctly known;  
 He knows the Words I mean to speak  
 Ere from their op'ning Lips they break.

3 Within

- 3 Within thy circling Pow'r I stand;  
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand:  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing Knowledge, vast and great!  
What large Extent! what lofty Height!  
My Soul with all the Pow'rs I boast  
Is in the boundless Prospect lost.
- 5 O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor let my weaker Passions dare  
Consent to Sin, for God is there.

## P A U S E I.

- 6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy Service and thy Love,  
Where, Lord, could I thy Presence shun,  
Or from thy awful Glory run?
- 7 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light;  
If down to Hell's dark doleful Plains;  
'Tis there almighty Justice reigns.
- 8 If mounted on a Morning Ray  
I fly beyond the Western Sea,  
Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy Fugitive.
- 9 Or should I try to shun thy Sight  
Beneath the spreading Veil of Night,  
One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray  
Would kindle Darknefs into Day.
- 10 O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor let my weaker Passions dare  
Consent to Sin, for God is there.

## P A U S E II.

- 11 The Veil of Night is no Disguise,  
No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes;  
Thy Hand can seize thy Foes as soon  
Thro' Midnight Shades as blazing Noon.

Midnight and Noon in this agree,  
 Great God, they're both alike to thee.  
 Not Death can hide what God will spy,  
 And Hell lies naked to his Eye.

O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,  
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
 Nor let my weaker Passions dare  
 Consent to Sin, for God is there.

PSALM CXXXIX. Third Version. Second Part.

*The wonderful Formation of Man.*

**T** WAS from thy Hand, my God, I came,  
 A Work of such a curious Frame;  
 In me thine awful Wonders shine,  
 And each proclaims thy Skill divine.

Thine Eyes did all my Limbs survey,  
 Which yet in dark Confusion lay;  
 Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,  
 Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

By thee my growing Parts were nam'd,  
 And what thy sov'reign Counsels fram'd,  
 (The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart)  
 Was copy'd with unerring Art.

At last to shew my Maker's Name,  
 God stamp'd his Image on my Frame,  
 And to the finish'd Members join'd  
 A living Soul, a reas'ning Mind.

There the young Seeds of Thought began  
 And all the Passions of the Man:  
 Great God, our Infant-Nature pays  
 Immortal Tribute to thy Praise.

PSALM CXXXIX. Third Version. Third Part.

*The Heart-searching God.*

**M**Y God, what inward Grief I feel  
 When impious Men transgress thy Will!  
 I mourn to hear their Lips profane  
 Take thy tremendous Name in vain,



## PSALM CXXXIX. Fourth Version. Third Part.

*God's Mercies innumerable.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,  
 They strike me with Surprise;  
 Not all the Sands that spread the Shore  
 To equal Numbers rise.
- 2 My Flesh with Fear and Wonder stands,  
 The Product of thy Skill,  
 And hourly Blessings from thy Hands  
 Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.
- 3 These on my Heart by Night I keep;  
 How kind, how dear to me!
- † O may the Hour that ends my Sleep  
 Still find my Thoughts with thee.

## PSALM CXXXIX. Fifth Version. First Part. DODDRIDGE.

*A Prayer to God as the Searcher of Hearts.*

- 1 **S**EARCHER of Hearts, before thy Face  
 I humbly all my Soul display;  
 Conscious how frail my Nature is,  
 I now intreat thy strict Survey.
- 2 If lurking in its inmost Folds  
 My Heart some fav'rite Sin conceal,  
 O let a Ray of Light divine  
 At once the secret Guile reveal.
- 3 If now in fatal Fetters bound  
 To Vice a wretched Slave I lie,  
 Smite off my Chains, and wake my Soul  
 To heav'nly Light and Liberty.
- 4 To humble Penitence and Pray'r,  
 O Lord, be gentle Pity giv'n;  
 Speak ample Pardon to my Heart,  
 In Mercy seal its Claim to Heav'n.

## PSALM CXXXIX. Fifth Version. Second Part.

*God's numberless Mercies thankfully acknowledged.*

- 1 **I**N glad Amazement, Lord, I stand,  
 Amid the Bounties of thy Hand;

ow numberless those Bounties are!  
ow rich, how various, and how fair!

at O! what poor Returns I make!  
hat lifeless Thanks I pay thee back!  
ord, I confess with humble Shame,  
y Off'rings scarce deserve the Name.

ain would my lab'ring Heart devise  
o bring some nobler Sacrifice:  
sinks beneath the mighty Load:  
hat shall I render to my God?

o him I consecrate my Praise,  
nd vow the Remnant of my Days;  
et what at best can I pretend  
orthy such Gifts from such a Friend?

deep Abasement, Lord, I see  
y Emptiness and Poverty:  
rich my Soul with Grace divine,  
nd make it worthier to be thine.

ive me at length an Angel's Tongue,  
at Heav'n may echo with my Song;  
ne Theme, too great for Time, shall be  
he Joy of long Eternity.

ALM CXXXIX. Sixth Version. BLACKLOCK.

*God's Omniscience and Omnipresence.*

**M**E, O my God! thy piercing Eye,  
In Motion, or at Rest, surveys;  
to the lonely Couch I fly,  
Or travel through frequented Ways;  
here'er I move, thy boundless Reign,  
y mighty Presence, circles all the Scene.

here shall my Thoughts from thee retire,  
Whose View pervades my inmost Heart!  
e latent, kindling, young Desire,  
The Word, ere from my Lips it part,  
thee their various Forms display,  
nd shine reveal'd in thy unclouded Day.

- 3 Behind me if I turn my Eyes,  
 Or forward bend my wand'ring Sight,  
 Whatever Objects round me rise  
 Through the wide Fields of Air and Light;  
 With thee impress'd, each various Frame  
 The forming, moving, present God proclaim.
- 4 Father of all, omniscient Mind,  
 Thy Wisdom who can comprehend?  
 Its highest Point what Eye can find,  
 Or to its lowest Depths descend?  
 That Wisdom, which, ere Things began,  
 Saw full express'd th' all-comprehending Plan!
- 5 What Cavern deep, what Hill sublime,  
 Beyond thy Reach, shall I pursue?  
 What dark Recess, what distant Clime,  
 Shall hide me from thy boundless View?  
 Where from thy Spirit shall I fly,  
 Diffusive, vital, felt through Earth and Sky?

## P A U S E I.

- 6 If up to Heav'n's ætherial Height,  
 Thy Prospect to elude, I rise;  
 In Splendor there, supremely bright,  
 Thy Presence shall my Sight surprise:  
 There, beaming from their Source divine,  
 In full Meridian, Light and Beauty shine.
- 7 Beneath the pendent Globe if laid,  
 If plung'd in Hell's Abyss profound,  
 I call on Night's impervious Shade  
 To spread essential Blackness round;  
 Conspicuous to thy wide Survey,  
 E'en Hell's grim Horrors kindle into Day.
- 8 Thee, mighty God! my wond'ring Soul,  
 Thee, all her conscious Pow'rs adore;  
 Whose Being circumscribes the Whole,  
 Whose Eyes its utmost Bounds explore:  
 Alike illum'd by native Light,  
 Amid the Sun's full Blaze, or Gloom of Night.
- 9 If through the Fields of Æther borne,  
 The living Winds my Flight sustain;

If on the rosy Wings of Morn,  
 I seek the distant Western Main;  
 There, O my God! thou still art found,  
 Thy Pow'r upholds me, and thy Arms surround:

Lo Thy Essence fills this breathing Frame,  
 It glows in ev'ry conscious Part;  
 Lights up my Soul with livelier Flame,  
 And feeds with Life my beating Heart:  
 Unfelt along my Veins it glides,  
 And through their Mazers rolls the Purple Tides.

## P A U S E II.

11 While, in the silent Womb inclos'd,  
 A growing Embryo yet I lay,  
 Thy Hand my various Parts dispos'd,  
 Thy Breath infus'd Life's genial Ray;  
 And fashion'd by thy wond'rous Plan,  
 Lo I became thy favor'd creature Man.

12 To thee, from whom my Being came,  
 Whose Smile is all the Heav'n I know,  
 Replete with all my wond'rous Theme,  
 To thee my votive Strains shall flow:  
 Great Archetype! who first design'd  
 Expressive of thy Glory, human Kind.

13 Who can the Stars of Heav'n explore,  
 The Flow'rs that deck the verdant Plain,  
 Th' unnumber'd Sands that form the Shore,  
 The Drops that swell the spacious Main?  
 Let him thy Wonders publish round,  
 Till Earth and Heav'n with the glad Praise resound.

14 As subterraneous Flames confin'd,  
 From Earth's dark Womb impetuous rise,  
 The Conflagration, fann'd by Wind,  
 Wraps Realms, and blazes to the Skies:  
 In Light'ning's Flash, and Thunder's Roar,  
 Thus Vice shall feel the Tempest of thy Pow'r.

15 Behold, O God! behold me stand,  
 And to thy strict Regard disclose  
 Whate'er was acted by my Hand,  
 Whate'er my inmost Thoughts propose:

If Vice indulg'd their Candor stain,  
'Then just my Portion, Bitterness and Pain.

- 16 But, O! if Nature, weak and frail,  
To strong Temptations should give Way;  
If Doubt, or Passion, should prevail  
O'er wand'ring Reason's feeble Ray:  
Let not thy Frowns my Fault reprove,  
But guide thy CREATURE with a FATHER'S Love.

P S A L M CXXXIX. Seventh Version. First Part

- 1 **L**ORD, thou with an unerring Beam  
Surveyest all my Pow'rs;  
My rising Steps are watch'd by thee,  
By thee my resting Hours.

- 2 My Thoughts scarce struggling into Birth,  
Great God, are known to thee:  
Abroad, at Home, still I'm inclos'd  
With thine Immensity.

- 3 To thee the Labyrinths of Life  
In open View appear;  
Nor steals a Whisper from my Lips  
Without thy list'ning Ear.

- 4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;  
Before me shines thy Name;  
And 'tis thy strong Almighty Hand  
Sustains my tender Frame.

- 5 Such Knowledge mocks the vain Essays  
Of my astonish'd Mind,  
Nor can my Reason's soaring Eye  
Its tow'ring Summit find.

P A U S E.

- 6 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch  
The Pinions of my Flight?  
Or where, through Nature's spacious Range,  
Shall I elude thy Sight?
- 7 Scal'd I the Skies: the Blaze divine  
Would overwhelm my Soul:  
Plung'd I to Hell; there I should hear  
Thine awful Thunders roll.

If on a Morning's darting Ray,  
 With matchless Speed I rode,  
 And flew to the wild lonely Shore,  
 That bounds the Ocean's Flood;  
 Thither thine Hand, all-present God,  
 Must guide the wond'rous Way,  
 And thine Omnipotence support  
 The Fabric of my Clay.  
 Should I involve myself around  
 With Clouds of tenfold Night,  
 The Clouds would shine like blazing Noon  
 Before thy piercing Sight.  
 The Darknefs scatters at thine Eye,  
 And sparkles into Day,  
 And Light and Shade alike appear  
 To thy resplendent Ray.

## S A L M CXXXIX. Seventh Version. Second Part.

*God the Creator of Man, and Searcher of Hearts.*

**L** O R D, thy pervading Knowledge strikes  
 Through Nature's inmost Gloom:  
 And in thy circling Arms I lay  
 A Slumb'rer in the Womb.

Thee will I honor, for I stand  
 A Volume of thy Skill;  
 Stupendous are thy Works, and they  
 My Contemplations fill.

Thine Eye beheld me, when the Speck  
 Of Entity began,  
 And o'er my Form, in Darknefs fram'd,  
 Thy rich Embroid'ry ran.

Th' unfashion'd Mass by thee was seen;  
 My Structure in thy Book  
 Was plann'd, before thy curious Mould  
 The future Embryo took.

How precious are the streaming Joys  
 That from thy Love descends,  
 Would I rehearse their Numbers o'er,  
 Where would their Numbers end?

- 6 Not Ocean's countless Sands exceed  
The Blessings of the Skies ;  
With Night's descending Shades they fall,  
With Morning Splendors rise.
- 7 Survey me, Lord, explore my Heart,  
Disclose each latent Cause ;  
And weigh the Motives of my Soul  
By thine impartial Laws ;
- 8 And if the Transports of my Zeal  
From selfish Springs e'er flow'd,  
Detect the Guilt, and guide my Steps  
In thine eternal Road !

## P S A L M CXXXIX. Eighth Version. DELL.

*To the infinitely good and wise Creator.*

- 1 **O** God, whose all-exploring Eye surveys  
My inmost Thoughts, and all my secret Ways:  
Who, from thy vast Infinitude of Space,  
Can all my Soul's most deep Recesses trace ;
- 2 Say ! from thy Presence whither shall I fly ?  
On Eagles Wings should I ascend the Sky,  
'Thy Blaze divine would all my Pow'rs controul,  
Astonish and o'erwhelm my ravish'd Soul :
- 3 Or, should I seek t' elude thee with my Flight  
In the black Regions of eternal Night,  
Thy Omnipresence still would there be found,  
In all the Horrors of the vast Profound :
- 4 Through Worlds unnumber'd should I wing my Way,  
Where Night eternal reigns, or endless Day ;  
To Earth's remotest Parts, or where I will,  
Thy watchful Providence surrounds me still.
- 5 Before Existence from the Womb of Night,  
Had call'd my rising Form to op'ning Light,  
Thy piercing Eye did ev'ry Part survey,  
And quicken'd into Life the breathless Clay ;
- 6 Thy Ways, O God, whene'er my Thoughts pursue,  
A thousand Wonders open to my View ;  
Such Heights sublime when I survey, in vain  
I strive such wond'rous Knowledge to attain.

When Nature's Glories all to Dust shall fade,  
 To thee my grateful Tribute shall be paid :  
 While Life exists, to thee my Voice I'll raise ;  
 Thy glorious Name I will for ever praise.

## P S A L M CXXXIX. Ninth Version.

*Praise to God as the Author of our Being.*

**G**OD of our Lives, whose bounteous Care  
 First gave us Pow'r to move ;  
 How shall our thankful Hearts declare  
 The Wonders of thy Love ?

While void of Thought and Sense we lay,  
 Dust of our Parent Earth ;  
 Thy Breath inform'd the sleeping Clay,  
 And call'd us into Birth.

From thee our Limbs their Fashion took ;  
 And ere our Life begun,  
 Within the Volume of thy Book,  
 Were written ev'ry one.

Thine Eye beheld in perfect View  
 The yet unfinish'd Plan ;  
 Th' imperfect Lines thy Pencil drew,  
 And form'd the future Man.

O may this Frame, which rising grew  
 Beneath thy forming Hands,  
 Be studious ever to pursue  
 Whate'er thy Will commands.

## P S A L M CXXXIX. Tenth Version. CARTER.

*Thanks to God for Creation and Preservation.*

**T**HOU Pow'r supreme ! by whose Command I live,  
 The grateful Tribute of my Praise receive ;  
 To thy Indulgence I my Being owe,  
 And all the Joys which from that Being flow.

Not many Suns have form'd the rolling Year,  
 And run their destin'd Courses round this Sphere,  
 Since thy creative Eye my Form survey'd,  
 Midst undistinguish'd Heaps of Matter laid.



- 3 Thy Skill my elemental Clay refin'd,  
The vagrant Particles in Order join'd;  
With perfect Symmetry compos'd the whole,  
And stamp'd thy sacred Image on my Soul;
- 4 A Soul susceptible of endless Joy,  
Whose Frame nor Force nor Time shall e'er destroy;  
Which shall survive, tho' Nature claim my Breath,  
And bid Defiance to the Darts of Death;
- 5 To Realms of Bliss with active Freedom soar,  
And live when Earth and Skies shall be no more:  
Author of Life! in vain my Tongue essays  
For this immortal Gift to speak thy Praise.
- 6 How shall my Heart its grateful Sense reveal,  
Where all the Energy of Words must fail?  
O may its Influence in my Life appear,  
And ev'ry Action prove my Thanks sincere!

PSALM CXXXIX. Eleventh Version. STEELE.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,  
Kind Guardian of my Days,  
Thy Mercies let my Heart record  
In Songs of grateful Praise.
- 2 In Life's first Dawn, my tender Frame  
Was thy indulgent Care,  
Long e'er I could pronounce thy Name,  
Or breathe the infant Pray'r.
- 3 When Reason with my Stature grew,  
How weak her brightest Ray!  
How little of my God I knew!  
How apt from thee to stray!
- 4 Around my Path what Dangers rose!  
What Snares spread all the Road!  
No Pow'r could guard me from my Foes  
But my Preserver, God.
- 5 [When Life hung trembling on a Breath,  
'Twas thy almighty Love  
That sav'd me from impending Death,  
And bade my Fears remove.]

How many Blessings round me shone,  
Where'er I turn'd my Eye!  
How many past almost unknown,  
Or unregarded, by.

Each rolling Year new Favors brought  
From thy exhaustless Store:  
But ah! in vain my lab'ring Thought  
Would count thy Mercies o'er.

While sweet Reflection, thro' my Days  
Thy bounteous Hand would trace;  
Still dearer Blessings claim my Praise,  
The Blessings of thy Grace.

Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,  
For Favors more divine;  
That I have known thy sacred Word, †  
Where all thy Glories shine.

Lord, when this mortal Frame decays,  
And ev'ry Weakness dies,  
Compleat the Wonders of thy Grace,  
And raise me to the Skies.

Then shall my joyful Pow'rs unite  
In more exalted Lays,  
And join the happy Sons of Light  
In everlasting Praise.

## P S A L M CXL. MERRICK.

*he ungoverned Tongue and a vicious Life lead to Ruin; while  
God approves and defends injured Innocence.*

**T**HE Tongue to Wisdom unsubmitting  
From bliss its Owner shall exclude:  
Destruction follows fast behind,  
The Feet to Wickedness inclin'd.

My Heart has known thee, Lord, prepar'd  
The Helpless and the Poor to guard,  
To save them from Oppression's Jaws,  
And vindicate their injur'd Cause.

The Souls subjected to thy Fear  
To thee the thankful Voice shall rear,  
And, studious of thy just Command,  
Within thy Sight accepted stand.

## PSALM CXLI. First Version. MERRICK.

*A Prayer for Preservation from Sin and Flattery, and for a proper Temper under seasonable Reproof.*

- 1 **T**O thee I call; O haste thee near;  
My Voice, great God, indulgent hear;  
With grateful Odor to the Skies  
As Incense let my Pray'r arise;
- 2 And let my Hands, uplifted high,  
With full Acceptance meet thine Eye;  
O let my Mouth to Guilt be barr'd,  
And o'er its Portal plant a Guard.
- 3 Turn, turn from Sin's Pursuit my Will,  
Nor let th' Artificers of Ill  
In me the wish'd Associate greet,  
Or see in devious Paths my Feet.
- 4 Let Virtue's Friends, severely kind,  
With welcome Chastisement my Mind  
Correct; but none permit to shed  
The Balm of Flatt'ry o'er my Head;
- 5 Left sudden from thy Hand I feel  
The Stroke, that none shall know to heal;  
Father of All! to thee mine Eyes  
I lift: on thee my Hope relies.

## PSALM CXLI. Second Version. WATTS.

*Watchfulness and brotherly Reproof.*

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early Vows,  
Like Morning Incense in thine House,  
And let my nightly Worship rise  
Sweet as the Ev'ning Sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my Lips, and guard them, Lord,  
From ev'ry rash and heedless Word;  
Nor let my Feet incline to tread  
The guilty Path where Sinners lead.
- 3 O may the Righteous, when I stray,  
Smite, and reprove my wand'ring Way!  
Their gentle Words, like Ointment shed,  
Shall never bruise, but cheer my Head.

When I behold them press'd with Grief,  
 I'll cry to Heav'n for their Relief;  
 And by my warm Petitions prove  
 How much I prize their faithful Love.

## P S A L M CXLI. Third Version. DENHAM.

**L**ORD, when I cry, make Haste to hear,  
 And to my Voice incline thine Ear:  
 So shall my Pray'r like Incense rise,  
 My high-rais'd Hands as Sacrifice.

Lord, set upon my Mouth a Guard,  
 And let its double Door be barr'd:  
 Let not my Heart to Sin incline,  
 Nor let my Hand in Mischief join.

The Sinner's Pleasures I'll not share;  
 The just Man's Strokes I'll meekly bear:  
 Though sharply he my Sins reprove,  
 I'll take it as a Mark of Love:

This, like a precious Ointment shed,  
 Will never bruise but heal my Head:  
 And if I find him in Distress,  
 To thee I'll pray for his Release.

## P S A L M CXLI. Fourth Version.

*A Morning Psalm.*

**1** **T**O thee, let my first Off'rings rise,     †  
 Whose Sun creates the Day,  
 Swift as his glad'ning Influence flies,  
 And spotless as his Ray.

**2** This Day thy fav'ring Hand be nigh!  
 So oft vouchsaf'd before!  
 Still may it lead, protect, supply!  
 And I that Hand adore!

**3** If Bliss thy Providence impart,  
 For which resign'd I pray;  
 Give me to feel the grateful Heart!  
 And without Guilt be gay!

## P S A L M CXLIII. Fifth Version.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Lord, my fervent Pray'r,  
Indulge my humble Cry:  
Thy Truth and Righteousness declare,  
And save me from on high.
- 2 Remit my Guilt, nor call me forth  
In Judgment to appear:  
Since none of all the Tribes on Earth  
Can in thy Sight be clear.
- 3 Teach me to execute thy Will,  
My only sov'reign Guide!  
And bear me to thy sacred Hill,  
Where endless Joys reside.
- 4 Quicken, O God! and make me whole,  
Extinguish all Despair;  
Enlarge and extricate my Soul,  
And dissipate my Care.
- 5 Then, while thy Goodness shall prolong  
The Measure of my Days,  
My grateful Soul shall prompt my Tongue  
To celebrate thy Praise.

## P S A L M CXLIV. First Version. MERRI

*The happy Nation.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what is Man, that in thy Care  
His humble Lot should find a Share?  
Or what the Son of Man, that thou,  
Thus to his Wants thine Ear should'st bow?
- 2 While nurs'd beneath indulgent Skies,  
Our Sons with full Increase shall rise,  
Like youngling Plants in Order rang'd,  
Of healthful Stem, and Leaf unchang'd;
- 3 Our Daughters as the Column fair,  
That, fashion'd by the Artist's Care,  
Claims in the regal Dome a Place,  
The polish'd Angle's noblest Grace.
- 4 Our Oxen strong for Toil behold!  
The teeming Mothers of the Fold.  
See, scatter'd o'er the rural Scene,  
Their Thousands and their Myriads yean.

ne of our Streets the Cries of Fear  
Shouts of Violence shall hear :  
ou, Lord, all Tumults shalt assuage  
hostile Force, and civil Rage.

e the rich Harvest's gather'd Store  
ads with its Heap th' extended Floor :  
happy we, while thus our Race  
e Signals of thy Love shall grace !

what the Son of Man, that thou,  
us to his Wants thine Ear should'ft bow ?  
mself, when in the Balance laid,  
Nothing, and his Life a Shade.

rd, what is Man, that in thy Care,  
s humble Lot should find a Share ?  
ow blest the People who in thee  
eir God and faithful Guardian see ?

PSALM CXLIV. Second Version. TATE.

ORD, what's in Man that thou should'ft love  
Of him such tender Care to take ?  
at in his Offspring could thee move  
h great Account of him to make ?

at our young Sons like Trees should grow  
all planted in some fruitful Place :  
r Daughters fair like Pillars show,  
fig'n'd some royal Court to grace.

ir Garners, fill'd with various Store,  
all us and ours with Plenty feed :  
ir Sheep, increasing more and more,  
all thousands and ten thousands breed.

ong shall our lab'ring Oxen grow,  
or in their constant Labor faint,  
hile we no War nor Slav'ry know,  
d in our Streets hear no Complaint.

rice happy is that People's Case,  
hose various Blessings thus abound ;  
ho God's true Worship still embrace,  
d are with his Protection crown'd.

## PSALM CXLIV. Third Version. First Part. Wa

*Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare.*

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my Shield;  
He sends his Spirit with his Word  
To arm me for the Field.
- 2 If various Foes their Strength unite,  
He'll make my Soul his Care,  
Instruct me to the heav'nly Fight,  
And guard me thro the War.
- 3 A Friend and Helper so divine  
Doth my weak Courage raise;  
He makes the glorious Vict'ry mine,  
And his shall be the Praise.

## PSALM CXLIV. Third Version. Second Part.

*The Vanity of Man, and God's Condescension.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,  
Born of the Earth at first?  
His Life a Shadow, light and vain,  
Still hastening to the Dust.
- 2 O what is feeble dying Man  
Or any of his Race,  
That God should make it his Concern  
To visit him with Grace?
- 3 That God who darts his Light'nings down,  
Who shakes the Worlds above,  
And Mountains tremble at his Frown,  
How wond'rous is his Love!

## PSALM CXLIV. Third Version. Third Part

*The happy Nation.*

- 1 **H**APPY the City, where their Sons  
Like Pillars round a Palace set,  
And Daughters bright as polish'd Stones  
Give Strength and Beauty to the State.
- 2 Happy the Country, where the Sheep,  
Cattle, and Corn have large Increase;

Men securely work or sleep,  
Ons of Plunder break the Peace.

the Nation thus endow'd,  
ore divinely blest are those  
om the all-sufficient God  
lf with all his Grace bestows.

LM CXLIV. Fourth Version. STEELE.

*Prayer for Protection from an invading Enemy.*

EST be the Lord, our Strength, our Shield,  
Amid the Dangers of the Field;  
e instructs us for the Fight,  
rms us with resistless Might.

nd from Heav'n, almighty Lord,  
arth shall tremble at thy Word;  
noking Hills with conscious Fear,  
own their awful Maker near.

thy keen-pointed Lightnings fly,  
laming Arrows thro' the Sky,  
oes dispers'd shall rise no more,  
are the Terrors of thy Pow'r.

thy potent Arm controul  
threat'ning Waves that round us roll,  
Sons of Vanity that rise,  
fraudful Hands, and impious Lies.

shall thy Name new Songs inspire,  
wake to Joy the founding Lyre,  
w'ry tuneful String shall raise  
ious Notes our grateful Praise.

ow'r divine, 'tis God alone,  
n Kings preserv'd in Dangers, own;  
saves, in War's tumultuous Strife,  
raging Swords his Servants' Life.

rd, thy saving Pow'r oppose  
ese invading threat'ning Foes;  
trangers to thy sacred Laws,  
e Boast is vain, and false their Cause.



- 8 Then shall our Sons, beneath thy Care,  
Grow up like Plants erect and fair ;  
Our Daughters shall like Pillars rise,  
Where royal Buildings charm the Eyes.
- 9 Then Plenty shall our Stores increase,  
Plenty, the lovely Child of Peace ;  
The Fold its fleecy Wealth shall yield,  
And pour its thousands o'er the Field.
- 10 The well-fed Ox shall then afford  
His chearful Labors to his Lord ;  
No more shall cruel Plunder reign,  
Nor Want nor Misery complain.
- 11 O happy People ! favor'd State !  
Whom such peculiar Blessings wait ;  
Happy ! who on the Lord depend,  
Their God, their Guardian, and their Friend.

## P S A L M CXLIV. Fifth Version.

*Man frail and mortal ; God eternal, almighty, and gr*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Sire ! enthron'd on high !  
Whom Angel Hosts adore ;  
Who yet to suppliant Dust art nigh,  
Thy Presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the Steep of Age,  
And keep my Passions cool ;  
Teach me to scan the sacred Page,  
And practise ev'ry Rule.
- 3 My flying Years, Time urges on,  
What's human must decay,  
My Friends, my Youth's Companions gone,  
Can I expect to stay ?
- 4 Can I Exemption plead, when Death  
Projects his awful Dart ?  
Can Med'cines then prolong my Breath,  
Or Virtue shield my Heart ?
- 5 Ah ! no—then smoothe the mortal Hour,  
On thee my Hope depends ;  
Support me with almighty Pow'r,  
While Dust to Dust descends.

Then shall my Soul! O! gracious God!  
 (While Angels join the Lay;)  
 Admitted to the blest Abode,  
 Its endless Anthems pay.

Through Heav'n, howe'er remote the Bound,  
 Thy matchless Love proclaim,  
 And join the Choir of Saints, that sound  
 Their great Redeemer's Name.

PSALM CXLV. First Version. MERRICK.

*God's Perfections and Providence celebrated.*

**T**HEE will I bless, my God and King,  
 Nor cease thy wond'rous Acts to sing:

From earliest Morn to latest Eve

Thy Praises on my Tongue shall live;

Great is our God: in vain our Praise

His Excellence in equal Lays

Would celebrate; in vain the Mind

Its Height, its Depth, essays to find.

1 Age to succeeding Age thy Might  
 Shall speak, thy Works, blest Lord, recite,  
 My Tongue thy Glory shall proclaim;  
 The faithful Witness of thy Fame,

2 Bid Contemplation's inmost Thought  
 Survey the Wonders thou hast wrought,  
 And with assenting Myriads join  
 To bless the Majesty divine.

3 Thy dreaded Pow'r shall each rehearse,  
 Thy Greatness shall my thankful Verse  
 Inspire, thy Righteousness and Love  
 Our Hearts inflame, our Songs improve.

4 Thy Mercies on the Sons of Earth,  
 On all whom thou hast call'd to Birth,  
 Far as Creation's Bounds extend,  
 Thy Mercies, heav'nly Lord, descend.

5 Thy Saints to thee in Hymns impart  
 The Transports of a grateful Heart,  
 The Splendors of thy Kingdom tell,  
 Delighted on thy Wonders dwell.

- 8 Thee good and kind shall Mortals own,  
 To Anger slow, to Pity prone;  
 One Chorus of perpetual Praise  
 To thee thy various Works shall raise.

## P A U S E.

- 9 From thee, great God, while ev'ry Eye  
 Expectant waits the wish'd Supply,  
 Their Bread proportion'd to the Day,  
 Thy op'ning Hands to each convey.
- 10 Thy Throne shall Nature's Wreck survive,  
 Thy Pow'r through endless Ages live;  
 Thy Promise Truth eternal guides,  
 And Mercy o'er thy Act presides.
- 11 Who ask thine Aid with Heart sincere,  
 Thee ever gracious, ever near  
 Shall own; their Pray'r in each Distress  
 To thee, thy Servants, Lord, address.
- 12 The Feet whose Steps to lapse incline  
 With faithful Care the Arm divine  
 Shall prop; the Spirit bow'd with Woe  
 God's all-supporting Aid shall know.
- 13 Long as I breathe, my grateful Tongue  
 To thee shall meditate the Song;  
 From Man's whole Race thy hallow'd Name  
 Shall Thanks and endless Honor claim.

## P S A L M CXLV. Second Version. TAT

- 1 T H E E I will bless, my God and King,  
 Thy endless Praise proclaim;  
 This Tribute daily I will bring,  
 And ever bless thy Name.
- 2 Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great,  
 And highly to be prais'd;  
 Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,  
 Above our Knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame  
To future Times extends ;  
From Age to Age thy glorious Name  
Successively descends.

While I thy Glory and Renown,  
And wond'rous Works express ;  
The World with me thy Might shall own,  
And thy great Pow'r confess.

The Praise that to thy Love belongs,  
They shall with Joy proclaim ;  
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs  
Shall be the constant Theme.

The Lord is good ; fresh Acts of Grace  
His Pity still supplies ;  
His Justice moves with slowest Pace ;  
His willing Mercy flies.

Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,  
To all thy Works express'd ;  
These shew thy Praise, while thy great Name  
Is by thy Servants blest'd.

They, with the glorious Prospect fir'd,  
Shall of thy Kingdom speak ;  
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,  
Their lofty Subject make.

Thy steadfast Throne from Changes free,  
Shall stand for ever fast ;  
Thy boundless Sway no End shall see,  
But Time itself outlast.

## P A U S E.

o The Lord does those support who fall,  
And makes the Prostrate rise ;  
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,  
Who timely Food supplies.

1 Whate'er their various Wants require,  
With open Hand he gives ;  
And so fulfils the just Desire  
Of ev'ry Thing that lives.

2 How holy is the Lord, how just !  
How righteous all his Ways !

X

How

How nigh to him, who with firm Trust  
For his Assistance prays!

- 3 13 He grants the full Desires of those  
Who him with Fear adore;  
And will their Troubles soon compose,  
When they his Aid implore.
- 14 The Lord preserves all those with Care,  
Whom grateful Love employs;  
But Sinners, who his Justice dare,  
In Justice he destroys.
- 15 My Time to come, in Praises spent,  
Shall still advance his Fame,  
And all Mankind with one Consent  
For ever bless his Name.

P S A L M CXLV. Third Version. WATTS

*The Greatness and Goodness of God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various Praise  
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days;  
Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue  
Till Death and Glory raise the Song.
- 2 The Wings of ev'ry Hour shall bear  
Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear;  
And ev'ry setting Sun shall see  
New Works of Duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim;  
Thy Bounty flows, an endless Stream;  
Thy Mercy swift; thine Anger slow  
But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.
- 4 Thy Works with sov'reign Glory shine,  
And speak thy Majesty divine:  
Let *Britain* round her Shores proclaim  
The Sound and Honor of thy Name.
- 5 Let distant Times and Nations raise  
The long Succession of thy Praise;  
And unborn Ages make my Song  
The Joy and Labor of their Tongue.

- 5 But who can speak thy wond'rous Deeds ?  
 Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds ;  
 Vast and unfearchable thy Ways,  
 Vast and immortal be thy Praise.

## PSALM CXLV. Fourth Version. First Part. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy Name,  
 My King, my God of Love ;  
 My Work and Joy shall be the same  
 In the bright World above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his Pow'r unknown,  
 And let his Praise be great :  
 I'll sing the Honors of thy Throne,  
 Thy Works of Grace repeat.
- 3 Thy Grace shall dwell upon my Tongue ;  
 And while my Lips rejoice,  
 The Men who hear my sacred Song  
 Shall join their chearful Voice.
- 4 Fathers to Sons shall teach thy Name,  
 And Children learn thy Ways ;  
 Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,  
 And Nations sound thy Praise.
- 5 Thy glorious Deeds of antient Date  
 Shall thro' the World be known ;  
 Thine Arm of Pow'r, thy heav'nly State  
 With public Splendor shown.
- 6 The World is manag'd by thy Hands,  
 Thy Saints are rul'd by Love ;  
 And thine eternal Kingdom stands  
 Tho' Rocks and Hills remove.

## PSALM CLXV. Fourth Version. Second Part.

*The Goodness of God.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,  
 My God, my heav'nly King ;  
 Let Age to Age thy Righteousness  
 In Sounds of Glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
 His Goodness to the Skies ;

- Thro' the whole Earth his Bounty shines,  
And ev'ry Want supplies.
- 3 With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait  
On thee for daily Food;  
Thy lib'ral Hand provides their Meat,  
And fills their Mouths with Good.
- 4 How kind are thy Compassions, Lord!  
How slow thine Anger moves!  
But soon he sends his pard'ning Word  
To cheer the Souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless Race  
Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim;  
But Saints who taste thy richer Grace  
Delight to bless thy Name.

P S A L M CXLV. Fourth Version. Third Pa  
*God kind and merciful.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness speak,  
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;  
Thy strength'ning Hands uphold the Weak,  
And raise the Poor that fall.
- 2 When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,  
Or Virtue lies distrest  
Beneath some proud Oppressor's Frown,  
Thou giv'st the Mourners Rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our tott'ring Days,  
And guides our giddy Youth;  
Holy and just are all his Ways,  
And all his Words are Truth.
- 3 4 He knows the Pains his Servants feel,  
He hears his Children cry,  
And their best Wishes to fulfil  
His Grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His Mercy never shall remove  
From Men of Heart sincere;  
He saves the Souls whose humble Love  
Is join'd with holy Fear.

Our Lips shall dwell upon his Praise;  
 And spread his Fame abroad;  
 Let all the Sons of *Adam* raise  
 The Honors of their God.

PSALM CXLV. Fifth Version. DENHAM.

*God's Perfections and Providence celebrated.*

O Lord, my God, my Songs to thee  
 Replete with grateful Praise shall be;  
 From Day to Day in sacred Verse  
 The Honors of thy Name rehearse.

Great is the Lord, his Praise no Bounds  
 Confine, no Line his Greatness sounds:  
 That Generation which succeeds  
 Shall learn from this thy mighty Deeds:

The Honor of thy Majesty  
 I'll sing, how wonderful! how high!  
 The Measures of thy Grace who know?  
 Thy Mercy's swift, thy Anger slow.

O'er all, God's guardian Mercy stands,  
 His Bounty falls from equal Hands;  
 His wond'rous Pow'r his Works proclaim,  
 For which the Saints shall bless his Name.

P A U S E.

5 God's Majesty, his Pow'r, the State  
 Of his Dominion, Saints relate;  
 So large, so lasting, so renown'd,  
 As neither Space nor Time can bound.

6 Thy Hand supports the drooping Head;  
 Has rais'd the Low, the Hungry fed:  
 The whole Creation, Men and Beasts,  
 Attending thee, thy Bounty feasts.

7 Justice and Truth thy Ways secure;  
 And, like thyself, thy Works are pure:  
 To those who pray the Lord is near,  
 To all who pray, and are sincere.

8 Their Suits he grants, their Wants supplies,  
 And saves them when he hears their Cries:  
 All this the righteous Man enjoys,  
 But the Ungodly God destroys.

X 3

9 My



- 9 My Lips his Praises shall proclaim,  
And all who live shall bless his Name :  
O Lord, my God, my Songs to thee  
Replete with grateful Praise shall be.

PSALM CXLV. Sixth Version. STEELS.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, to thee I'll raise  
My Voice, and all my Pow'rs ;  
Unweary'd Songs of sacred Praise  
Shall fill the circling Hours.
- 2 Thy Name shall dwell upon my Tongue,  
While Suns shall set and rise,  
And tune my everlasting Song,  
When Time and Nature dies.
- 3 Great is the Lord ! our Souls adore,  
We wonder while we praise !  
His Pow'r what Creature can explore,  
Or equal Honors raise ?
- 4 Yet shall thy Works, almighty Lord,  
Our noblest Songs adorn ;  
Thy glorious Acts we will record,  
For Ages yet unborn.
- 5 Thy Praise shall be my awful Theme,  
The Wonders of thy Pow'r ;  
I'll speak the Honors of thy Name,  
And bid the World adore.
- 6 The Men that hear my sacred Lyre,  
Shall spread thy Praises round ;  
While thy tremendous Deeds inspire  
To Notes of solemn Sound.
- 7 But sweetly flowing Strains shall tell  
The Riches of thy Grace ;  
And Songs of grateful Joy reveal  
Thy spotless Righteousness.

P A U S E.

- 8 How full the Lord's Compassions flow !  
His Wrath, how slow to rise !  
Swift Pardon smiles upon his Brow,  
And Guilt and Terror dies.

- How large his tender Mercies are !  
 How wide his Pow'r extends !  
 On his Beneficence and Care  
 The Universe depends.
- Great God, while Nature speaks thy Praise,  
 With all her num'rous Tongues,  
 Thy Saints shall tune diviner Lays,  
 And Love inspire their Songs.
- Thy Pow'r and Grandeur they shall sing,  
 The Glories of thy Reign ;  
 Thy wond'rous Deeds, almighty King,  
 Shall fill the raptur'd Strain.
- Thy Kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,  
 While earthly Thrones decay ;  
 And Time submits to thy Commands,  
 While Ages roll away.
- The falling Saint, with pow'rful Grace,  
 The God of Love will raise ;  
 The Humble, bending with Distress,  
 Shall rise and speak his Praise.
- To thee, O Lord, for daily Meat,  
 Thy Creatures lift their Eyes ;  
 On thee, their common Father, wait,  
 From thee receive Supplies.
- Thy sov'reign Bounty freely gives  
 Its inexhausted Store ;  
 And universal Nature lives  
 On thy sustaining Pow'r.
- Holy and just in all its Ways,  
 Is Providence divine ;  
 In all its Works, immortal Rays  
 Of Pow'r and Mercy shine.

## P A U S E.

- 17 Whoe'er invokes the God of Grace,  
 Shall find him ever near ;  
 To all that humbly seek his Face  
 He lends a pitying Ear.

- 2 O seek not, with Presumption vain,  
Your Hope on Princes to sustain,  
Nor Trust, when threat'ning Ills invade,  
The strengthless Prop of human Aid.
- 3 His Breath resign'd, on Earth's low Bed  
Behold the Mortal rest his Head;  
Nor farther shall his Thoughts extend,  
But with him to the Grave descend.
- 4 Blest, who their Help in thee alone,  
The God to *Jacob's* Offspring known,  
Have found, and to the Hand divine,  
In each Distress their Care resign.
- 5 That Hand that form'd the Heav'ns and Earth,  
And call'd the wat'ry Deep to Birth,  
With all that in the ample Round  
Of Nature's utmost Reign is found.
- 6 'Tis God's, the injur'd Cause to right,  
And crush the Arm of lawless Might;  
With Bread the Hungry to sustain,  
And loose the wretched Captive's Chain;
- 7 The Blind restore, the Weak uprear,  
And to the Souls that own his Fear  
His Mercies each revolving Day,  
In endless Series to display.
- 8 'Tis his, the Orphan's Breast to cheer,  
And wipe the mournful Widow's Tear;  
But from his Laws who dare to stray,  
Shall reap the Error of their Way.
- 9 O *Sion*, in thy God confide,  
And know how fix'd his Reign, how wide:  
O'er subject Worlds his just Command  
To endless Age confirm'd shall stand.

P S A L M CXLVI. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, and thou, my Soul,  
For ever bless his Name:  
His wond'rous Love, while Life shall last,  
My constant Praise shall claim.

- On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,  
 Let none for Aid rely;  
 They cannot save in dang'rous Times,  
 Nor timely Help apply.
- Depriv'd of Breath, to Dust they turn,  
 And there neglected lie;  
 And all their Thoughts and vain Designs  
 Together with them die.
- Then happy he, who *Jacob's* God  
 For his Protector takes;  
 Who still, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord  
 His constant Refuge makes.
- The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,  
 And all that they contain,  
 Will never quit his stedfast Truth,  
 Nor make his Promise vain.
- The Poor oppress'd, from all their Wrongs,  
 Are eas'd by his Decree;  
 He gives the Hungry needful Food,  
 And sets the Pris'ners free.
- The Strangers he preserves from Harm,  
 The Orphans kindly treats,  
 Defends the Widow, and the Wiles  
 Of wicked Men defeats.
- The God, who doth in *Sion* dwell,  
 Is our eternal King:  
 From Age to Age his Reign endures,  
 Let all his Praises sing.

## PSALM CXLVI. Third Version. WATTS.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, my Heart shall join  
 In Work so pleasant, so divine,  
 Now while the Flesh is mine Abode,  
 And when my Soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest Pow'rs  
 While Immortality endures:  
 My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While Life and Thought and Being last.

- 3 Why should I make a Man my Trust ?  
Princes must die and turn to Dust ;  
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r,  
And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour.
- 4 Happy the Man whose Hopes rely  
On *Israel's* God : He made the Sky,  
And Earth and Seas with all their Train,  
And none shall find his Promise vain.
- 5 His Truth for ever stands secure :  
He saves th' Opprest, he feeds the Poor ;  
He sends the lab'ring Conscience Peace,  
And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.
- 6 The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind ;  
The Lord supports the sinking Mind :  
He helps the Stranger in Distress,  
The Widow and the Fatherless.
- 7 He loves his Saints ; he knows them well ;  
His Love their joyful Lips shall tell  
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns ;  
Praise him in everlasting Strains.

## PSALM CXLVI. Fourth Version. WATTS.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my Breath ;  
And when my Voice is lost in Death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs :  
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past  
While Life and Thought and Being last,  
Or Immortality endures.
- 2 [Why should I make a Man my Trust ?  
Princes must die, and turn to Dust ;  
Vain is the Help of Flesh and Blood ;  
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r  
And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour,  
Nor can they make their Promise good.]
- 3 Happy the Man whose Hopes rely  
On *Israel's* God : He made the Sky,  
And Earth and Seas with all their Train :  
His Truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves th' Opprest, he feeds the Poor,  
And none shall find his Promise vain.

- The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind ;  
 The Lord supports the sinking Mind ;  
 He sends the lab'ring Conscience Peace :.  
 He helps the Stranger in Distress,  
 The Widow and the Fatherless,  
 And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release..
- 5 He loves his Saints ; he knows them well,  
 His Love their joyful Lips shall tell :  
 Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns :  
 Let ev'ry Tongue, let ev'ry Age,  
 In this exalted Work engage ;  
 Praise him in everlasting Strains.
- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me Breath,  
 And when my Voice is lost in Death  
 Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs :  
 My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past  
 While Life, and Thought, and Being last,  
 Or Immortality endures.

## P S A L M CXLVI. Fifth Version. STEELE.

- 1 **Y**E Sons of *Zion*, praise the Lord,  
 Come tune your Songs in sweet Accord ;  
 Awake, my Soul, awake and join  
 The sacred Hymn, in Notes divine.
- 2 The Praises of my God, my King,  
 (While I have Life or Breath to sing).  
 Shall fill my Heart, and tune my Tongue,  
 'Till Heav'n improve the blissful Song.
- 3 No more in Princes vainly trust,  
 Frail Sons of Earth ; Man is but Dust !  
 With all his Pride, with all his Pow'r,  
 The helpless Creature of an Hour.
- 4 He breathes, he thinks, but ah, he dies  
 No more the potent, or the wise ;  
 The Scheme his Morning Thoughts begun,  
 Sinks down before the setting Sun.
- 5 Happy the Man, whose Hopes divine  
 On *Israel's* Guardian God recline !

Who

- † Who can with sacred Transport say,  
 † This God is mine, my Help, my Stay.  
 6 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea declare his Name;  
 He built and fill'd their spacious Frame;  
 But o'er Creation's fairest Lines  
 His stedfast Truth unchanging shines.  
 7 His Justice favors those who mourn,  
 Beneath the proud Oppressor's Scorn;  
 The hungry Poor his Hand sustains,  
 And breaks the wretched Captive's Chains.  
 8 To fightless Eyes, long clos'd in Night,  
 His Touch restores the Joys of Light;  
 Poor Mourners rais'd confess his Care,  
 He loves the Humble and Sincere.  
 9 If wand'ring Strangers friendless roam,  
 Divine Protection is their Home;  
 The Lord relieves the Widow's Cares,  
 And dries the weeping Orphan's Tears.  
 10 But Judgment waits the impious Race  
 Who hate his Laws, and scorn his Grace;  
 Their Ways to sure Destruction tend,  
 And all their Hopes in Ruin end.  
 11 The Lord shall reign for ever King,  
 And Age to Age his Glory sing;  
 Thy God, O happy Zion, reigns,  
 Resound his Praise in joyful Strains.

## PSALM CXLVI. Sixth Version. DODDRIDGE

*Praise to God through the Whole of our Existence.*

- 1 **G**OD of my Life, thro' all its Days  
 My grateful Pow'rs shall sound thy Praise;  
 The Song shall wake with op'ning Light,  
 And warble to the silent Night.  
 2 When anxious Cares would break my Rest,  
 † And Griefs would tear my throbbing Breast,  
 † Thy tuneful Praises rais'd on high  
 Shall check the Murmur and the Sigh.  
 3 When Death o'er Nature shall prevail,  
 † And all its Pow'rs of Language fail,

Joy thro' my swimming Eyes shall break,  
And mean the Thanks I cannot speak.

- But O! when that last Conflict's o'er,  
And I am chain'd to Flesh no more,  
With what glad Accents shall I rise,  
To join the Music of the Skies!
- Soon shall I learn th' exalted Strains  
Which echo o'er the heav'nly Plains;  
And emulate, with Joy unknown,  
The glowing *Seraphs* round thy Throne;
- With them the chearful Tribute bring  
To thee, of Good th' unfailing Spring;  
A Work so sweet, a Theme so high,  
Demands, and crowns Eternity.

P S A L M CXLVI. Seventh Version. SOWDEN.

*A Song of Praise.*

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Father! how divine!  
How bright thy Bounties are!  
Through Nature's ample Round they shine,  
Thy Goodness to declare.
- 2 But in the nobler Work of Grace,  
What sweeter Mercy smiles,  
In my benign Redeemer's Face,  
And ev'ry Fear beguiles.
- 3 Such Wonders, Lord! while I survey,  
To thee my Thanks shall rise,  
When Morning ushers in the Day,  
Or Ev'ning veils the Skies.
- 4 When glimm'ring Life resigns its Flame,  
Thy Praise shall tune my Breath;  
The sweet Remembrance of thy Name  
Shall gild the Shades of Death.
- 5 But oh! how blest my Song shall rise,  
When freed from feeble Clay,  
And all thy Glories meet mine Eyes,  
In one eternal Day!



- 6 Not *Scraps*, who resound thy Name  
Through yon etherial Plains,  
Shall glow with a diviner Flame,  
Or raise sublimer Strains.

P S A L M CXLVI. Eighth Version. ROWE.

- 1 **P**REPARE the Voice, and tune the joyful Lyre,  
And let the glorious Theme my Soul inspire:  
'To thee, my God, I sing; thy mighty Name  
With heav'nly Rapture shall my Soul inflame.
- 2 My tuneful Homage shall like Incense rise,  
And glad the Air, and reach th' approving Skies;  
While Life and Breath remain, the sacred Song  
Shall fill my Breast, and dwell upon my Tongue.
- 3 As some fair Structure, whose firm Basis lies  
On Strength of Rocks, the threat'ning Winds defies;  
So stedfastly my Hopes on Heav'n are plac'd,  
Nor Earth, nor Hell, my Confidence can blast.
- 4 Let others still for human Help attend,  
And on the Flatt'ries of the Great depend;  
Relentless Death shall mock their airy Trust,  
And lay their boasted Confidence in Dust.
- 5 As the fantastic Visions of the Night,  
Before the op'ning Morning take their Fight;  
So perish all the Boasts of Men, their Pride,  
And vain Designs, the laughing Skies deride.
- 6 'Tis he alone securely guarded lives,  
To whom the mighty God Protection gives,  
The mighty God, who made the stedfast Earth,  
And gave the Springs, that swell the Ocean, Birth;
- 7 Who form'd the Stars, and spread the circling Skies,  
And bade the Sun in all his Glory rise:  
No Breach of Faithfulness his Honor stains,  
With Day and Night his Word unchang'd remains:
- 8 On human Woes he looks with pitying Eyes,  
To help th' oppress'd, and answer all their Cries;  
His Throne from Changes stands for ever free,  
And his Dominion shall no Period see.

M CXLVII. First Version. MERRICK.

*Providence of God in the Seasons of the Year.*

Thou *Jehovah* : Sweet the Joy,  
 When Tasks like this the Voice employ ;  
 Our highest Thanks belong,  
 As fits comely on our Tongue.  
 Thou, who builds fair *Salem's* Walls,  
*Jacob's* exil'd Sons recalls ;  
 O the contrite Heart Relief,  
 And its Wounds, and sooths its Grief ;  
 Thou the starry Flock their Names,  
 Scatter'd wide, their vivid Flames  
 (The bright ethereal Plain)  
 Numbers with his Eye their Train.  
 Thou our God : beyond all Bound  
 Thy, beyond all Search is found  
 Knowledge ; in his Arm the Meek  
 Their Success their Aid shall seek ;  
 Thou, whose unresist'd Stroke  
 Thou who dares his Pow'r provoke,  
 Thy swift Descent its Aim shall guide,  
 Thy will to the Dust their Pride.

Thy Tongue, let ev'ry Chord,  
 The Name of *Jacob's* Lord,  
 Thy Hand with Clouds the Heav'n obscures ;  
 Thy the genial Moisture pours ;  
 Thou the green Herb its Mantle spread,  
 Thou, o'er the Mountain's Head :  
 Thy Moral Care th' unconscious Beast  
 Thou, and fills the Raven's Nest,  
 Thou urg'd by Want her clam'rous Brood  
 Thou from him their wonted Food.  
 Thy your thankful Voices join,  
 Thou is the Majesty divine.

P A U S E.

Thou, his lov'd Abode,  
 Thou, ceaseless ! Bless thy God,  
 Thou owns with Peace thy happy Plain ;  
 Thou from thy Glebe the purest Grain ;

to Whose

- 10 Whose Word, from Heav'n in swift Career  
Convey'd, suggests to Nature's Ear  
The Laws that regulate her Frame,  
And gives her ev'ry Act its Aim.
- 11 Flak'd by his Art, the woolly Snow  
Falls silent on the Ground below;  
By him the Frost, as Ashes hoar,  
Lies sprinkled Earth's wide Surface o'er:
- 12 In harden'd Fragments through the Air,  
While Man its Rigors shuns to bear,  
His Hail descends; in icy Chains  
His Hand the gliding Stream detains,
- 13 Till, at his Word, the instructed Wind  
With friendly Breath the Wave unbind,  
And bid it, onward borne, again  
With liquid Lapse its Course maintain.
- 14 Such is the God, and such his Might,  
Whose Precepts *Israel's* Love invite,  
And to its Tribes in full Display  
His Life-directing Truths convey.
- 15 What Realm, through Earth's extended Coasts,  
His Care, like thine, O *Judab*, boasts,  
Or, taught, as thou, his Fear to own,  
The Dictates of his Will has known?
- 16 O come your thankful Voices join,  
And bless the Majesty divine;  
To him your highest Thanks belong,  
And Praise fits comely on your Tongue.

## P S A L M CXLVII. Second Version. W

- 1 **W**ITH Songs and Honors sounding loud  
Address the Lord on high:  
Over the Heav'ns he spreads his Cloud,  
And Waters veil the Sky.
- 2 He sends his Show'rs of Blessing down  
To cheer the Plains below;  
He makes the Grass the Mountains crown,  
And Corn in Vallies grow.

es the grazing Ox his Meat,  
hears the Ravens cry ;  
an who tastes his finest Wheat  
uld raise his Honors high.

ady Counsels change the Face  
the declining Year ;  
ls the Sun cut short his Race,  
l wintry Days appear.

ary Frost, his fleecy Snow  
end and cloath the Ground ;  
quid Streams forbear to flow,  
cy Fetters bound.

from his dreadful Stores on high  
pours the rattling Hail,  
Man who dares this God defy  
ll find his Courage fail.

ids his Word and melts the Snow,  
: Fields no-longer mourn ;  
lls the warmer Gales to blow,  
l bids the Spring return.

hanging Wind, the flying Cloud.  
y his mighty Word :  
Songs and Honors founding loud.  
ife ye the sov'reign Lord.

CXLVII. Third Version. First Part. WATTS.

*The divine Nature, Providence and Grace.*

AISE ye the Lord : 'Tis good to raise  
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise :  
ature and his Works invite  
ake this Duty our Delight.

ord builds up *Jerusalem*,  
rathers Nations to his Name :  
iercy melts the stubborn Soul,  
nakes the broken Spirit whole.

rm'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames,  
unts their Numbers, calls their Names :  
isdom's vast, and knows no Bound,  
ep where all our Thoughts are drown'd,

4 Great.

- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his Might;  
And all his Glories infinite:  
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Just,  
And treads the Wicked to the Dust.
- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,  
Who spreads his Cloud all round the Sky;  
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,  
Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.
- 6 He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,  
And cloaths the smiling Fields with Corn;  
The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,  
And the young Ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the Creatures Skill or Force,  
The sprightly Man, the warlike Horse,  
The nimble Wit, the active Limb?  
All are too mean Delights for him.
- 8 But Saints are lovely in his Sight; B  
He views his Children with Delight:  
He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear;  
And looks and loves his Image there.

## PSALM CXLVII. Third Version. Second Part.

*Summer and Winter.*

- 1 **O** Britain, praise thy mighty God,  
And make his Honors known abroad;  
He bid the Ocean round thee flow;  
Not Bars of Brass could guard thee so.
- 2 Thy Children are secure and blest;  
Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Rest:  
He feeds thy Sons with finest Wheat,  
And adds his Blessing to their Meat.
- 3 Thy changing Seasons he ordains,  
Thine early and thy later Rains;  
His Flakes of Snow like Wool he sends,  
And thus the springing Corn defends.
- 4 With hoary Frost he strows the Ground;  
His Hail descends with clatt'ring Sound:  
Where is the Man so vainly bold  
Who dares defy his dreadful Cold?

the southern Breezes blow,  
dissolves, the Waters flow :  
with nobler Works and Ways  
the *Britons* to his Praise.

the Isle his Laws are shown,  
spread thro' the Nation known ;  
all of Grace to God belong,  
his Mercies in your Song.

S A L M CXLVII. Fourth Version. STEELE.

*Providence of God in the Seasons of the Year.*

Go to the Lord, let Praise inspire  
the grateful Voice, the tuneful Lyre ;  
songs of Joy, proclaim abroad  
his Glories of our God.

adorn the Hosts of starry Flames,  
all their Natures and their Names :  
praise our God ! His wond'rous Pow'r  
and endless Wisdom we adore.

adorn the Sky with treasur'd Show'rs,  
with the plenteous Blessing pours ;  
mountains smile in lively Green,  
every flower blooms the flow'ry Scene.

plenteous Hand, (great Spring of Good !)  
is the Brute Creation Food ;  
is the Ravens when they cry ;  
nature lives beneath his Eye.

what can him delight,  
lovely in its Maker's Sight ?  
give Strength his Favor moves,  
lovely Form he best approves.

O the Lord, for ever dear,  
heart where he implants his Fear ;  
souls, who on his Grace rely,  
these are lovely in his Eye.

P A U S E.

praise the Lord : Oh blissful Theme,  
sing the Honors of his Name !

'Tis

- 'Tis Pleasure, 'tis divine Delight,  
And Praise is lovely in his Sight.
- 8 He speaks ! and swiftly from the Skies  
To Earth the sov'reign Mandate flies ;  
Observant Nature hears his Word,  
And bows obedient to her Lord.
- 9 Now thick descending Flakes of Snow,  
O'er Earth, a fleecy Mantle throw ;  
Now glitt'ring Frost, o'er all the Plains,  
Extends its universal Chains.
- 10 At his fierce Storms of icy Hail,  
The shiv'ring Pow'rs of Nature fail ;  
Before his Cold, what Life can stand,  
Unshelter'd by his guardian Hand ?
- 11 He speaks ! The Ice and Snow obey,  
And Nature's Fetters melt away ;  
Now vernal Gales soft rising blow,  
And murmuring Waters gently flow.
- 12 But nobler Works his Grace record,  
To *Israel* he reveals his Word ;  
What Realm, through Earth's extended Coasts,  
His Care, like thine, O *Judab*, boasts.
- 13 Sing to the Lord, let Praise inspire  
The grateful Voice, the tuneful Lyre ;  
In Strains of Joy, proclaim abroad  
The endless Glories of our God.

P S A L M CXLVIII. First Version. MERRI

*Universal Praise to God.*

- 1 YE blest Inhabitants of Heav'n,  
To God be all your Praises giv'n ;  
O praise him from the Realms that lie  
Above the Reach of mortal Eye.
- 2 Him praise, ye Angels of his Train,  
Him all whom Heav'n's vast Hosts contain ;  
Praise him, thou Sun, that round the Pole  
With restless Course art seen to roll,

thou, O Moon, whose sharpen'd Horns  
 fire not their own adorns;  
 : him, ye Stars: His Praise repeat,  
 Heav'n of Heav'ns, his awful Seat,  
 you, ye Floods, that, heap'd on high,  
 with your Weight th' extended Sky.  
 hese to God their Voices rear,  
 bade them be, and strait they were:  
 bids them stand; and stand they shall;  
 aught the Mandate shall recal,  
 , fix'd by his Almighty Mind,  
 ndless Age their Date assign'd.  
 not the Heav'n God's Praise confine;  
 of Earth the Chorus join:  
 Whales, ye Deeps, in Praise conspire,  
 , Vapor, Hail, and bick'ring Fire,  
 ev'ry Wind, and ev'ry Storm,  
 : duteous his Behests perform;  
 effer Hills, ye Mountains high,  
 rees, whose Fruits Man's Food supply,  
 Cedars, whose expanded Shade  
 Storms nor Ages teach to fade,  
 easts, that range th' uncultur'd Soil,  
 atient lend to Man your Toil:  
 e him, each Bird that wings the Air,  
 a Reptile, nurtur'd by his Care;  
 Kings and Nations of the Earth;  
 raise him all of princely Birth:  
 l ye, whose Doom, as Justice guides,  
 long-contested Cause decides;  
 outhful Bands and Virgin Choir,  
 a lisping Babe, and hoary Sire;  
 ke to his Name your grateful Songs;  
 him alone all Praise belongs;  
 Glory Earth's wide Bounds o'erflows,  
 highest Heav'n its Limit knows.



## P S A L M CXLVIII. Second Version.

- 1 **Y**E Works of God, on him alone,  
In Earth his Footstool, Heav'n his Throne,  
Be all your Praise bestow'd ;  
Whose Hand the beauteous Fabric made,  
Whose Eye the finish'd Work survey'd,  
And saw that all was good.
- 2 Ye Angels, that with loud Acclaim  
Admiring view'd the new-born Frame,  
And hail'd th' eternal King ;  
Again proclaim your Maker's Praise,  
Again your thankful Voices raise,  
And touch the tuneful String.
- 3 Praise him, ye bless'd ætherial Plains,  
Where, in full Majesty, he deigns  
To fix his awful Throne :  
Ye Waters, that above him roll,  
From Orb to Orb, from Pole to Pole,  
Oh ! make his Praises known !
- 4 Ye Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Pow'rs,  
Join ye your joyful Songs with ours,  
With us your Voices raise ;  
From Age to Age extend the Lay,  
To Heav'n's eternal Monarch pay  
Hymns of eternal Praise.
- 5 Celestial Orb !——whose pow'rful Ray  
Opes the glad Eyelids of the Day,  
Whose Influence all Things own ;  
Praise him, whose Courts effulgent shine  
With Light, as far excelling thine,  
As thine the paler Moon.
- 6 Ye glitt'ring Planets of the Sky,  
Whose Lamps the absent Sun supply,  
With him the Song pursue ;  
And let himself submissive own,  
He borrows from a brighter Sun,  
The Light he lends to you.
- 7 Ye Show'rs, and Dews, whose Moisture shed,  
Calls into Life the op'ning Seed,

To him your Praises yield ;  
 whose Influence wakes the genial Birth,  
 whose Fatness on the pregnant Earth,  
 And crowns the laughing Field.

Winds, that oft' tempestuous sweep  
 the ruffled Surface of the Deep,  
 With us confess your God ;  
 ye, through the Heav'ns, the King of Kings,  
 borne on your expanded Wings,  
 Comes flying all abroad.

## P A U S E I.

Floods of Fire, where'er ye flow,  
 with just Submission humbly bow  
 To God's superior Pow'r ;  
 who stops the Tempest on its Way,  
 bids the flaming Deluge stray,  
 And gives it Strength to roar.

Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold,  
 Turns in long Succession roll'd,  
 The drooping World to cheer ;  
 Praise him, who gave the Sun and Moon,  
 to lead the various Seasons on,  
 And guide the circling Year.

Frosts, that bind the wat'ry Plain,  
 the silent Show'rs of fleecy Rain,  
 Pursue the heav'nly Theme ;  
 Praise him who sheds the driving Snow,  
 bids the harden'd Waves to flow,  
 And stops the rapid Stream.

Days and Nights, that swiftly born,  
 from Morn to Eve, from Eve to Morn,  
 Alternate glide away ;  
 Praise him, whose never-varying Light,  
 when absent, adds Horror to the Night,  
 but present gives the Day.

Light,—from whose Rays all Beauty springs,  
 whose knees,—whose wide-expanded Wings

Y .

Involve

Involve the dusky Globe ;  
 Praise him, who, when the Heav'ns he spread,  
 Darkness his thick Pavilion made,  
 And Light his regal Robe.

- 14 Praise him, ye Light'nings, as ye fly,  
 Wing'd with his Judgments through the Sky,  
 And arm'd with Pow'r divine ;  
 Praise him, ye Clouds, that wand'ring stray,  
 Or fix'd by him in close Array,  
 Surround his awful Shrine.

PAUSE II.

- 15 Exalt, O Earth ! thy heav'nly King,  
 Who bids the Plants, that form the Spring,  
 With annual Verdure bloom ;  
 Whose frequent Drops of kindly Rain,  
 Prolific swell the rip'ning Grain,  
 And bless thy fertile Womb.

- 16 Ye Mountains, that ambitious rise,  
 And heave your Summits to the Skies,  
 Revere his awful Nod ;  
 Think how ye once affrighted fled,  
 When *Jordan* sought his Fountain Head,  
 And own'd th' approaching God.

- 17 Ye Trees, that fill the rural Scene,  
 Ye Flow'rs, that o'er th' enamel'd Green  
 In native Beauty reign,  
 O ! praise the Ruler of the Skies,  
 Whose Hand the genial Sap supplies,  
 And clothes the smiling Plain.

- 18 Ye secret Springs, ye gentle Rills,  
 That murm'ring rise among the Hills,  
 Or fill the humble Vale ;  
 Praise him, at whose almighty Nod  
 The rugged Rock dissolving flow'd,  
 And form'd a springing Well.

- 19 Praise him, ye Floods, and Seas profound,  
 Whose Waves the spacious Earth surround,  
 And roll from Shore to Shore ;  
 Aw'd by his Voice, ye Seas, subside,  
 Ye Floods, within your Channels glide,  
 And tremble and adore.

Whales, that stir the boiling Deep,  
 in its dark Recesses sleep,  
 Remote from human Eye;  
 Life him, by whom ye all are fed,  
 Life him, without whose heav'nly Aid  
 Ye languish, faint, and die.

Birds, exalt your Maker's Name,  
 Sing, and with th' important Theme  
 Your artless Lays improve;  
 Make with your Songs the rising Day,  
 Music sound on ev'ry Spray,  
 And fill the vocal Grove.

Life him, ye Beasts, that nightly roam  
 Amid the solitary Gloom,  
 Th' expected Prey to seize;  
 tame Attendants of the Plough,  
 Or weary'd Necks submissive bow,  
 And lowly bend your Knees.

## P A U S E III.

Sons of Men, his Praise display,  
 Who stamp'd his Image on your Clay,  
 And gave it Pow'r to move;  
 Who in *Judab's* Confines dwell,  
 From Age to Age successive tell  
 The Wonders of his Love.

*Levi's* Tribe the Lay prolong,  
 All Angels listen to the Song,  
 And bend attentive down;  
 Wonder seize the heav'nly Train,  
 As'd, while they hear a mortal Strain,  
 So sweet, so like their own.

Spirits of the Just and Good,  
 At, eager for the blest Abode;

To heav'nly Mansions soar ;  
 O let your Songs his Praise display,  
 Till Heav'n itself shall melt away,  
 And Time shall be no more.

26 Praise him, ye meek and humble Train,  
 Ye Saints, whom his Decrees ordain  
 The boundless Bliss to share ;  
 O praise him till ye take your Way  
 To Regions of eternal Day,  
 And reign for ever there.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Third Version. TA

1 **Y**E boundless Realms of Joy,  
 Exalt your Maker's Fame :  
 His Praise your Song employ  
 Above the starry Frame ;  
 Your Voices raise ;  
 Ye Cherubim  
 And Seraphim,  
 To sing his Praise.

Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night,  
 And Sun that guid'st the Day,  
 Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,  
 To him your Homage pay :  
 His Praise declare  
 Ye Heav'ns above,  
 And Clouds that move  
 In liquid Air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,  
 And praise his holy Name,  
 By whose almighty Word  
 They all from nothing came ;  
 And all shall last  
 From Changes free :  
 His firm Decree  
 Stands ever fast.

4 Let Earth her Tribute pay ;  
 Praise him ye dreadful Whales,  
 And Fish that thro' the Sea  
 Glide swift with glitt'ring Scales.

Fire, Hail, and Snow,  
And misty Air,  
And Winds that, where  
He bids them, blow.

Y Hills and Mountains all,  
I grateful Comfort join'd;  
Y Cedars stately tall,  
And Trees for Fruit design'd:  
By ev'ry Beast,  
And creeping Thing,  
And Fowl of Wing,  
His Name be blest.

et all of royal Birth,  
With those of humble Frame,  
And Judges of the Earth,  
His matchless Praise proclaim.  
In this Design  
Let Youth with Maids,  
And hoary Heads  
With Children join.

United Zeal be shown,  
His wond'rous Fame to raise,  
Whose glorious Name alone  
Deserves our endless Praise.  
Earth's utmost Ends  
His Pow'r obey:  
His glorious Sway  
The Sky transcends.

PSALM CXLVIII. Fourth Version. WATTS.

**Y**E Tribes of *Adam*, join  
With Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas,  
And offer Notes divine  
To your Creator's Praise.  
Ye holy Throng  
Of Angels bright  
In Worlds of Light  
Begin the Song.

2 Thou Sun with dazzling Rays,  
And Moon that rules the Night,  
Shine to your Maker's Praise,  
With Stars of glitt'ring Light.  
His Pow'r declare,  
Ye Floods on high,  
And Clouds that fly  
In liquid Air.

3 The shining Worlds above  
In glorious Order stand,  
Or in swift Courses move  
By his supreme Command.  
He spake the Word,  
And all their Frame  
From Nothing came  
To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty Wheels  
In unknown Ages past,  
And each his Word fulfils  
While Time and Nature last:  
In diff'rent Ways  
His Works proclaim  
His wond'rous Name,  
And speak his Praise.

## P A U S E.

5 Let all the earth-born Race,  
And Monsters of the Deep,  
The Fish that cleave the Seas,  
Or in their Bosom sleep,  
From Sea and Shore  
Their Tribute pay,  
And still display  
Their Maker's Pow'r.

6 Ye Vapors, Hail, and Snow,  
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,  
And stormy Winds that blow  
To execute his Word.  
When Light'nings shine,  
Or Thunders roar,  
Let Earth adore  
His Hand divine.

**Y**e Mountains near the Skies,  
**W**ith lofty Cedars there,  
**A**nd Trees of humbler Size  
**T**hat Fruit in Plenty bear,  
 Beasts wild and tame,  
 Birds, Flies, and Worms,  
 In various Forms  
 Exalt his Name.

**Y**e Kings and Judges fear  
 The Lord, the sov'reign King;  
 And while you rule us here,  
 His heav'nly Honors sing:  
 Nor let the Dream  
 Of Pow'r and State  
 Make you forget  
 His Pow'r supreme.

**3** Virgins and Youths engage  
 To sound his Praise divine,  
 While Infancy and Age  
 Their feeble Voices join;  
 Wide as he reigns  
 His Name be sung  
 By ev'ry Tongue  
 In endless Strains.

**10** Let all the Nations fear  
 The God who rules above,  
 He brings his People near,  
 And makes them taste his Love:  
 While Earth and Sky  
 Attempt his Praise  
 His Saints shall raise  
 His Honors high.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Fifth Version. WATTS.

**1** **L** O U D Hallelujahs to the Lord  
 From ev'ry World where Creatures dwell:  
 Let Heav'n begin the solemn Word,  
 And ev'ry Note with Rapture swell.

**2** The Lord! how absolute he reigns!  
 Angelic Hosts his Praise declare,  
 Sing of his Love in heav'nly Strains,  
 And tell how great his Glories are.

Y 4.

3 High



- 3 High on a Throne his Glories dwell,  
An awful Throne of shining Bliss :  
Fly thro' the World, O Sun, and tell  
How dark thy Beams compar'd to his.
- 4 Awake, ye Tempests, and his Fame  
In Sounds of solemn Praise declare ;  
Let the sweet Whisper of his Name  
Fill ev'ry gentler Breeze of Air.
- 5 Let Clouds and Winds and Waves agree  
To join their Praise with blazing Fire ;  
While the firm Earth and rolling Sea  
In this eternal Song conspire.
- 6 Ye flow'ry Plains, proclaim his Skill ;  
Vallies lie low before his Eye ;  
And let his Praise from ev'ry Hill  
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring Sky.
- 7 Ye stubborn Oaks, and stately Pines,  
Bend your high Branches and adore :  
Praise him, ye Beasts, in diff'rent Strains ;  
The Lamb must bleat, the Lion roar.
- 8 Birds, ye must make his Praise your Theme,  
Nature demands a Song from you :  
While the dumb Fish, that cut the Stream  
Leap up, and mean his Praises too.

## P A U S E.

- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your Tongue,  
When Nature all around you sings ?  
O for a Shout from Old and Young,  
From humble Swains, and lofty Kings !
- 10 Wide as his vast Dominion lies  
Make the Creator's Name be known ;  
Loud as his Thunder shout his Praise,  
And sound it lofty as his Throne.
- 11 *Jehovah*, 'tis a glorious Word,  
O may it dwell on ev'ry Tongue !  
But Saints who best have known the Lord  
Are bound to raise the noblest Song.

12 Speak

**P**RAISE of the Wonders of his Love  
**I**S endless Grace with Joy record :  
**F**ROM all below and all above,  
**P**RAISE Hallelujahs to the Lord.

**P S A L M CXLVIII. Sixth Version. WATTS.**

**L**ET ev'ry Creature join  
 To praise th' eternal God ;  
**T**he heav'nly Hosts, the Song begin  
 And sound his Name abroad.  
 - Thou Sun with golden Beams,  
 And Moon with paler Rays,  
**T**he starry Lights, ye twinkling Flames,  
 Shine to your Maker's Praise.  
 He built those Worlds above,  
 And fixt their wond'rous Frame ;  
**B**y his Command they stand or move,  
 And ever speak his Name.  
 - Ye Vapors, when ye rise,  
 Or fall in Show'rs of Snow,  
**Y**e Thunders murm'ring round the Skies,  
 His Pow'r and Glory show.  
 Wind, Hail, and flashing Fire,  
 Agree to praise the Lord,  
 When ye in dreadful Storms conspire  
 To execute his Word.  
 By all his Works above  
 His Honors be exprest ;  
 But Saints who taste his saving Love  
 Should sing his Praises best.

P A U S E I.

Let Earth and Ocean know  
 They owe their Maker Praise ;  
 Praise him ye wat'ry Worlds below,  
 And Monsters of the Seas.  
**F**rom Mountains near the Sky  
 Let his high Praise resound,  
 From humble Shrubs and Cedars high,  
 And Vales and Fields around.

Y 5

9 Ye

- 4 Arise, and to that sov'reign Pow'r  
Waxing and waning Honors pay,  
Who bid thee rule the dusky Hours,  
And half supply the absent Day.
- 5 Ye glitt'ring Stars who gild the Skies  
When Darknes has its Curtains drawn,  
Who keep your Watch with wakeful Eyes,  
When Business, Cares and Day are gone ;
- 6 Proclaim the Glories of your Lord,  
Disperst thro' all the heav'nly Street,  
Whose boundless Treasures can afford  
So rich a Pavement for his Feet.
- 7 Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns supremely bright,  
Fair Palace of the Court Divine,  
Where with inimitable Light  
The Godhead condescends to shine ;
- 8 Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,  
Who scatters lovely Beams of Grace  
On ev'ry Angel, ev'ry Saint,  
Nor veils the Lustre of his Face.
- 9 O God of Glory, God of Love,  
Thou art the Sun that makes our Days :  
With all thy shining Works above  
Let Earth and Dust attempt thy Praise.

## P S A L M CXLVIII. Ninth Version.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, immortal Choir,  
Who fill the Realms above,  
Praise him who form'd you of his Fire,  
And feeds you with his Love.
- 2 Shine to his Praise, ye Chrystal Skies,  
The Floor of his Abode,  
Or veil the Lustre of your Eyes  
Before a brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless Globe of Golden Light,  
Whose Beams create our Days,  
Join with the Silver Queen of Night  
To own your borrow'd Rays.

- Blush and refund the Honors paid  
 To your inferior Names;  
 Tell the blind World, your Orbs are fed  
 By his o'erflowing Flames.
- Winds, ye shall bear his Name aloud  
 Thro' the Ethereal Blue;  
 For when his Chariot is a Cloud,  
 He makes his Wheels of you.
- Thunder and Hail, and Fires and Storms,  
 The Troops of his Command,  
 Appear in all your awful Forms,  
 And speak his potent Hand.

## P A U S E.

- 7 Shout to the Lord, ye surging Seas,  
 In your eternal Roar;  
 Let Wave to Wave resound his Praise,  
 And Shore reply to Shore:
- 8 While Monsters sporting on the Flood  
 In scaly Silver shine,  
 Speak terribly their Maker-God,  
 And lash the foaming Brine.
- 9 But gentler Things shall tune his Name  
 To softer Notes than these,  
 Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the Stream,  
 Or whisp'ring thro' the Trees.
- 10 Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,  
 To him who bid you grow;  
 Sweet Clusters, bend the fruitful Vines  
 On ev'ry thankful Bough.
- 11 Let the shrill Birds his Honor raise,  
 And climb the Morning-Sky:  
 While grov'ling Beasts attempt his Praise  
 In hoarser Harmony.
- 12 Thus while the meaner Creatures sing,  
 Ye Mortals take the Sound,  
 Echo the Glories of your King  
 Thro' all the Nations round.

- 4 Stupendous Globe of flaming Day,  
Praise him in thy sublime Career,  
He struck from Night thy peerless Ray,  
Gave thee thy Path, and guides thee there.
- 5 Moon, milder Regent of the Night,  
Our God expects his Praise from you;  
If faint your Beams, yet they can write  
In fainter Strokes his Praises too.
- 6 Ye starry Lamps, to whom 'tis giv'n  
Night's sable Horrors to illumine,  
Praise him who hung you in his Heav'n,  
With vivid Fires to gild the Gloom.
- 7 At once let Nature's ample Round  
To God the vast Thanksgiving raise:  
His high Perfection knows no Bound,  
But fills th' Immenſity of Space.

## P A U S E I.

- 8 Oceans, with all th' enormous Race  
Peopling your Wombs, his Name adore;  
Soft be the Note, if smooth your Face,  
But sounding, if your Billows roar.
- 9 Ye Dragons of stupendous Size,  
Can you your Maker's Praise forbear?  
What Terror flashes in your Eyes,  
Your Backs his scaly Liv'ry wear.
- 10 Light'nings, that round th' Eternal play,  
Thunders, that from his Arm are hurl'd,  
The Grandeur of your God convey,  
Blazing or bursting on the World.
- 11 Let rounded Hail, let fleecy Snow,  
Publish their Maker's wide Renown:  
Snows, you must waft it soft and slow,  
While Hail in Tempest bears it down.
- 12 Whirlwinds, that with impetuous Force  
Fulfil *Jehovah's* high Commands,  
Praise him in your unfetter'd Course,  
And sound his Terrors through the Lands.
- 13 Vapors,

- 3 Vapors, when you ascend the Skies,  
 Array'd in Beauties not your own,  
 On your gay Plumes let Praises rise,  
 And aid the Concert to the Throne.
- 4 Mountains, with everlasting Zeal  
 Proclaim your Maker's Name abroad :  
 While Grove to Grove, and Hill to Hill,  
 In humble Echoes praise their God.
- 5 At once let Nature's ample Round  
 To God the vast Thanksgiving raise :  
 His high Perfection knows no Bound,  
 But fills th' Immensity of Space.

## P A U S E II.

- 6 Praise him, ye Trees, with Verdure crown'd,  
 Or hung with Fruits of golden Die ;  
 From the low Shrub that creeps the Ground,  
 To Cedars waving in the Sky.
- 7 Resound his Name, ye Beasts of Prey,  
 Through all your Dens, in awful Strains ;  
 And let the lowing Herds essay  
 His Honors, as they graze the Plains.
- 8 Ye Birds, in painted Plumage drest,  
 Tune to your God your lab'ring Throats :  
 By Reptiles be his Praise exprest,  
 Though rude and artless be their Notes.
- 19 Let Youth of ev'ry Sex and Rank,  
 Exulting in the Bloom of Life,  
 Their God for all his Blessings thank,  
 And join the loud harmonious Strife.
- 20 Hoary in Holiness the Sage  
 With grateful Songs should meet his Death ;  
 And Infants in their tender Age  
 Should lisp their God with joyful Breath.
- 21 From Clime to Clime, from Shore to Shore,  
 Be the almighty God ador'd :  
 He made the Nations by his Pow'r,  
 And sways them with his sov'reign Word.

22 At once let Nature's ample Round  
 To God the vast Thanksgiving raise :  
 His high Perfection knows no Bound,  
 But fills th' Immenſity of Space.

PSALM CXLVIII. Twelfth Version. ROSCOMMON

- 1 **O** Azure Vaults! O chryſtal Sky!  
 The World's tranſparent Canopy,  
 Break your long Silence, and let Mortals know  
 With what Contempt you look on Things below.
- 2 Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,  
 Who conquer whereſoe'er you are,  
 Let echoing Anthems make his Praises known  
 On Earth his Footſtool, as in Heav'n his Throne.
- 3 Great Eye of all, whoſe glorious Ray  
 Rules the bright Empire of the Day,  
 O praife his Name, without whoſe purer Light  
 Thou haſt been hid in an Abyſs of Night.
- 4 Ye Moon and Planets, who diſpenſe,  
 By God's Command, your Influence;  
 Reſign to him, as your Creator due,  
 That Veneration which Men pay to you.
- 5 Faireſt, as well as firſt, of Things,  
 From whom all Joy, all Beauty ſprings,  
 O praife th' almighty Ruler of the Globe,  
 Who uſeth thee for his empyreal Robe.
- 6 Praiſe him, ye loud harmonious Spheres,  
 Whoſe ſacred Stamp all Nature bears,  
 Who did all Forms from the rude Chaos draw,  
 And whoſe Command is univerſal Law.
- 7 Ye wat'ry Mountains of the Sky,  
 And you ſo far above our Eye,  
 Vaſt, ever-moving Orbs, exalt his Name,  
 Who gave its Being to your glorious Frame.
- 8 Exalt, O *Jacob's* ſacred Race,  
 The God of Gods, the God of Grace;  
 Who will above the Stars your Empire raiſe,  
 And with his Glory recompenſe your Praise.

## P A U S E I.

Praise him, ye Monsters of the Deep,  
That in the Sea's vast Bosom sleep,  
At whose Command the foaming Billows roar,  
Yet know their Limits, tremble, and adore.

Ye Mists and Vapors, Hail and Snow,  
And you who through the Concave blow,  
Ye, swift to execute his holy Word,  
Whirlwinds and Tempest, praise th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's View  
Seem less than Mole-Hills do to you,  
Remember how, when first *Jehovah* spoke,  
All Heav'n was Fire, and *Sinai* hid in Smoke.

Praise him, sweet Offspring of the Ground,  
With heav'nly Nectar yearly crown'd;  
And ye tall Cedars, celebrate his Praise,  
That in his Temple stately Columns raise.

Exalt, O *Jacob's*, sacred Race,  
The God of God's, the God of Grace;  
Who will above the Stars your Empire raise,  
And with his Glory recompense your Praise.

## P A U S E II.

Ye feather'd Minstrels of the Spring,  
Whose only Care's to play and sing,  
Fly through the World, and let your trembling Throat  
Praise your Creator with the sweetest Note.

Praise him each savage, furious Beast,  
That on his Bounty daily feast;  
And all ye tame Attendants of the Plow,  
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow.

Praise him, old Monuments of Time;  
O praise him ye in youthful Prime;  
Praise him, who shine in Beauty's Excellence;  
Exalt his Name, sweet Age of Innocence.

*Jehovah's* Name shall only last,  
When Heav'n, and Earth, and all is past:  
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,  
But unconceivable Eternity.



- 18 Exalt, O *Jacob's* sacred Race,  
 The God of God's, the God of Grace;  
 Who will above the Stars your Empire raise,  
 And with his Glory recompense your Praise.

## P S A L M CXLVIII. Thirteenth Version.

- 1 **O** For a Hymn of universal Praise !  
 Its Maker's Fame let ev'ry Creature raise :  
 Ye lofty Heav'ns begin the solemn Sound,  
 And let it spread the wide Creation round.
- 2 Ye Angel Hosts who near his dazzling Seat,  
 Wrapt in perpetual Transport humbly wait,  
 You best must know the Glories of your King,  
 In sweetest loftiest Strains his Wonders sing.
- 3 Bless him, thou Sun, great Ruler of the Day,  
 Before whose Splendors thine must fade away :  
 To him, the Honors paid to thee, restore ;  
 And teach Mankind thy Maker to adore.
- 4 Ye Moon and Stars, who with more feeble Light  
 Break thro' the Shades, and gild the Gloom of Night  
 Far as you can diffuse your feeble Rays,  
 Tell his great Name, and propagate his Praise.

## P A U S E I.

- 5 Fair Light, the first of all created Things,  
 From whom all earthly Bliss and Beauty springs,  
 Help the blind World to see their Maker shine  
 In Light essential, fairer far than thine.
- 6 Ye dancing Spheres, that ever tuneful move,  
 Drawn tow'rd your Centers by magnetic Love,  
 Convey his Name thro' all the vast Expanse,  
 While to the Music of his Voice you dance.
- 7 Let awful Thunders, bell'wing in the Air,  
 And blust'ring Storms, his dreadful Praise declare ;  
 While gentler Winds with balmy Breath proclaim  
 The gracious God, and spread his lovely Name.
- 8 Let Mists, and Clouds, and Meteors all conspire  
 In this blest Work, and help to fill the Choir :  
 While loud his Praises foaming Billows roar,  
 And Seas resound his Name from Shore to Shore.

## P A U S E II.

- Ye** fertile Plains display your gayest Pride,  
**Ye** Valleys, to his Honor, low subside;  
**And** at his Call, ye Mountains, stately rise,  
**And** bear his Praises to the neigh'bring Skies.
- Ye** Trees of ev'ry Kind, ye fruitful Vines,  
**Ye** spreading Oaks, and tall aspiring Pines;  
**Or** bend your Heads, or let your Juices flow,  
**To** honor him, at whose Command you grow.
- To** him let ev'ry Beast this Tribute pay,  
**He** feeds the Flocks, he finds the Lions Prey;  
**To** celebrate his Bounty and his Pow'r,  
**Bleat** all ye Lambs, and all ye Lions roar.
- Ye** Birds, who thro' the airy Regions wing,  
**Nature's** Musicians, you his Praise must sing:  
**Ye** Flies and Worms, his various Skill display;  
**'Tho'** you can't sing, this Homage you may pay.

## P A U S E III.

- When** Nature's all in tune, shall Man refrain,  
**And** have his Voice and Pow'r to sing in vain?  
**O** no! let ev'ry Rank, and Sex, and Age,  
**With** all their Might in this Design engage.
- Great** Kings and Potentates, ye Gods on Earth,  
**And** ev'ry Man of meaner Rank and Birth,  
**Submit** yourselves to his imperial Sway,  
**You're** bound, and 'tis your Honor to obey.
- Let** youthful Voices swell th' harmonious Choir,  
**Old** Age their feebl' Breath in Praise expire:  
**O** let his Love each Virgin's Heart inflame,  
**And** Infants learn to lisp his wond'rous Name.
- But** above all, ye Saints, your Breath employ,  
**To** sound his Praises, and to tell your Joy:  
**You,** the blest Objects of his Love and Choice,  
**His** Glories sing with well-tun'd Heart and Voice.
- Loud** as his Thunders let his Praises sound,  
**From** Heav'n to Earth, from World to World rebound:  
**Let** Art and Nature in the Song conspire,  
**And** the whole World become one sacred Choir.

## PSALM CXLVIII. Fourteenth Version.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my Soul, th' exalted Lay,  
 Let each enraptur'd Thought obey,  
 And praise th' Almighty's Name;  
 Lo! Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas and Skies,  
 In one melodious Concert rise,  
 To swell th' inspiring Theme.
- 2 Ye Angels, spread the joyful Sound,  
 While all th' adoring Throngs around  
 His wond'rous Mercy sing;  
 Let ev'ry list'ning Saint above  
 Wake all the tuneful Soul of Love,  
 And touch the sweetest String.
- 3 Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns, his vast Abode,  
 Ye Clouds, proclaim your forming God;  
 Ye Thunders, speak his Pow'r:  
 Lo! on the Light'ning's gleamy Wing  
 In Triumph walks th' eternal King;  
 Th' astonish'd Worlds adore.
- 4 Ye Deeps, with roaring Billows rise,  
 To join the Thunders of the Skies;  
 Praise him who bid you roll;  
 His Praise in softer Notes declare,  
 Each whisp'ring Breeze of yielding Air,  
 And breathe it to the Soul.
- 5 Wake, all ye soaring Throngs, and sing;  
 Ye chearful Warblers of the Spring,  
 Harmonious Anthems raise,  
 To him who shap'd your finer Mould,  
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring Wings with Gold,  
 And tun'd your Voice to praise.
- 6 Let Man, by nobler Passions sway'd,  
 The feeling Heart, the judging Head,  
 In heav'nly Praise employ;  
 Spread the Creator's Name around,  
 Till Heav'n's broad Arch ring back the Sound,  
 The gen'ral Burst of Joy.

PSALM CXLVIII. Fifteenth Version. STEELE.

**J**EHOVAH's Praise, in high immortal Strains  
Resound, ye Heav'ns, thro' all your blissful Plains:

Ye glorious Angels, tune the raptur'd Lay,

Thro' the fair Mansions of eternal Day:

His Praise let all your shining Ranks proclaim,

And teach the distant Worlds your Maker's Name.

His glorious Pow'r, O radiant Sun, display,

Far as thy vital Beams diffuse the Day:

Thou Silver Moon, array'd in softer Light,

Recount his Wonders to the list'ning Night:

Let all thy glitt'ring Train attendant wait,

And ev'ry Star his Maker's Name repeat.

Ye wat'ry Clouds, as round the Skies you move,

Convey his wond'rous Name where'er you rove:

His Pow'r, ye fair expanded Skies, proclaim,

Whose Word produc'd the vast stupendous Frame:

On his Decree the heav'nly Orbs depend,

Nor change their Course till Time and Nature end.

1 Let Earth and Seas their Maker's Honor raise,  
And Monsters shout his Name in dreadful Praise:

Ethereal Fires, which blaze along the Skies,

Convey his Name to Earth in swift Surprise:

Let changeful Vapor rise his Pow'r to show,

And in soft Praise descend the fleecy Snow.

5 Let Hail impetuous rattling on the Ground,

In rougher Cadence spread his Wonders round:

While stormy Winds, that bear his awful Word,

Compel the trembling World to own her Lord:

Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Time, and Nature, sing

The glorious Name of their almighty King.

6 Ye rocky Mountains, sound his Praise on high;

In joyful Notes, ye verdant Hills reply:

Ye fruitful Trees, your Maker's Bounty show,

And smile his Praise on ev'ry loaded Bough:

While stately Cedars, with the cluster'd Vine,

And lowly Plants, the silent Worship join.

7 Ye Beasts of Prey, who wild in Forests roam,

Ye gentle Herds, who know your peaceful Home:

Ye

Ye Birds, that high in trackless Ether rove,  
Or with soft Music charm the vocal Grove;  
Declare his Praise, whose ample Stores maintain  
The countless Tenants of his wide Domain.

## P A U S E.

- 8 Ye Monarchs of the Earth, your Lord adore;  
From him you hold your delegated Pow'r:  
Ye Judges, his impartial Laws revere,  
Be ev'ry Sentence guided by his Fear:  
Let Senate, Prince and People join, to raise  
The grateful Tribute of obedient Praise.
- 9 In Life's unfolding Bloom, ye Young and Gay,  
While flow'ry Pleasures strew your verdant Way,  
Adore the bounteous Hand, which largely pours  
Its sweetest Blessings on your vernal Hours;  
In your Creator's Praise, with dutious Joy,  
Your Bloom of Life, your active Pow'rs employ.
- 10 Let Age, declining to the Gates of Death,  
In Praise respire their feebly-panting Breath:  
And Infants in their Dawn of Reason join  
Their lisping Voice, and learn the Song divine.  
But equal Honors, Earth nor Heav'n can raise,  
His Glory far transcends Creation's Praise.

## P S A L M CXLVIII. Sixteenth Version. STEEL

- 1 **T**O your Creator God,  
Your great Preserver, raise,  
Ye Creatures of his Hand,  
Your highest Notes of Praise:  
Let ev'ry Voice  
Proclaim his Pow'r,  
His Name adore,  
And loud rejoice.
- 2 Let all Creation join -  
To pay the Tribute due;  
Ye meaner Ranks begin,  
And Man shall learn of you:

Let Nature raise  
From ev'ry Tongue,  
A gen'ral Song  
Of grateful Praise.

num'rous fleecy Flocks,  
spreading o'er the Plain,  
th gentle, artless Voice  
list the humble Strain :

To give you Food,  
He bids the Field  
Its Verdure yield ;  
Extensive Good.

Herds of larger Size,  
who feed in Meads below,  
sound your Maker's Praise  
each responsive Low :

You wait his Hand ;  
The Herbage grows,  
The Riv'let flows,  
At his Command.

feather'd Warblers come,  
and bring your sweetest Lays,  
and tune the sprightly Song  
your Creator's Praise :

His Work you are ;  
He tun'd your Voice,  
And you rejoice  
Beneath his Care.

Trees, which form the Shade,  
bend the loaded Bough  
with Fruits of various Kinds,  
our Maker's Bounty shew :

From him you rose,  
Your vernal Suits,  
And Autumn Fruits,  
His Hand bestows.

lovely, verdant Fields,  
all your green Array,  
though silent, speak his Praise,  
so makes you bright and gay :

Z

While

- 2 Let *Israel's* Tribes, with Blessings crown'd,  
Their God, their mighty Maker sing;  
And *Sion's* Sons with Joy resound  
The endless Glories of their King.
- 3 [His Name the measur'd Dance shall guide,  
And Joy and sacred Mirth inspire;  
His Name shall o'er the Song preside,  
And tune the sweet, the charming Lyre.]
- 4 He bends complacent to your Praise,  
Your God approves the blest Employ;  
The thankful Meek his Love will raise  
To Crowns of everlasting Joy.
- 5 O let the Saints aloud rejoice,  
And Sounds of Glory fill the Song;  
All Day let Rapture tune their Voice,  
And Night the blissful Strain prolong.

## P S A L M CXLIX. Fifth Version.

- 1 **O** Praise ye the Lord, prepare a new Song,  
And let all his Saints in full Chorus join,  
With Voices united the Anthem prolong,  
And shew forth his Praises with Music divine.
- 2 Let Praise to the Lord who made us ascend,  
Let each grateful Heart be glad in its King,  
For God whom we worship our Songs will attend,  
And view with Complacency the Off'ring we bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye Saints, sustain'd by his Might,  
And let your glad Songs awake with each Morn,  
For those who obey him are still his Delight,  
His Hand with Salvation the Meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord, prepare a glad Song,  
And let all his Saints in full Chorus join,  
With Voices united the Anthem prolong,  
And shew forth his Praises with Music divine.

## PSALM CL. First Version. MERRICK.

*A Song of Praise.*

- P**RAISE, O praise, the Name divine ;  
 Praise it at the hallow'd Shrine ;  
 Let the Firmament on high  
 To its Maker's Praise reply :  
 Let his Acts, and Pow'r supreme,  
 To your Songs suggest a Theme :  
 Be the Harp no longer mute ;  
 Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute ;  
 Wake to Life each tuneful String ;  
 Bring the Pipe, the Timbrel bring ;  
 Let the Organ in his Praise  
 Learn its foudest Note to raise ;  
 3 And the Cymbal's varying Sound  
 From the vaulted Roof rebound ;  
 All who vital Breath enjoy,  
 In his Praise that Breath employ,  
 And in one great Chorus join ;  
 Praise, O praise the Name divine.

## P S A L M CL. Second Version. TATE.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord in that blest'd Place,  
 From whence his Goodness largely flows ;  
 Praise him in Heav'n, where he his Face  
 Unveil'd, in perfect Glory shows.  
 2 Praise him for all the mighty Acts  
 Which he in our Behalf has done :  
 His Kindness this Return exacts,  
 With which our Praise should equal run.  
 3 Let all that vital Breath enjoy,  
 The Breath he does to them afford,  
 In just Returns of Praise employ ;  
 Let ev'ry Creature praise the Lord.



## P S A L M CL. Third Version. W

- 1 **I**N God's own House pronounce his Praise  
His Grace he there reveals ;  
To Heav'n your Joy and Wonder raise,  
For there his Glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred Passions move,  
While you rehearse his Deeds ;  
But the great Work of saving Love  
Your highest Praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have Motion, Life, and Breath,  
Proclaim your Maker blest ;  
Yet when my Voice expires in Death,  
My Soul shall praise him best.

## P S A L M CL. Fourth Version. STI

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; let Praise employ  
In his own Courts, your Songs of Joy ;  
The spacious Firmament around  
Shall echo back the joyful Sound.
- 2 Recount his Works in Strains divine ;  
His wond'rous Works how bright they shine ?  
Praise him for his almighty Deeds,  
Whose Greatness all your Praise exceeds.
- 3 [Awake the Trumpet's piercing Sound,  
To spread your sacred Pleasures round ;  
While sweeter Music tunes the Lute,  
The warbling Harp, and breathing Flute.
- 4 Ye Virgin Train with Joy advance  
To praise him in the graceful Dance ;  
To praise awake each tuneful String,  
And to the solemn Organ sing.
- 5 Let the loud Cymbal founding high,  
To softer, deeper Notes reply ;  
Harmonious let the Concert rise,  
And bear the Rapture to the Skies.]

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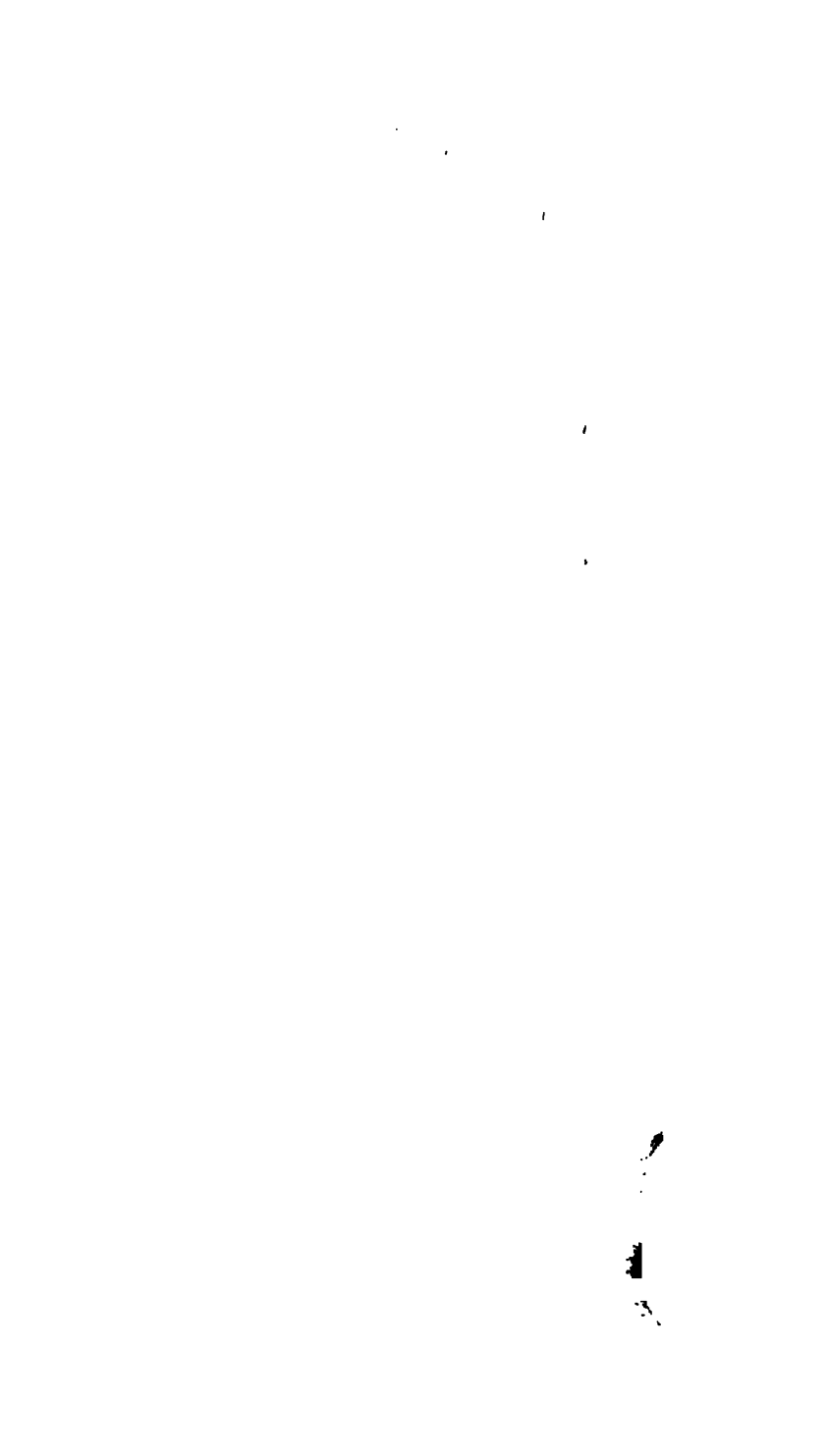
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